★Feb. 22, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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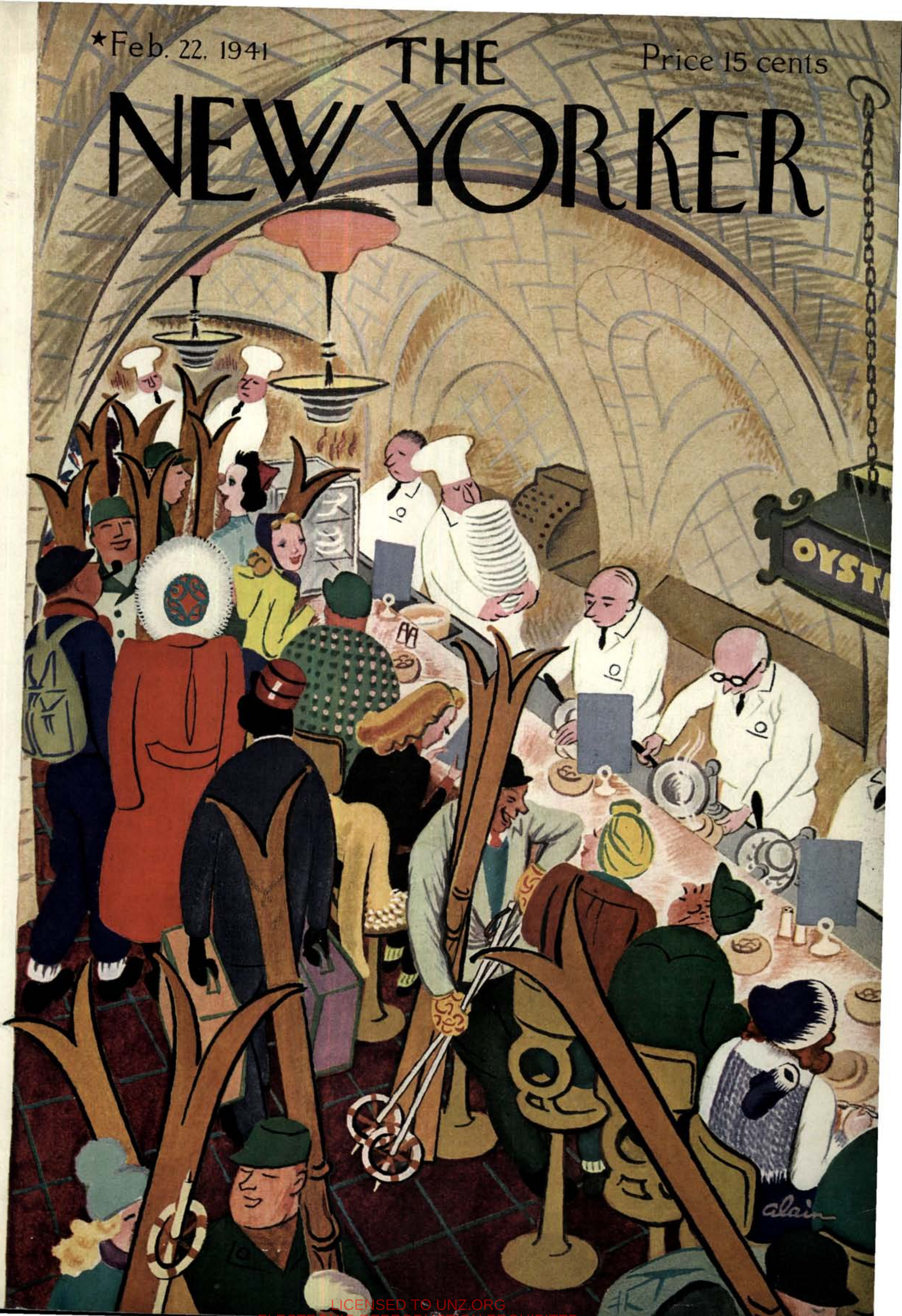

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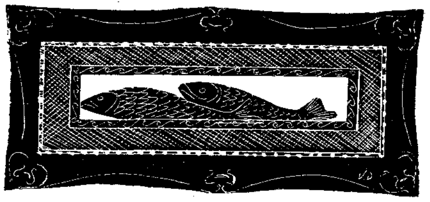

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest shows around. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-rate comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. The cast also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism debated by a planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York. Elmer Rice's new play has its eloquent moments, although it sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40, and Sun. at 8. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun. Closes Sat., March 1.)

George Washington Slept Here—George Kaufman and Moss Hart discuss life in the country in a way to make your blood run cold. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very amusing and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin, Albert Hackett, Philip Ober, and Millard Mitchell are in the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a little thin in spots. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire do their share. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A high-spirited farce about the problems confronting boys and girls who want to get on the stage. A little professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—A Theatre Guild production that is worth seeing if only for a very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is practically all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Ethel Waters' strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—Mr. O. and Mr. J. just as active as they were back in 1938, when all this started. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Liberty Jones—Philip Barry's musical fantasy presents the case for democracy in a rather bewildering mixture of plain and fancy symbolism. John Beal and Nancy Coleman head the cast. Paul Bowles wrote the music. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Meet the People—A revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this winter but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Leila Ernst are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Talley Method—A comedy by S. N. Behrman, with Ina Claire and Philip Merivale. Staged by Herman Shumlin and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Mon., Feb. 24. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Brooklyn Biarritz—A play by Beatrice Alliot and Howard Newman. Opens Thurs., Feb. 27. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Carnival for Britain—Any number of celebrities are getting together to put on this benefit show, which is sponsored by the men's division of the American Theatre Wing of the British War Relief Society: Fri. Eve., Feb. 21, at midnight. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50. CI 6-4600.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

The Ballet Theatre—This group, now in its second season, is presenting the following programs: "Giselle" and "Peter and the Wolf," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 20. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Peter and the Wolf," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 20. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Great American Goof," and "Jardin aux Lilas," Fri. Eve., Feb. 21. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Goyescas," Sat. Aft., Feb. 22. . . . "Goyescas," "Pas de Quatre," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Quintet," Sat. Eve., Feb. 22. Further schedule not announced. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:30.)

Paul Draper—In his first solo appearance of the season: Sun. Aft., Feb. 23, at 3:30. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is dignified but nice, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing nice, dignified music. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—An ingratiating sort of place, where people seem to like to get together in the evening—early or late. Gerry Morton's orchestra.

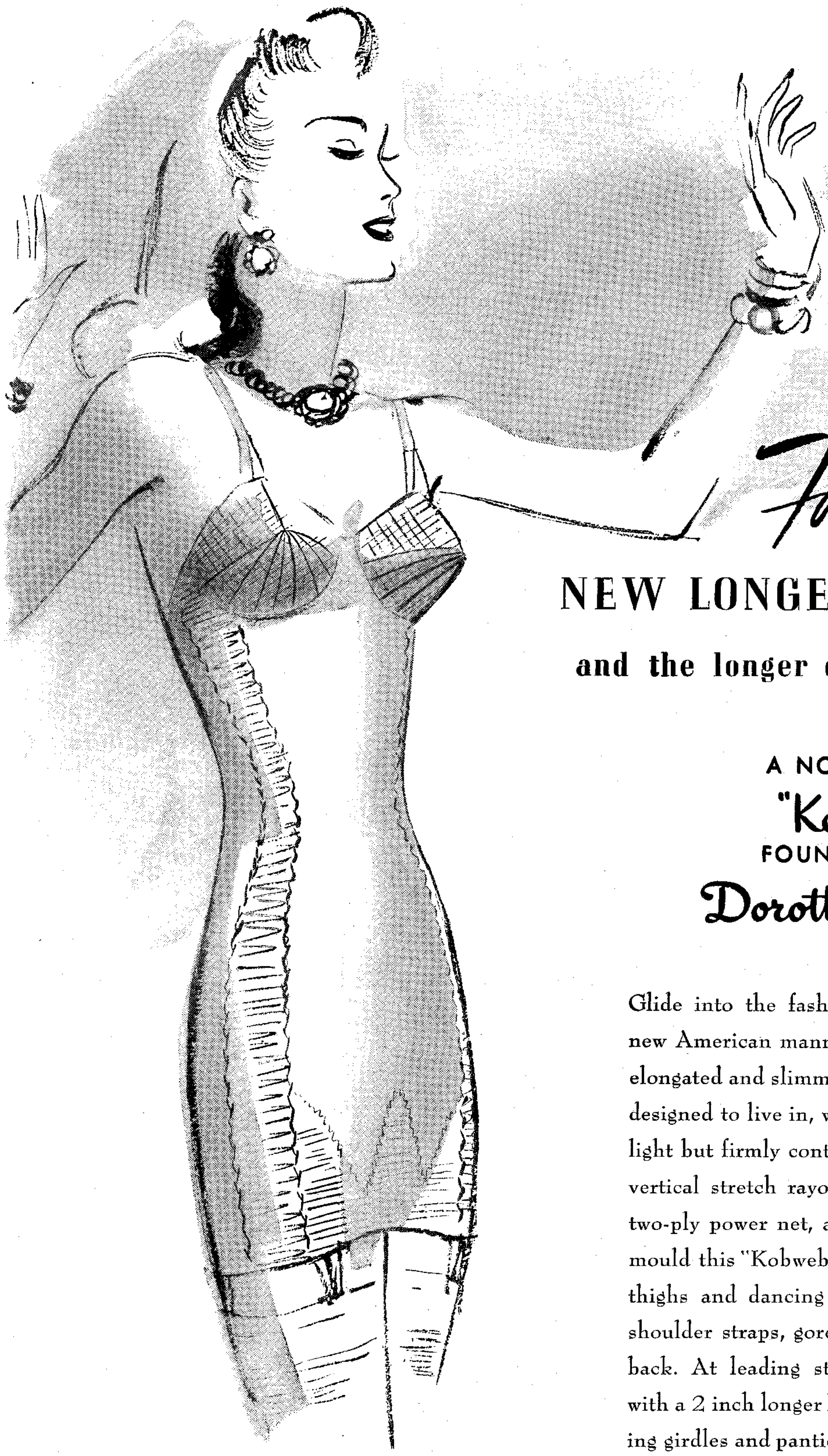
Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pleasant addition to the local tropics, with Patti Pickens, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and white palm trees.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You know all about this, whether you stop by regularly or not. Chauncey Grey's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, with Ethel Waters and a chorus from "Cabin in the Sky." Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious spot

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVII, No. 2, February 22, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.



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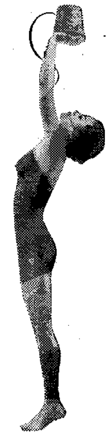

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for an hour or an evening. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—If you like Viennese waltzes, the Tapestry Room, which is open until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.), is as good a place as any to go and hear them. They're played by Herbert Hagenor and his orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band are in the Persian Room, where there's a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Radio City's aerial nook will have a new show on Wed., Feb. 26. Ben Cutler's orchestra will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is holding out stoutly against the trend toward the tropics with an ice show headed by Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster's merciless take-offs are the current reason for going to the Café Lounge. Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Well, a new room's been added—the Stork Cub. Otherwise, things go on as usual, with music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Adelaide Moffett is singing in the informal Empire Room, where Leighton Noble's orchestra plays. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra will play for dinner dancing in the informal Sert Room through Tues., Feb. 25.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): with Hope Emerson and some others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Betty Bryant sings nostalgic songs and Spivy herself supplies the more robust numbers. . . . **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): likely to be crowded, and justifiably so. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night, except Mon., and is well worth a hearing. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye, a dance team called Mata and Hari, Roy Fox's orchestra, and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by two orchestras, no less. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. The Tisdale Trio is on hand, and there's also an orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Ammons and Johnson, and the Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra will be replaced by Horace Heidt's orchestra on Wed., Feb. 26. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra will be replaced by Paul Baron's on Wed., Feb. 26. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with antics by Billy de Wolfe and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with the Revuers (except Mon.) and Zutty Singleton's Trio (except Tues.). . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big and glittering place has Joan Edwards,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

Ann Pennington, Shep Fields' orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with a show which includes Carmen Amaya, the gypsy dancer you've been reading about. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): Eddie Bush's orchestra will be replaced by Vincent Lopez's on Tues., Feb. 25. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Turner, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins' orchestra, and the Clarence Profit Trio are all on the bill. Hawkins and the Trio take Tues. off. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Benny Carter's orchestra holds forth in this Village landmark nightly, except Mon.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Abstractionists—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: annual exhibition by the American Abstract Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 23. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: new canvases by Charles G. Shaw. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 9.

Albers—New paintings, generally abstract but less formal in pattern than heretofore: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Americans—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: paintings from the middle of the nineteenth century to the present. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: group show of works by a dozen artists, including, most notably, Peter Blume's "The Eternal City." Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 21.

Berman—Recent paintings by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 15.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Egyptian art from the first to the tenth centuries A.D. in a comprehensive loan show that offers an unusual study in converging influences. Sat. and Sun., Feb. 22-23, 1 to 6 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 9.

El Greco—A loan show, for Greek war relief, of paintings taken mostly from American collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 21.

Emmet—Sinuous, slightly Soyer-ish ladies, and some pleasantly craftsmanlike flower studies: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 28.

French—A spirited Miró leads a good selection of paintings by members of the Paris school: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Guy and Laurence—Guy's surrealism has gone soggily mystical in his larger paintings, but there's a lively series of smaller pieces to make up for that (through Sat., Feb. 22); Laurence shows paintings of Alaska (through Sat., March 1): Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Hurd—Scenes of the Far West, a little glary but otherwise skillful and restrained: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 24.

Kopman—A disciple of Rouault shows oils and gouaches that are stronger in color than in design: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—French painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec in a big loan exhibit that includes a number of oils from foreign sources. Not so good as it might be, but still an important showing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

Miller—Eight new paintings, very Renaissance in feeling, as usual, but a bit lighter and cleaner in color: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 22.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A show of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

Nordfeldt—Large, luscious still lifes by a painter who combines the influence of Derain with a certain rugged personal expression: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, with a number of Southwestern scenes and some really ornate flower studies among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 21.

Orr—Dark, moody, romantic paintings that have a suggestion of Ryder about them: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 28.

Picasso—Some rare and highly interesting collages in a group that lays special stress on his earliest and most recent paintings: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Schary—Effective figure paintings, slightly after the manner of Rubens, and some agreeable flower studies: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Sculpture—European sculpture of the twentieth century in a well-selected show that ranges from Rodin to Brancusi: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

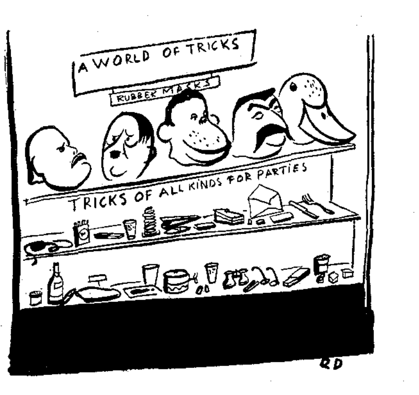
Sepeshy—Paintings in tempera and water color, grave in feeling and dry in tone: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 1.

Water Colors—Combined exhibition of works by members of the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 23.

Weber—First full-scale show in ten years by an always vigorously experimental American painter: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big, and this time excellent, annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, drawings, and prints. Daily, except Sat. and Mon., Feb. 22 and 24, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 28.

Here and There—At the **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Shomer Zunser. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 6. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12: works by Max Ernst, Joan Miró, and other surrealist leaders. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **MCDONALD,** 665 5 Ave., at 53: engravings by Hogarth. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: recent works by Dantan Sawyer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Stephen Etnier, Sidney Laufman, and Francis Speight. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 15. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: oils by Maurice Sievan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 28. . . . **STERNER,** 9 E. 57: paintings by Joep Nicolas. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 1. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: oils and gouaches by Ralph Rosenborg. Weekdays, except Sat., Feb. 22, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

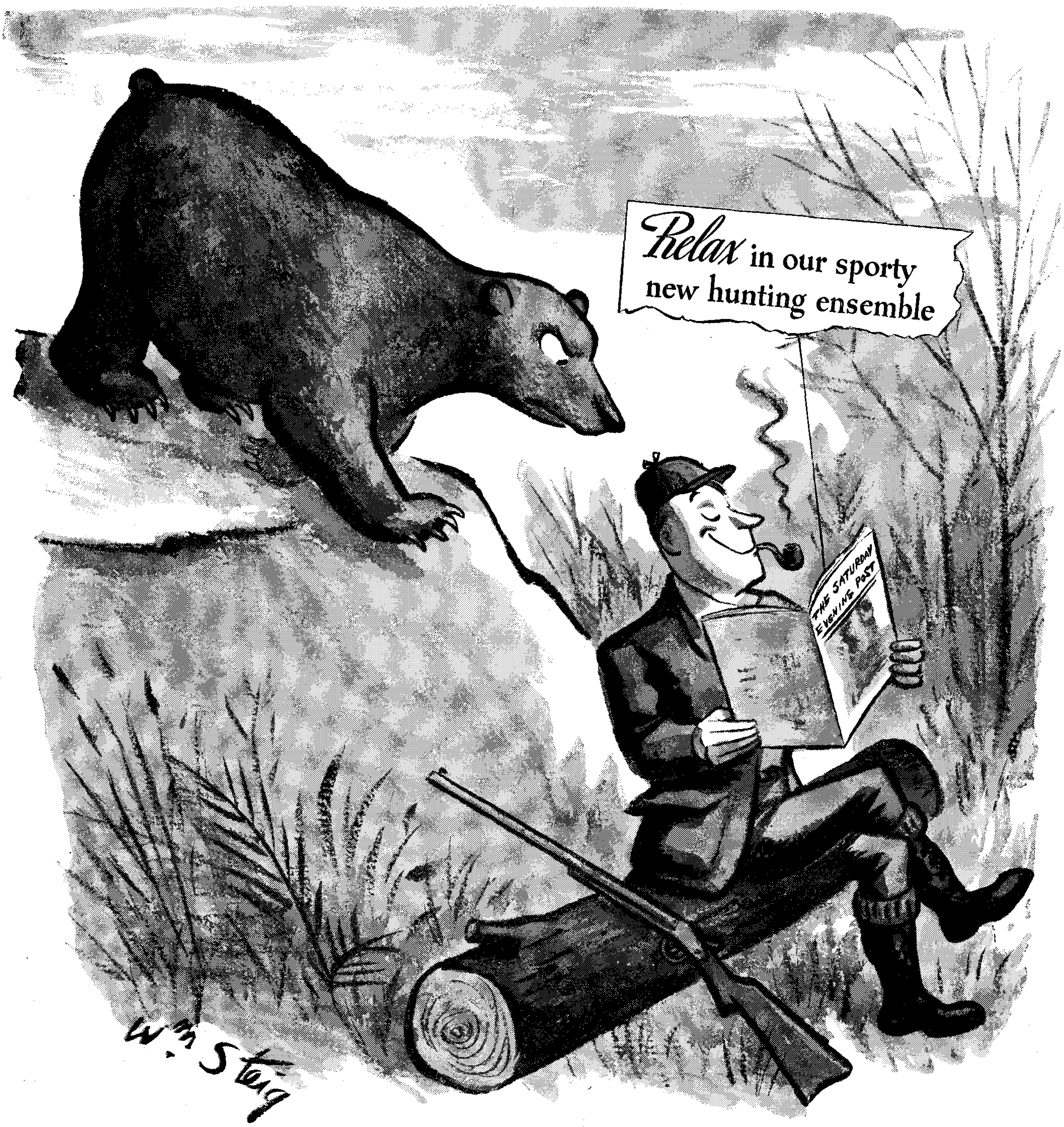


MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall: Damrosch conducting a new version of his revised opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Anna Kaskas, Charles Kullman, and others; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 20, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., Feb. 21, at 2:30. . . . Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., Feb. 23, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 1, at 8:45. (Soloists: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W^m. Steig

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People pay attention

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Reisenberg, Feb. 23; Rachmaninoff, Feb. 27-28; Piastro, March 1.)

N.B.C. Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 9:35. (Soloists: Traubel and Melchior.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—With Iturbi as conductor and soloist: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:45.

New York City Symphony—Weissmann conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:45.

New Friends of Music—Stiedry conducting the St. John Passion, assisted by the Schola Cantorum under the direction of Hugh Ross: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 1, at 3.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Marjorie Lawrence, Fri. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8:30; Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, Mon. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Guiomar Novaes, Sat. Aft., Feb. 22, at 3; New Friends of Music (Alexander Kipnis and the Galimir Quartet), Sun. Aft., Feb. 23, at 5:30; Egon Petri, Wed. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30; Clara Rabinovitch, Sat. Aft., March 1, at 3.

Elsewhere—Brooklyn Academy of Music: Moriz Rosenthal, Tues. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Siegfried," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 20; "Don Pasquale," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 20; "Carmen," Fri. Aft., Feb. 21; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Feb. 21; "Fidelio," Sat. Aft., Feb. 22; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Feb. 22; "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Mon. Eve., Feb. 24; "Götterdämmerung," Wed. Aft., Feb. 26; "Madama Butterfly," Wed. Eve., Feb. 26; "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Aft., Feb. 28; "Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Feb. 28; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Aft., March 1; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., March 1. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Badminton—Fifth Avenue Country Club, 9 E. 46: Eastern Open Championships, Fri. through Sun., Feb. 21-23, from 5:30 to 11 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main matches at about 10 P.M.: Jimmy Webb vs. Tommy Tucker, light-heavyweights, 15 rounds, Fri., Feb. 21. . . . Lew Jenkins vs. Lou Ambers, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Feb. 28.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 20; Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Feb. 23; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues., Feb. 25; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs., Feb. 27. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Feb. 23, at 1:30 P.M.

Indoor Polo—Aylward's Academy, 32 W. 67: N.Y.A.C. Tournament, semifinals, Sat., Feb. 22, at 8:30 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden: National A.A.U. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8. . . . Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat. Eve., March 1, at 8.

Winter Sports—Lake Placid: figure-skating carnival, Fri. and Sat., Feb. 21-22; national four-man bobsled championship, Sat., Feb. 22.

OTHER EVENTS

National Sportsmen's Show—This year, along with all the other things that hunters and fishermen go in for, there's a whole floor of airplanes: Grand Central Palace, Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 20-21, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 22, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 23, from 12 noon to 9 P.M.

Scale Models—Miniature trains, ships, airplanes, and such in the annual show of the New York Society of Model Engineers: 152 W. 42, Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 20-21, from 1 to 10 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 22, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Public Ball—The Emerald Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 21, at 10.

Auctions—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—English and French eighteenth-century furniture, silver, and works of art, the property of the estate of the late Paul D. Cravath, Alfred I. Barton, Albert Mills, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 20-22, at 2. . . . United States and foreign stamps, collected by the late Mrs. J. W. Stanford and others: Mon. and Tues. Afts., Feb. 24-25, at 2.

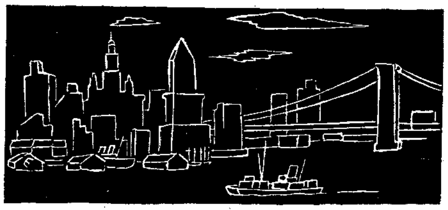
ON THE AIR

Lord Halifax—The new British Ambassador addressing the Pilgrim Society at the Waldorf-Astoria: Mon. Eve., Feb. 24, at 10, WJZ.

Metropolitan Opera—"Fidelio," with Flagstad and Janssen: Sat. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2, WJZ.

Racing—The Flamingo Handicap, at Hialeah: Sat. Aft., Feb. 22, at 4:15, WOR.

Symphonic Music—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 2:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, and Szell conducting, Sat. Eve., March 1, at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

Television—Track: National A.A.U. Meet, at Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:30, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a busy, tough sketch of New York underworld capers. Written, directed, and produced by Ben Hecht. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 20. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Feb. 22.)

Back Street—Love and love again, and not a laugh in it, but a handsome film in its way. With Margaret Sullavan working wonders by all her tears, and with Charles Boyer as her gentleman friend. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Baker's Wife—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's astounding production—a wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

Go West—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Messrs. Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. All performed with considerable zest. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin and the dictators—the film everybody talks and talks about. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

High Sierra—A gunman of the old school and his moll, and their active, lawless, and tragic end. With Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 26-27. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Wed., Feb. 26.)

Kitty Foyle—Homely drama of the poor but beautiful working girl, braced and embellished by the presence of Ginger Rogers. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Feb. 26.)

Night Train—The big thriller of the season. A superb affair, made by the British, about spies and so on. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Pastor Hall—An impressive, grim film of early Hitler days in Germany and how they overturned the gentle, *gemütlich* life of one small city. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 22-25. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 23-24.)

The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn's triumphant screen presentation of her rôle in Philip Barry's play. The whole thing is beautifully handled. With Cary Grant. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Feb. 26.)

The Strawberry Blonde—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a rambling film version of that old play "One Sunday Afternoon." All set to the nice tunes of the nineties, too. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., Feb. 21.)

The Thief of Bagdad—Primarily for children, though restful for their nurses, with lots of pretty, Technicolored "Arabian Nights" incidents. Sabu and Conrad Veidt are in it. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 21-23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 24-25.)

Tobacco Road—Nunnally Johnson's screen version, directed by John Ford, of Broadway's eight-year wonder. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Victory—Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the leading characters in this strange Conrad story of the Java Sea. A well-handled screen version. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Feb. 24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 21-23.)

World in Flames—Seventy minutes of familiar newsreel shots that tell the story of the last ten years in vivid highlights. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Feb. 22.)

REVIVALS

Berkeley Square (1933)—Leslie Howard in his famous stage rôle. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., Feb. 24.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 23-24.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working-girls' home. French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 26-28.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. though Fri., Feb. 26-28.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 20.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 26-28.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 21.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Feb. 21.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 22-25.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 25-27.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary and Melvyn Douglas is the boss. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 22-25.)

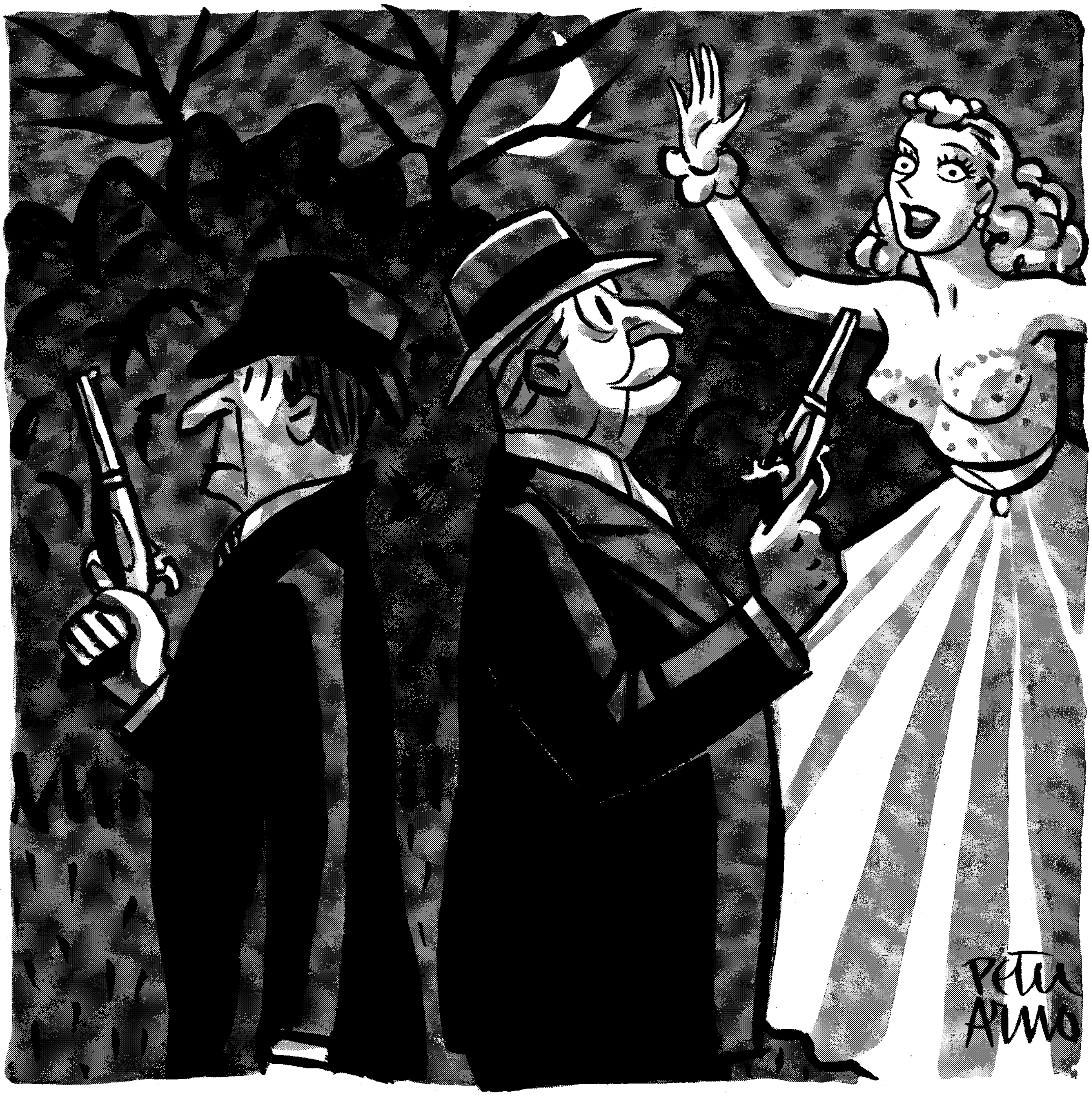
The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 20.)

Stand-In (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 22-25.)

The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (1940)—Edward G. Robinson discovering salvarsan. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 21.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Feb. 20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., FEB. 20:** "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **FRI., FEB 21:** "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **SAT., FEB. 22:** "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **SUN., FEB. 23:** "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **MON., FEB. 24:** "Hands Up," with Raymond Griffith and Marion Nixon; and "Two Tars," with Laurel and Hardy. **TUES., FEB. 25:** "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **WED., FEB. 26:** "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **THURS., FEB. 27:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **FRI., FEB. 28:** four 1916 Chaplin films. **SAT., MARCH 1:** four 1917 Chaplin films.



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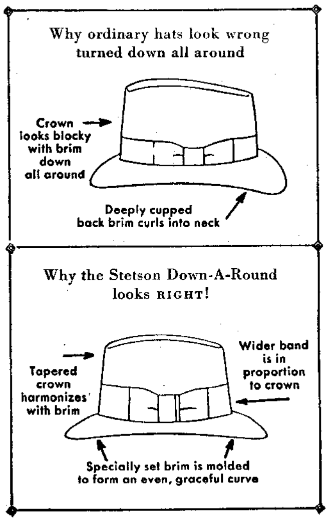
DOWN-A-ROUNDERS generally are smitten with that "divine discontent." They are an exploratory group. Their minds are never closed. They are receptive to impulses that lesser men distrust. Yet they have gone firm forever on one question, and it's permanently closed to discussion. They have found the hat that suits them, and if you suggest any other kind except the Down-A-Round, they look at you as though you were an idiot child.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Crown looks blocky with brim down all around
Deeply cupped back brim curls into neck
Why the Stetson Down-A-Round looks RIGHT!
Tapered crown harmonizes with brim
Wider band is in proportion to crown
Specially set brim is molded to form an even, graceful curve

STETSON Down-A-Round, $8.50

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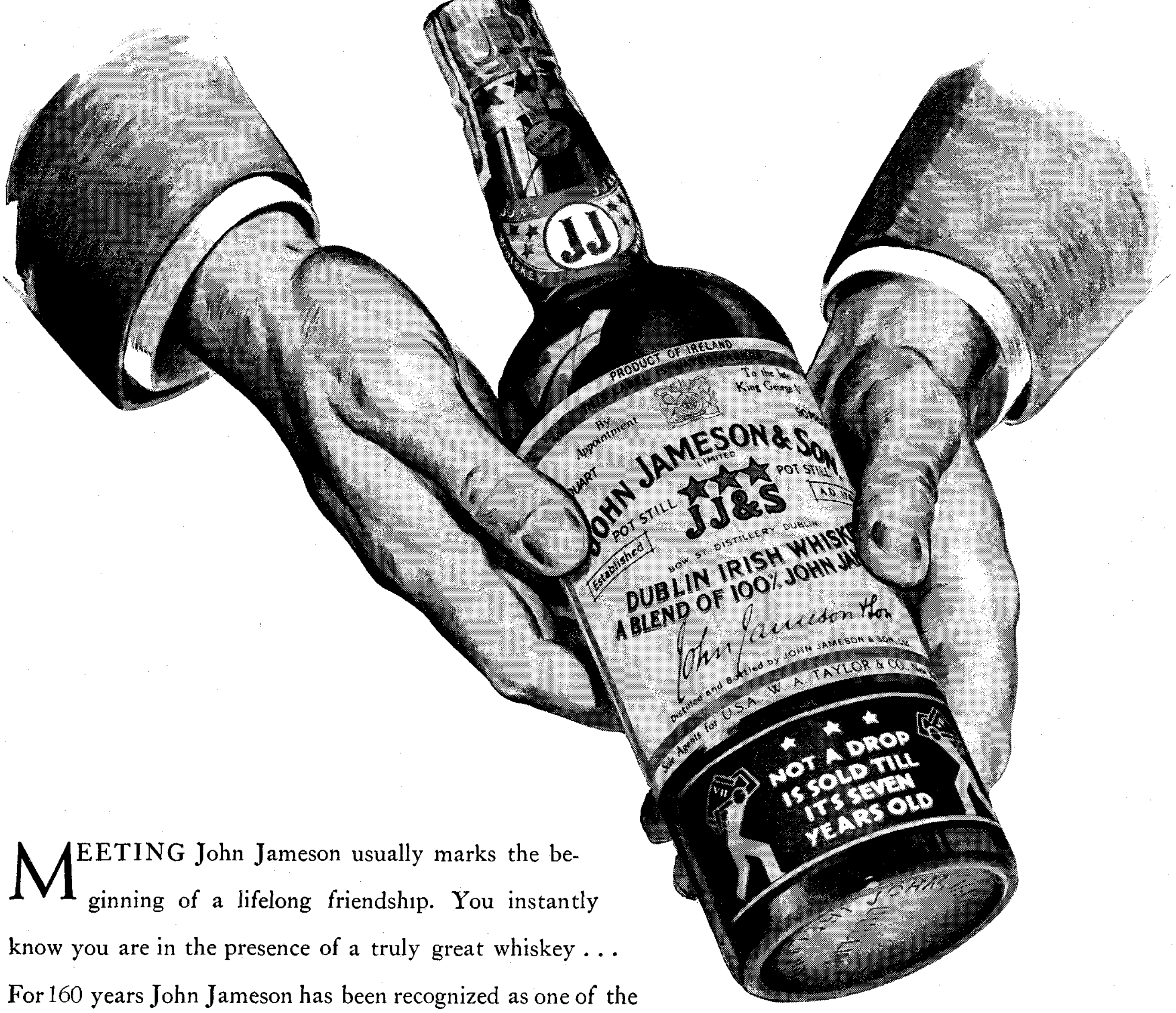
JOHN JAMESON?

A WHISKEY WORTH KNOWING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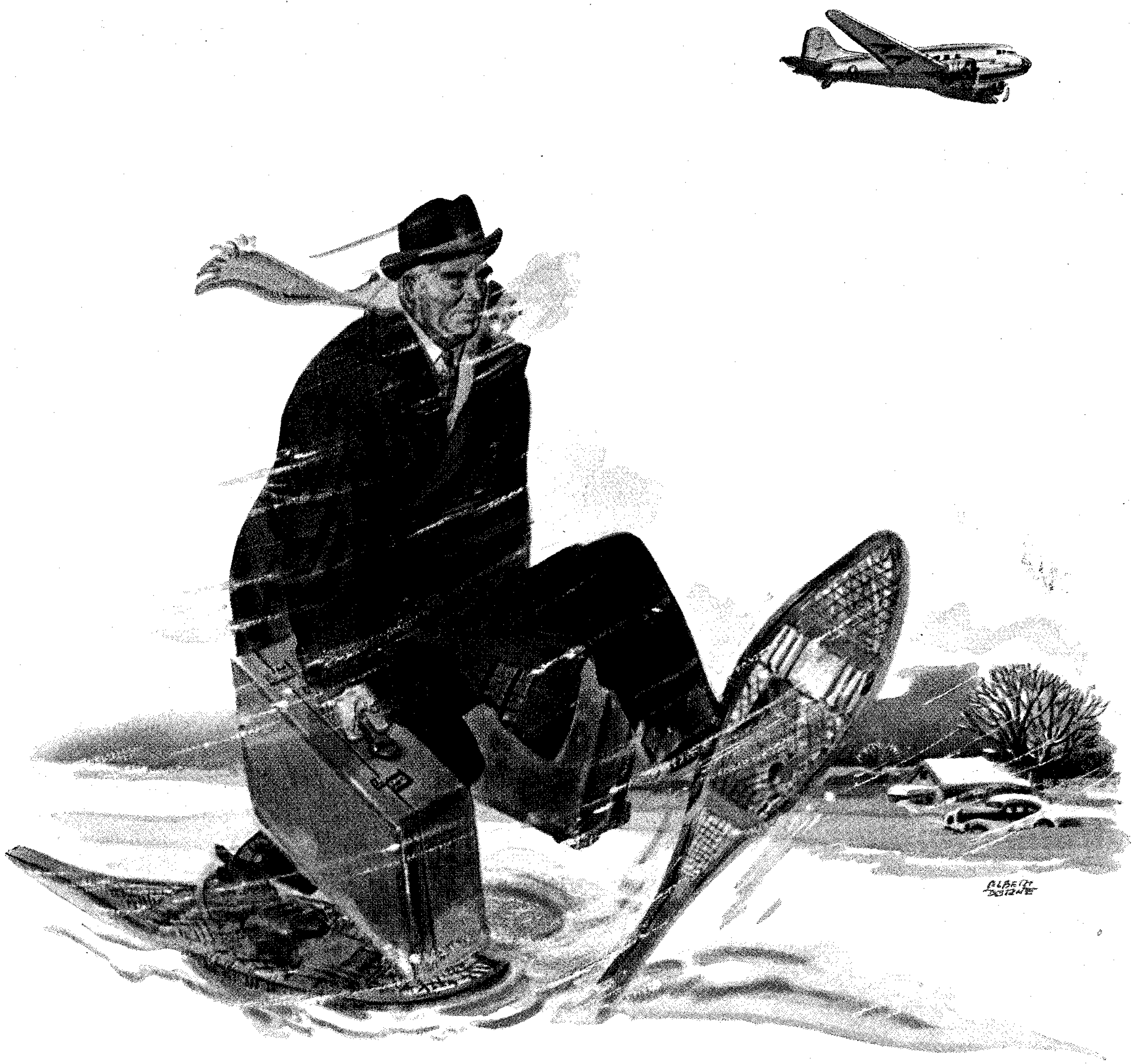
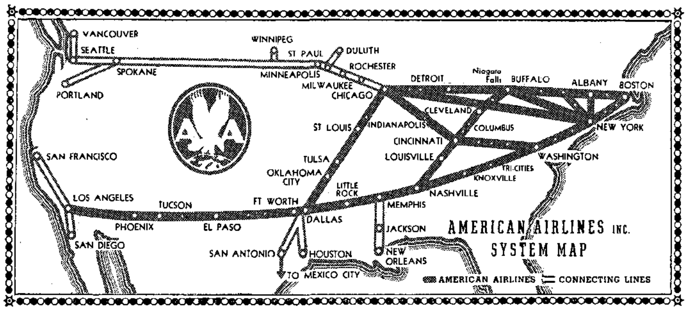

ALBERT DORNE

Why do it the hard way?

● This winter there is a premium upon the time and efficiency of busy people. When they travel they want to get there with the least effort, and as quickly as possible. The experienced ones will be found aboard American Flagships—traveling the *easy* way! In the superb comfort of heated cabins moving swiftly, serenely through the blue sky, they discover that winter makes *less difference in the air* than on the ground! On your next trip, go American! Call the nearest American Airlines office or YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.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SPOKANE
PORTLAND
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DULUTH
ROCHESTER
MINNEAPOLIS
MILWAUKEE
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DETROIT
Niagara Falls
BUFFALO
ALBANY
BOSTON
CLEVELAND
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NEW ORLEANS
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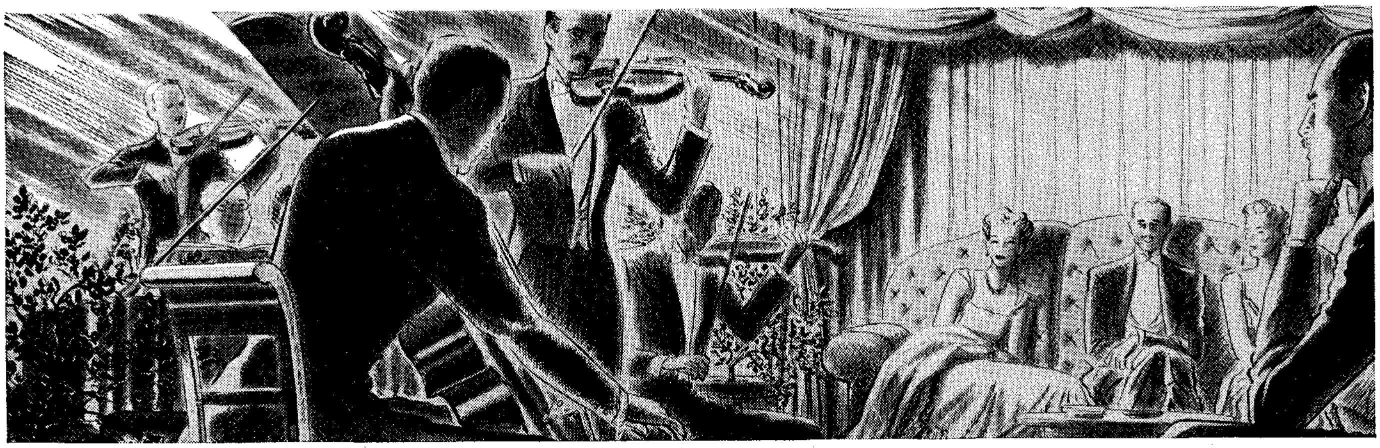
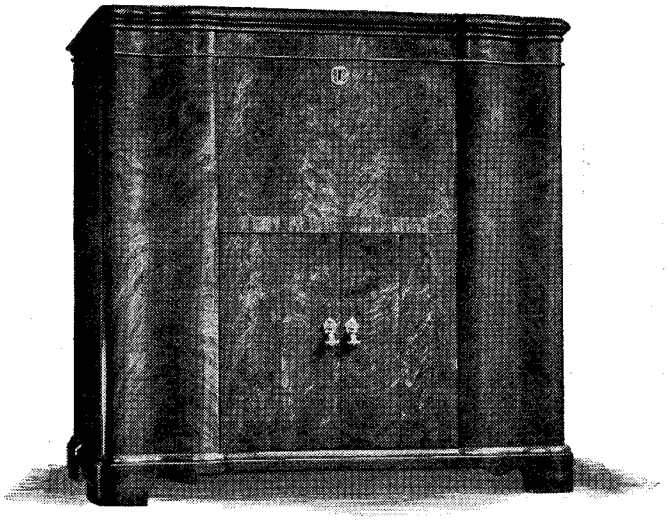
ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



The Brilliance of Sunshine



WITH transcendent beauty, the pure golden notes of César Franck's "Quintet" bring you their glowing message of peace and solace. Here, truly, is chamber music in the grand tradition . . . for so faithful is the tone of the *De Luxe* Capehart, so clear, so brilliant, and so *alive,* that it is as though the musicians were playing a royal command performance right in your own living-room.

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The *De Luxe* Capehart provides you with the luxury of three hours, or more, of your favorite music without your having to go near the instrument. For it has the only record changer in the world that *turns the records over*—playing 20 records (40 selections) *continuously*—10-inch or 12-inch records, or both intermixed—on both sides or either side . . . bringing you in its correct sequence *any* recording of a symphony, opera, or other musical composition.

You will admire the cabinets in authentic period designs, and the superb performance of the radio unit that receives both foreign and standard broadcasts. Equipped for Frequency Modulation, if you wish.

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Shown above is the George II, at $645. Other *De Luxe* Capeharts—$495 to $2500.* They may be purchased with a modest initial payment and convenient terms.

Your enjoyment of a Capehart may be multiplied by placing convenient control stations and speakers throughout your home and grounds. The Capehart is also available for concealed or built-in installations.

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The new Capehart-Panamuse is a more moderately priced instrument built by Capehart craftsmen. Prices range from $149.50 to $299.50.* It may be purchased with a small down payment and convenient terms.

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The **CAPEHART**

THE FINEST IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

Jewelry made of moonglow . . .

it has a moonbeam quality, this jewelry by Coro . . . pale luminosity of simulated moonstones caught in rhinestones. Festoon yourself with this phosphorescence for spring . . . light yourself with its moonlit glow. Bracelet, 5.00; basket pin, 2.00; clip pin, 3.00; parrakeet pin, 5.00; ring, 2.00; earrings, 1.00. main floor

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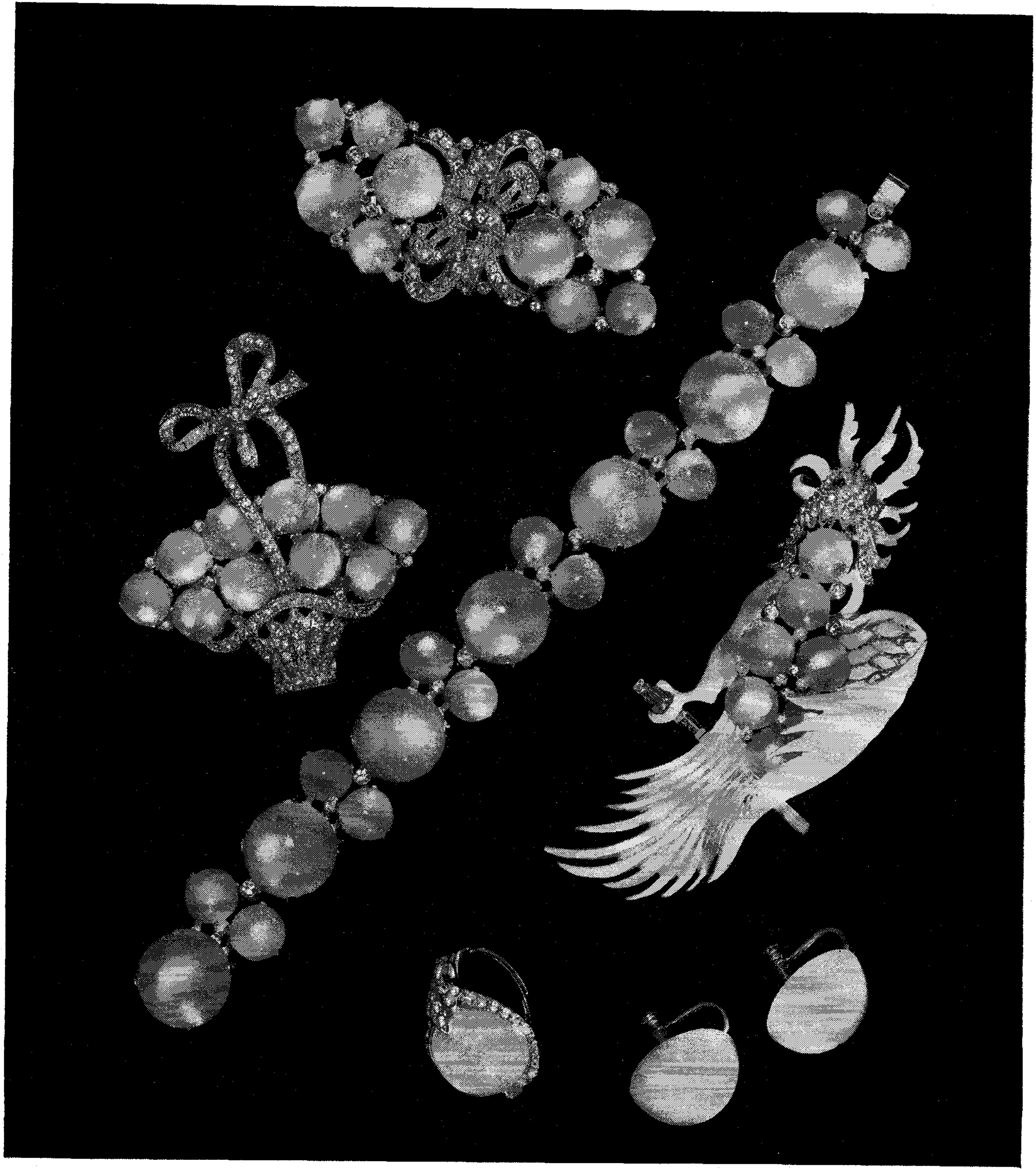
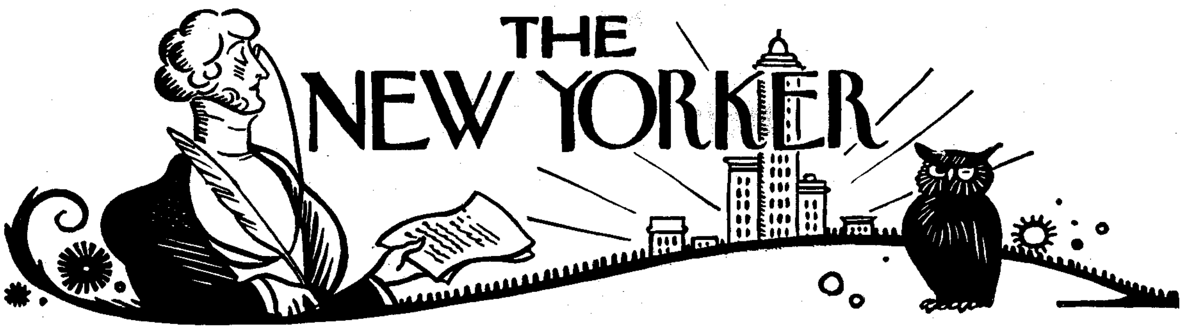


FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, N. Y. MU. 9-7000 ALSO AT OUR EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS SHOPS

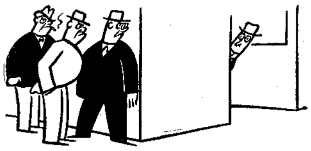


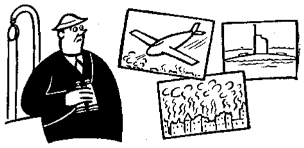
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

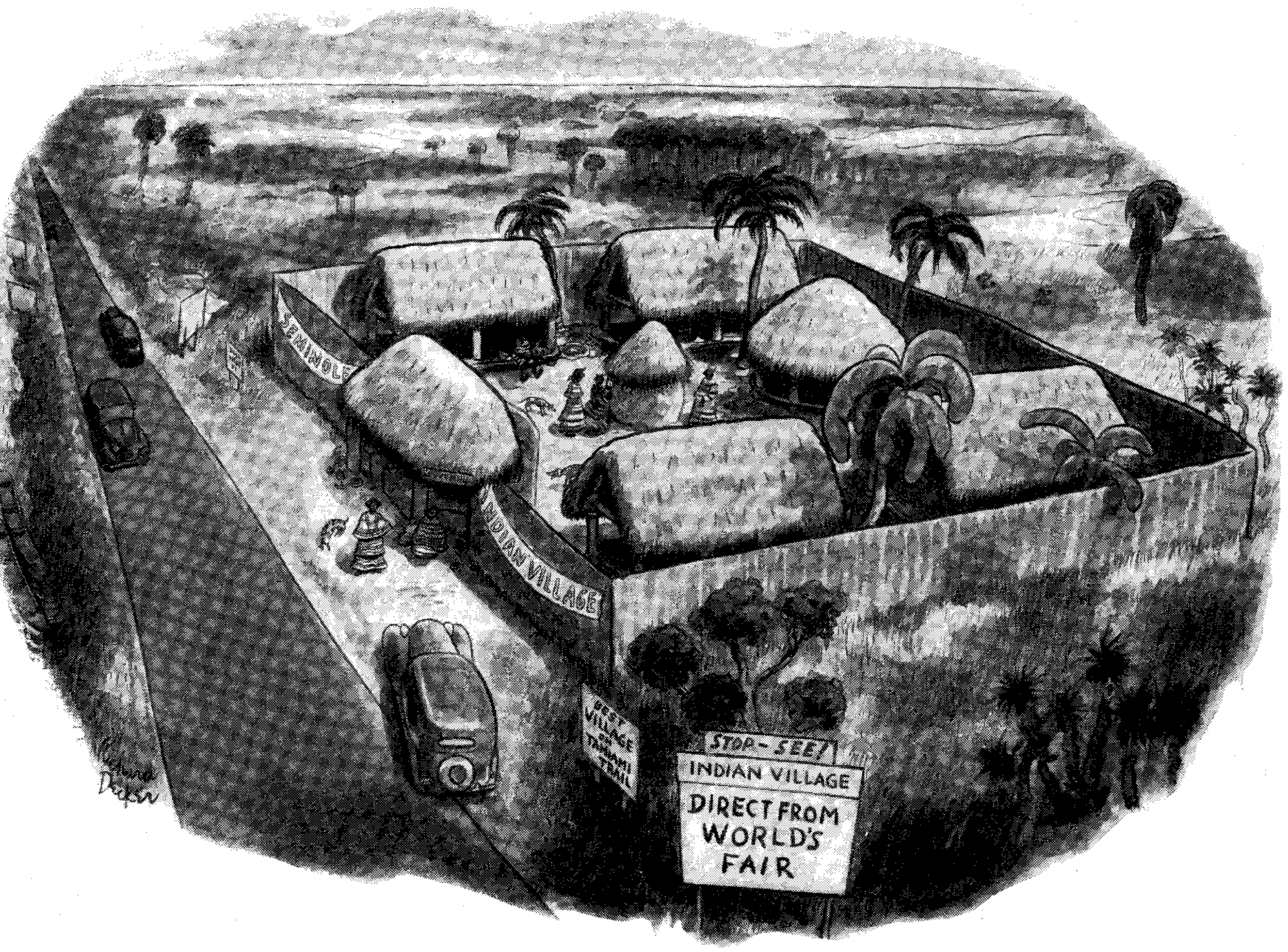
ABOUT half our ideas, we've discovered, lead nowhere. Something we've read, something we've heard or seen starts us off briskly on a pearl of thought. The first few sentences almost write themselves; the passage from head to keyboard is wide open, the words flow free. Then, however, the old paralysis sets in and we are a dead duck. The point we meant to make, so clear when we put the paper in our typewriter, is gone, *spurlos versenkt*. Sometimes it is worse than usual; last week it was terrible. "We have just been reading 'The Bachelor Life,' by George Jean Nathan, a notorious critic and buck," we began confidently one morning. "Mr. N. dislikes a lot of things, including weekend houseparties, canapés, and too much paint on milady's puss; he likes alcohol, pressed duck, and beautiful women in red-and-blue dresses. It is not a spiritual book." There we stopped. There had been something more we wished to say about Mr. Nathan, some important generalization, but now our total reaction to more than two hundred pages of stylish prose was merely that their author struck us as the frivolous type. It was undoubtedly true, but it wasn't enough. We put that piece of paper away in our desk and tried again, this time in a nostalgic vein: "The old Aquarium had an evil smell and the fish an underprivileged air, but we are going to miss it when it moves uptown." Again the stasis, and again the bleak so-what. There were a good many more. Once we got as far as "Wendell Willkie seems to be practically everywhere these days, and so does Miss Clare Boothe;" once we wrote no more than "General Walter Krivitsky." In the end nothing came of any of them. We don't know why we bring up this grim record of unfinished business, unless it is out of an old New England instinct for salvage. Like all thrifty writers, we hate to throw anything away.

WESTBROOK PEGLER's column of February 10th gave us quite a start. It was about a "cunning and indefatigable conspirator against the rights and independence of the individual American citizen," a shrewd manipulator of publicity whose ultimate goal is "some scheme containing the most binding elements of Communism and Hitlerism." "Her innocent, wholehearted, humane enthusiasm," added Mr. Pegler, getting hot, "the whooping awkwardness and the baby-kissing in its many variations, are only a disguise." For a moment it was hard for us to realize that this pretty tribute referred to the wife of the President of the United States, and not one of the Medici girls. We have followed Mr. Pegler attentively for several years, detecting in him an original voice in journalism, half Jeremiah, half Donald Duck. In 1938 he admired an animated cartoon called "Snow White," which struck him as the most cheerful happening since the armistice, but the rest has all been fury. On the whole, it has made interesting reading, the author having so neat a gift for hopping up the facts of American life that timid subscribers often got the feeling that they were being tailed by William Green and his mob. The notion that all men are not only vile but also armed to the teeth has brightened our own quiet cocktail hour, and we have found a good deal of pleasure in the Pegler prose, which is a nice combination of gin-mill epithet and impeccable syntax. The nosegay to Mrs. Roosevelt, however, seemed to us a mistake. Aside from the question of taste involved in discussing the First Lady as if she were a crooked wrestling promoter, it may be that Mr. Pegler is undermining the simple faith of his public. On February 10th, the cunning and indefatigable conspirator in the White House devoted a good part of *her* column to a placid essay on the weather. We read this and studied Mrs. Roosevelt's picture, looking for the unscrupulous plotter against our liberties, but it wasn't much good. Just seemed kind of silly. In fact, it will probably be another week before we're even ready to believe again that all union officials run flourishing little bagnios on the side.





THE most stimulating thought we've read up to now about the war appears in a seven-column advertisement for *Collier's* magazine in the *Times*. "Reynolds," it begins, "put London *right in your lap*." This is accompanied by a picture of Quentin Reynolds, wearing a trench helmet and fingering a pair of binoculars, leaning against a davit, examining line cuts of dive bombers, a submarine, and London in flames. The message of the first half of the ad is that Mr. Reynolds is the war's ace correspondent; that on land and sea and in the air, he has pursued "the *Collier's* way: get the news *first*, interpret it correctly, present it clearly." This leads up to the message of the second half, which is in underlined letters twice as big, and runs: "And, Mr. Advertiser, it isn't such a long cry as you think from London's bomb shelters to the store in Sioux Falls where you're hoping to sell more of your refrigerators or canned goods or straw hats." Men may be dying for liberty and stuff, but it is encouraging to know that their deaths are being cor-



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rectly interpreted in the cause of stimulated activity in canned goods and straw hats. Just peddle your iceboxes, brother. *Collier's* will handle the war.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Macy's has recently posted an informative sign in one of its shoe departments saying, "Snowshoes cannot be used for skiing."

At any Liggett's cigar counter you can buy a brand of cigar melodramatically named Rum-Soaked Crooks.

A Mr. Roth operates a decorating shop, which he calls The Drapes of Roth. In Hollywood, of course.

Anthropologist

IF you want to know how an ambitious mulatto girl of Joliet, Illinois, gets to be a conspicuously featured player in a Broadway musical show, why, she begins by enrolling in the University of Chicago for a course in anthropology. In her academic work she naturally takes up the study of folk dances, which are of prime significance anthropologically, and she's right on the highroad. Very simple, or anyhow it sounds so in the case of Katherine Dunham, who plays the rôle of Georgia Brown, the dusky and disastrous vamp in the current "Cabin in the Sky." We arranged to talk to Miss Dunham in her dressing room at the Martin Beck during the show one evening last week, and found her simultaneously sucking a black-and-white peppermint stick and trying to talk the company press agent out of five seats for a future performance for some friends of hers, a couple of anthropologists and their womenfolk. Miss Dunham sees much of anthropologists, having got her Master's degree in anthropology at Chicago and gone on as an active student of the science. At the U. of C., she was awarded two scholarships by the Julius Rosenwald Foundation, and these enabled her to spend the period between March, 1935, and June, 1936, in Jamaica, Martinique, Trinidad, and Haiti, studying native dances.

In our interview with Miss Dunham, we were deeply impressed by her practicality. Her approach to her fieldwork was practical. She soon discovered that you can't just drop into the West Indies and expect the natives to perform their authentic dances. Too much civilization around. In Jamaica, for instance, the Negroes, manifesting their well-known instinct to do as the British white folks do, firmly insisted upon showing her staid English square dances. Miss Dunham attacked their resistance by living *au naturel* with them, getting on familiar terms, and supplying them at propitious times with large quantities of rum, which they drank straight and steadily. This got them into the necessary uninhibited state of mind. They danced naturally, Miss Dunham told us, and never showed the slightest sign of becoming tipsy. It's the perspiration, she said.

Miss Dunham's father owned a cleaning-and-dyeing business while she grew up in Joliet. He recently retired from that. He is a Negro of Madagascan descent and her mother is a French Canadian. Katherine is twenty-eight now. Her father helped her through the first years of college and then (as we said, she's practical) she supported herself by organizing and managing a troupe that performed ballets for the Chicago Civic Opera. Later she took the group on a trailer tour through the Middle West. The troupe is with Miss Dunham today in "Cabin in the Sky;" she has managed them ever since their trailer trip, and for the present engagement she signed them and herself up as a unit. Among the members are one Arabian and six West Indian dancers, and five musicians. She rehearses the whole outfit daily in a studio on West Twenty-first Street. At the moment of our call upon her she was drilling them in a study of Haitian puberty rites for an appearance next Thursday before the faculty and students of the Anthropology Department of New York University. "I'm scared to death," Miss Dunham told us. Georgia Brown is her first speaking part. She isn't entirely easy in the rôle because she has to portray such a tough character, and during rehearsals she threatened to quit when told to hit Ethel Waters over the head with a beer bottle. This bit of business was removed.

Miss Dunham thinks that American dancing is little more than a stilted and inhibited exertion, engaged in purely for social prestige. She thinks we've wandered far from the original purpose of dancing, or the original effect of it, which she believes was to make man instinctively feel a part of his community. Her West Indian dances are attempts to capture the true feeling of the natives, come what may. Miss Dunham says the only time she ever sees Americans thoroughly relaxed is when they're doing the Lindy Hop, which, speaking anthropologically, she considers a true American dance. Or when she watches the Holy Rollers. "When their shoulders roll and their eyes wiggle," she says, "you've got something."

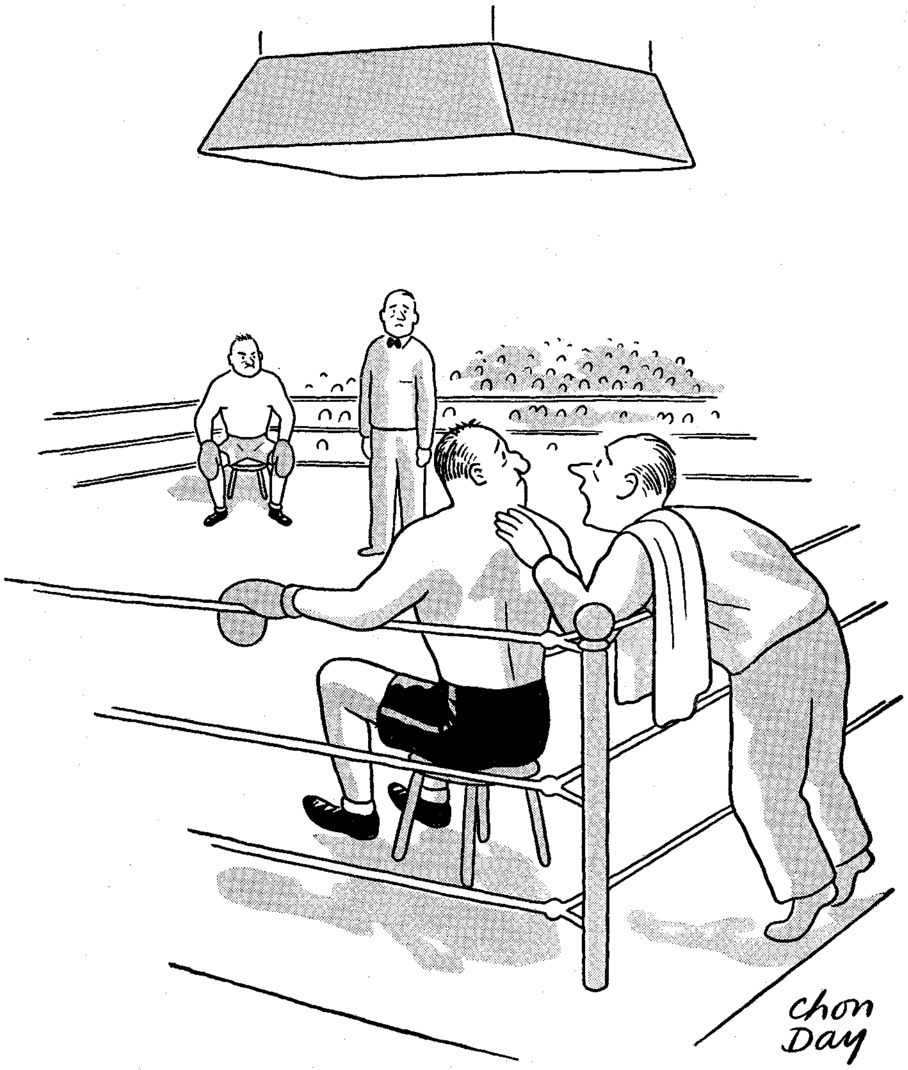
What They Think About

A MAN we know got into an express elevator in the R.C.A. Building the other day and noticed that the operator, all the while he was gaining altitude, kept turning around and staring at the passengers' feet. Finally he said to our friend, in an eager, interested whisper, "Everybody on this trip is wearing tan shoes."

Yoicks!

TAKE the word of J. Blan van Urk, Manhattan Island used to be a mighty fine spot for foxhunting. Mr. van Urk is a sporting antiquarian who is now at work on a four-volume history entitled "The Story of American Foxhunting." Volume I, which touches on the sport in New York City, has just been published. We called on Mr. van Urk in his apartment in the Dryden Hotel, on Thirty-ninth Street, and drew him out on this subject. He told us that the sport flourished on Manhattan for a full seventy years, from 1750 to 1820. "The town was absolutely foxhunting mad in those days," he said enthusiastically. To illustrate, he told us that the Federalists lost control of the city to the Democratic-Republicans in the election of 1805 because a hundred-odd Federalists from the then fashionable First Ward went hunting instead of voting and the Democratic-Republicans carried the First Ward by a majority of two. The Federalists organized a loyal opposition and skunked the Democratic-Republicans the next year, you may be glad to learn.

In those days, the greater part of Manhattan, with the exception of a few rustic villages uptown, consisted of marshes, grassy valleys, and wooded uplands, with a few orchards and cleared fields here and there—ideal coursing country. Foxes were indigenous to the island, and you could pretty well count on starting one on the upper West Side. The big, highly organized hunts—the three biggest were the St. George, the Colonial, and the Belvidere—often set out from Cato's Inn, which stood in what is now East Fifty-fourth Street, two hundred feet east of Third Avenue. It was famous for its food, brandy, and Havana cigars. On these occasions, a bag fox was loosed. We asked Mr. van Urk to hazard a guess as to what sort of chase a fox loosed in the East Fifties would lead the hunters. He said he wouldn't have to guess. He knew, generally. "Naturally," he said, "the fox wouldn't head for the river. He'd head over toward the Waldorf-Astoria and Rockefeller Center. If he turned north, he'd have a choice of three or four courses in the rocks and hollows of what is now Central Park. If he turned south, he might find temporary sanctuary in the Inclenburg Woods, which covered Murray Hill then. Routed from there, he might skirt the edge of Sunfish Pond, now occupied by the Vanderbilt Hotel, and head for the woods of West Forty-second Street, going through the



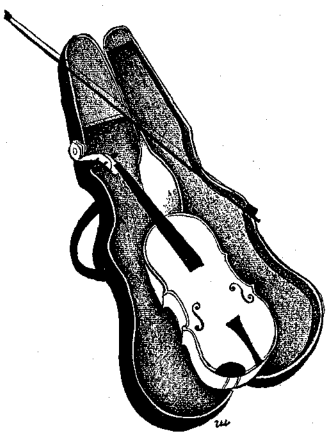
"One thing more—keep out of the way of his right and his left."

fur-and-garment district. A stouthearted fox might go south along Fifth Avenue, through Greenwich Village, and all the way down to Canal Street before he was caught." Mr. van Urk said he thought the island then looked the way the country around Peapack looks today.

There were several other good places to start a hunt from, Mr. van Urk told us. Hammond's Tavern, on Eleventh Street, was one, and so was Lambert's Tavern in the Village. Lambert, an old Indian fighter, once displayed the American tendency to overdo things by importing a "large Buffaloe," as it was described in a journal of the time, for the gentlemen to pursue. Hugh Gaine, the city printer, sold bag foxes at his shop in Hanover Square. The M.F.H. of the Belvidere Hunt lived at 1 Broadway and kept the hounds in a nearby kennel. Mr. van Urk is convinced that the Fox Square Laundry in the Bronx gets its name from the fact that a suburban hunt used to meet at the intersection of Westchester Avenue and Southern Boulevard. The Fox Square Laundry doesn't know anything about it, though. After leaving Mr. van Urk, we called them up to make inquiries, and they said we must have the wrong number.

Safe

A COUPLE motoring across Pennsylvania put up for the night at a small country inn and while waiting in the dining room for their scrapple next morning called for a newspaper. Their waitress brought it and at the same time issued an observation or two about the awfulness of the European news these days. "It *is* awful," the lady guest agreed, "especially to think that that sort of thing may be happening right here before long." "Oh, it couldn't happen here," said the waitress confidently. "The nearest battlefield is at Gettysburg."



The Last Echo

ALTHOUGH a fine thing in the Alps or the Rocky Mountains, an echo is naturally not welcome in the lecture room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and when this was opened in 1908 and found to have not just one but seven distinct echoes, it was quite a mess. Subsequent protracted doctoring by Professor Wallace Sabine of Harvard, known to the men in his field as the father of modern acoustics, rid the place of six echoes, but the seventh persisted, eventually surviving Professor Sabine himself. It's a long story, and we wouldn't be going into it here at all if it didn't have a happy ending. The Metropolitan lecture room, for thirty-three years more or less a hotbed of reverberations, is now acoustically O.K. The seventh echo has just been bagged by Charles C. Potwin of Electrical Research Products, Inc., the Bell Telephone subsidiary which handles echoes.

Mr. Potwin graduated from the Bliss School of Engineering eleven years ago and has been with ERPI ever since. We found him at his office on Varick Street last Friday, a tall, rangy man, friendly toward such a corporeal voice as ours. He told us that he first got mixed up with acoustics when he was advising on the installation of talking pictures in movie theatres. Since then he has branched out into auditoriums of all sorts, specializing in concert halls. His theory is that design ought to make music sound not only clearly but well. One popular method of treating a room acoustically is to use rock wool or some other sound-absorbing substance. Mr. Potwin is against this, holding that such material absorbs high-frequency sound more readily than low-frequency sound, and that the brilliance of the high strings and woodwinds is thus lost. Mr. Potwin studied the violin for ten years and has a personal interest in the situation. He shapes walls in preference to stuffing them. In general, he believes that an auditorium should be broken up (the Metropolitan Opera House is—inadvertently, you might say—with chandeliers, boxes, balconies, and such) and he has found that convex surfaces tend to retain the full tonal quality of an orchestra but don't send out echoes. Sound bouncing from a convex Potwin wall is scattered in all directions. Against a flat wall it might rebound as an echo. Mr. Potwin's theories seem to have worked out well in the new Kleinhans Music Hall in Buffalo, of which Koussevitzky said, "I have been in Europe, in South America, and all over North America, and never have I found a music hall so perfect acoustically." Mr. Potwin considers this gratifying.

The trouble with the Metropolitan's lecture room was that the ceiling is domed and the back wall curves concavely (instead of convexly). Echoes thrived. Professor Sabine finally trapped the first six with hair felt and setbacks or niches in the ceiling, but there remained the seventh echo, which no speaker ever could shake. If he edged from one side of the platform to the other as he spoke, the echo wandered inexorably in the opposite direction along the rear wall and bounced back in his teeth. Mr. Potwin outwitted it by building semi-columns against the wall, their bases a few feet above the floor. There's more to it than that, but the semi-columns are the main thing. They reflect the sound in every which direction.

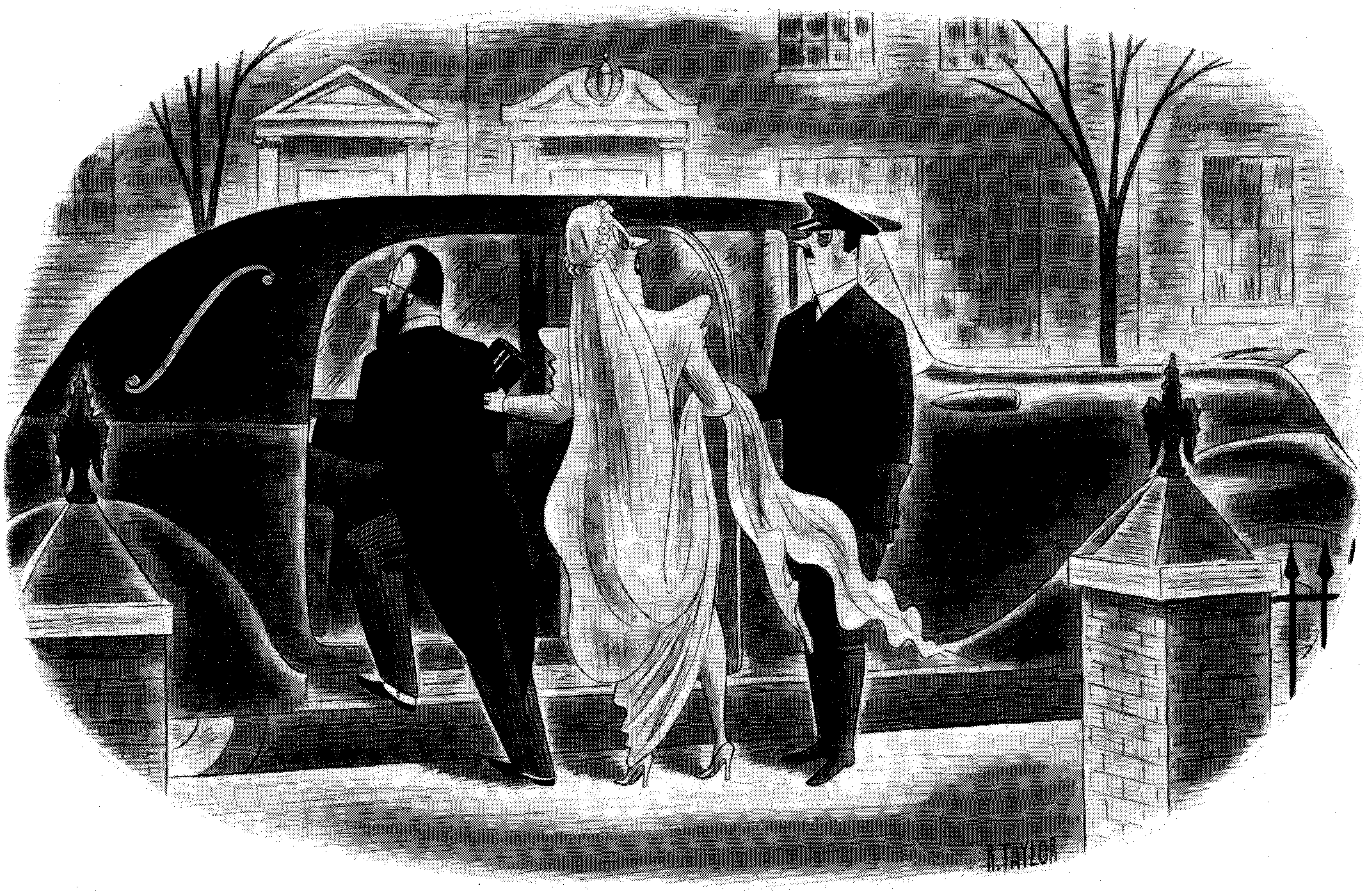
The hardest problem, or, at any rate, the biggest-scale one, ever put up to Mr. Potwin and the ERPI people was a Palace of the Soviets, which the Russian government planned to build several years ago. The question was how to make echoless a circular auditorium a quarter of a mile in diameter. ERPI suggested enclosing the speaker in a glass cage and having him broadcast through loudspeakers. They've never heard what was done. Mr. Potwin believes, incidentally, that Mayor LaGuardia has overlooked an important point in his anti-noise campaign. He thinks LaGuardia ought to concern himself with the frequency characteristics of an automobile horn as well as its average noise level.

Storage

WHEN they started to tear down the Village Hall of Bronxville, the municipal librarian was on a spot, since his books were housed in the building and he had no place to keep them until a new structure could be erected. He got out of this predicament by urging all local readers to take as many books as possible out of the library, with the understanding that they must not be returned until there are shelves to receive them. Everybody's happy now, and heaven knows how cultured.

Pastoral Scene

NEXT time a broker, toying wanly with his frayed cuffs, tells you a seat on the Stock Exchange recently



"To the nearest barbershop, John."

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sold for $27,000 and that the daily average of shares traded this January was 512,000, as compared to 4,300,000 in January, 1928, you might enter into the spirit of things by telling *him* how the amount of wastepaper swept up from the Exchange floor at the close of a day's trading stacks up against the amount swept up ten years ago. Current sweepings, consisting of brokers' orders, memorandums, and quotation slips, are only about two-thirds what they used to be: in 1931 they averaged twenty-one bags, or 1,500 pounds, a day; today they hover around thirteen bags, or 950 pounds. Moreover, the figures jotted on these scraps of paper are substantially lower than they were in the days when stockbrokers warned their sons against becoming college professors, poets, or harmonica players, and their daughters against marrying same.

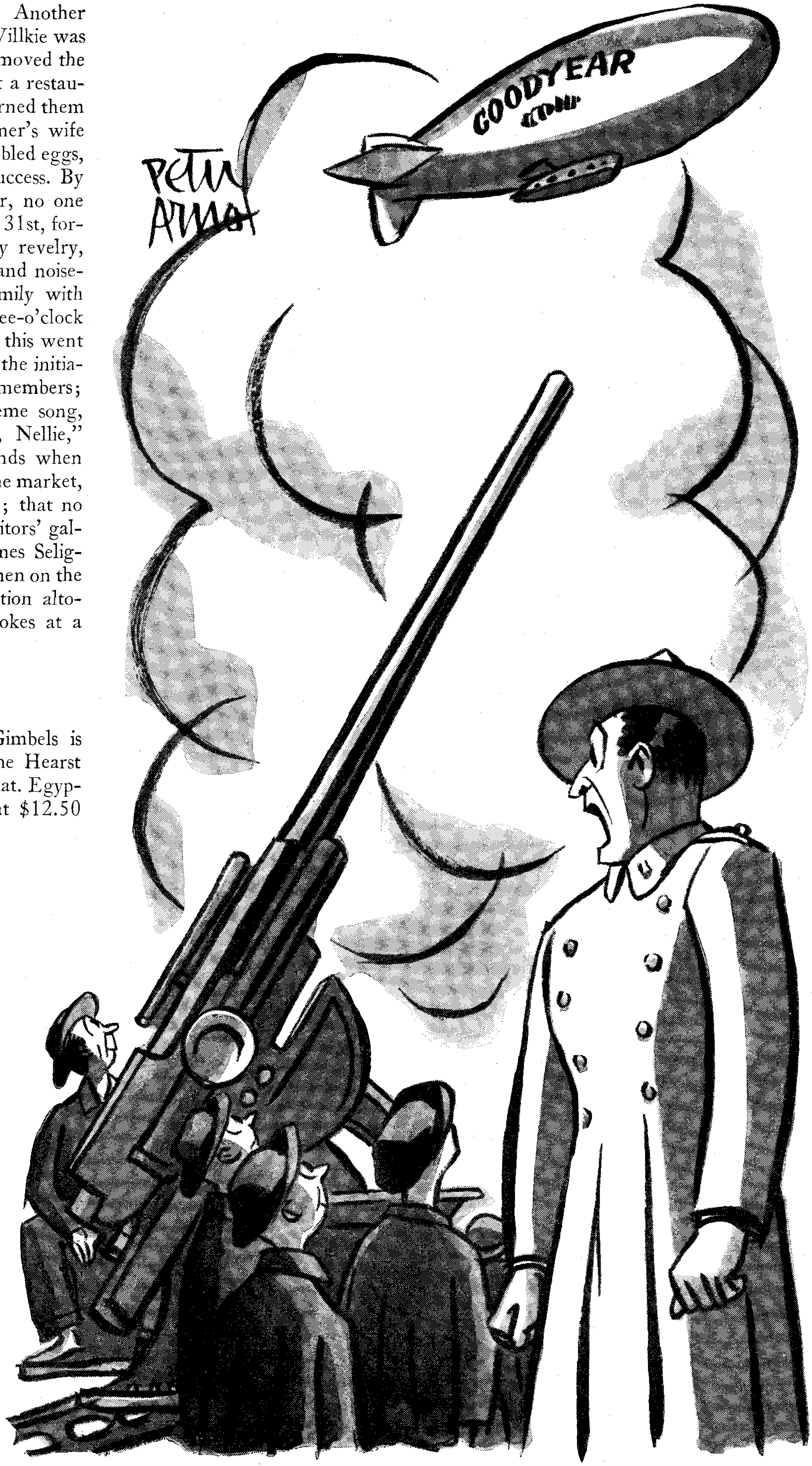
We obtained this interesting wastepaper statistic, and a few sidelights that may be of value to some morbid historian, when we visited the Exchange last week. An official guide took us to the visitors' gallery, from which, around noon, we watched the following sluggish scene unfold itself. At Trading Post 6, a bald-headed broker was sitting down, reading a copy of *Time*, no doubt the "Business & Finance" section. At Post 2, another broker was working on the *Herald Tribune* crossword puzzle. At Post 4, where General Motors is traded, three members were talking; one was sitting, two standing. Our guide pointed to the left of Post 2, where U.S. Steel is traded, and said, "There's the steel crowd." The steel crowd consisted of four brokers and one Stock Exchange employee, all conversing without animation. Another crowd of four brokers stood about Post 10, where Bethlehem Steel is traded; under our very eyes one of them walked away from the others and wrote something on a pad. Our guide advised us to keep on watching him, because it looked as though the man was about to trade. "Yes," the guide said breathlessly a moment later, "he did trade, he did trade."

Around this time the annunciator board, which is used to call members from the floor to their phones and is equipped with a thousand numbers, had sixteen numbers up. In the old days, three or four hundred numbers showing was nothing unusual. Brokers' carnations have declined even more sensationally. Formerly about half the members sported them; the day we were there all buttonholes were bare. According to E. Burd Grubb, a governor of the Exchange, most brokers have given up lunch, along with the carnations. Mr. Grubb told us he stopped eating lunch a year and a half ago. "It's an easy way to save a dollar and a half," he said. He just has a bigger dinner when he goes home. A few of the more improvident, or hungrier, brokers have sandwiches sent in, or go to Walgreen's, or patronize a recently installed sandwich bar in the Luncheon Club. The smoking room is more popular than it used to be, since members go there increasingly to read, complain, do crossword puzzles, and talk deferentially about such profitable ventures as photography and stamp-collecting. Backgammon stakes in this room, once a quarter a point, are now generally a nickel.

We asked a broker about the horseplay and practical jokes which have long been an Exchange tradition and were told that the last prank occurred before the election, when a trader, having bought a carton of eggs from John Conklin, a broker who has a farm in New Jersey and peddles seventy dozen eggs a week to his colleagues, checked his carton in the cloakroom. Another member, apparently feeling Willkie was going to be elected, giddily removed the eggs, had them hard-boiled at a restaurant across the street, and returned them to the cloakroom. The owner's wife later tried to make some scrambled eggs, and the joke was judged a success. By the end of the year, however, no one felt humorous, and December 31st, formerly an occasion marked by revelry, song, two bands, paper hats, and noisemakers, was celebrated gloomily with prolonged booing at the three-o'clock close. The man who told us this went on to say that no one has had the initiative to haze the two newest members; that the Stock Exchange theme song, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," formerly rendered by all hands when something good happened in the market, hadn't been sung for months; that no one whistles at girls in the visitors' gallery any more; and that James Seligman, once one of the wittiest men on the floor, had given up conversation altogether. "You don't crack jokes at a funeral," our informant said.

Odds and Ends

AS you probably know, Gimbels is conducting its sale of the Hearst rag bag with a good deal of éclat. Egyptian scarabs modestly priced at $12.50 are displayed in showcases, books only moderately rare are locked up in glass-fronted cases, and attendants are on hand to keep an eye on paintings and pieces of furniture priced at a hundred dollars or more. All this ceremony rather misled a friend of ours who, after an hour or so of dazed browsing, came upon some open racks filled with panes of stained glass. Idly curious, he pulled out a piece about four inches wide and two feet long. He didn't think it could be very valuable—Gimbels didn't seem to be much concerned about it, either—but when he flipped it over, he saw that it bore a price tag reading "$8,996.00." After what seemed like 8,996 years, he replaced the item safely back in the rack and tiptoed out of Gimbels, clammy-handed and trembling, for a double brandy.



"Easy now, men! Watch those itching fingers!"

JESSAMINE SPRINGS

THE Reverend Thomas J. Pressiker watched the road signs abtractedly. He was lonely. His loneliness puzzled and disturbed him. God was enough for any man. God's Son was enough. He was a trifle confused in his loyalty since the night the old lady at the revival meeting had arisen and demanded to know, “If God is All, why do we have to go around worshipping two of them?”

His talk to the Kiwanis Club in Elvinsport had been a great success. He had talked on “God Is My Buddy,” and the Kiwanians had understood and had slapped him afterward on his back. Yet, after they had slapped, they had turned away and formed into small, tight groups and had told stories that had evidently little to do with divinity or buddying. Their hoarse laughter was a wall shutting him off from contact with his fellow-man. He liked to laugh. When he was a little boy he had had his first taste of public acclaim, telling funny stories. Of course, they were good, clean stories, which those of the Kiwanians probably were not. Yet for all he knew, these Kiwanians' stories were as innocuous as those he had recited for public acclaim in his childhood. He had never heard one of them. Only the laughter afterward.

It seemed to him sometimes that men actually did not like him. Yet they were cordial, they were gracious, they frequently gave “a good, hot cheer for the Reverend” when he addressed them. And he liked them. He liked everybody. He had begun his storytelling, he had gone into the ministry, because he liked people and wanted them, terribly, to like him. Yet today, on this hot Florida afternoon, driving his Ford from Elvinsport to Kenoha, where he would speak again on “God Is My Buddy,” he sat not only behind the wheel of the car but behind a barricade. On the one side were the Kiwanians, cheering him with a sound that seemed to come from a great distance, and then going off into space to talk and laugh together. On the other side was the Reverend Pressiker, lonely, loving, and wanting to belong.

He wondered often whether the gap might not be because he was an itinerant preacher. If he had his own church, his own regular congregation, he would have a home—an earthly home, a cozy counterpart of the heavenly one, where the good and kind all gathered. His denomination was famously poor. In the small Florida villages where he filled in for the more fortunate circuit preachers, they had preaching Sunday only once or twice a month, and then had to scramble to get together a collection that would not shame them to offer and him to receive. The poverty was nothing. His text was very likely to be “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children,” and he had in mind, as he preached, their poverty and their leastness. Yet even among the simple backwoods folk, with their bare, freshly washed, lifted faces, he was an alien. They shook hands with him stiffly and hurried home to their noon dinners—chicken on Sundays, unless it was hog-killing time and a fat peanut ham was on the table. He was always invited to go home to dinner with one of them, and usually he accepted. Occasionally he had to refuse after he had seen a group arguing together. He knew then that he was not wanted and that the invitation came from the unhappy combination of courtesy and pressure.

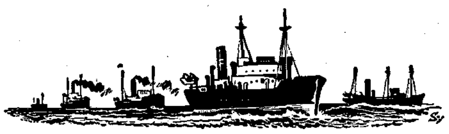
His weekday talks, he assured himself, were actually in a larger field. He put aside the thought, the knowledge, that the small-town Rotarians and Kiwanians had a time of it getting speakers for nothing. He was glad to serve. He told himself every night and every morning, kneeling by whatever hard bed was his for the moment, that he was glad to serve. All men were brothers, and as his kin listened and applauded and slapped and then went away and talked of other matters, he reminded himself that he was doing the best he could.

“JESSAMINE SPRINGS. Where the County Swims.”

He liked the sign and its consciousness of county. He liked the consciousness of all group formations. That was why his heart warmed and beat fast when he arose to speak in places like Elvinsport and Kenoha. He was part of a group. He belonged.

“Jessamine Springs. One Mile to the Left.”

He had not had a swim since the Missionary Auxiliary at Luther had had a fish fry several years ago. He had borrowed a bathing suit and had gone in the muddy pond with the rest of them. He had said, splashing about in the warm, shallow water, “We should have a community baptizing in this fine pool.” He had wondered then if he looked ridiculous in the borrowed suit, for even there, as he paddled around among them, the other swimmers had ignored him.



“Here You Are. Jessamine Springs. Everybody Welcome. 10c.”

He liked that “Everybody Welcome. 10c.” It was the kind of sign he would put up if he owned a swimming pool. Why, even he could go in there and swim, and nobody would know that he was any different from anyone else. His heart thumped.

A line of cars was coming out of the Springs entrance onto the highway. It was almost sunset. He turned left toward the cement-lined pool. It was fed by underground springs, and the overflow trailed off into a narrow run. There was a shed at one side. Suits could be rented. A man ahead of him was paying the dime admission fee, and another dime for a suit and towel.

The Reverend Pressiker said, “The suits are—quite sanitary, I suppose?”

“They go to the laundry,” the proprietor said. “Boiled.”

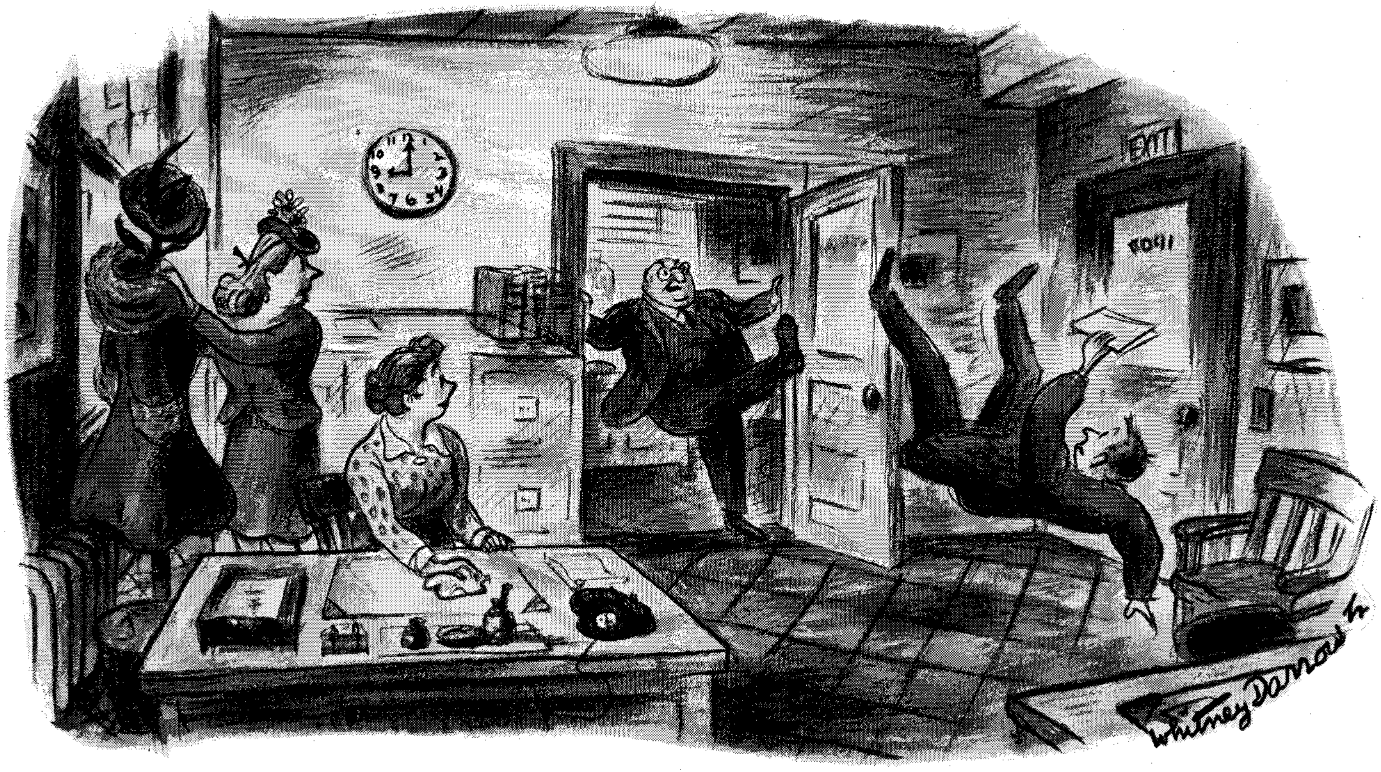
Pressiker pushed his change across the counter and followed his fellow-swimmer into the bathhouse marked “Men.” He heard his neighbor taking off his shoes and hanging up his trousers. It was a good sound, another human's clothes being hung on the other side of the thin wall. He undressed hurriedly and arranged his own garments on the rusty nails. The cement walk seemed harsh under the soft soles of his feet. He reached the pool in time to see the man ahead of him dive from the edge. Except for the two of them, the pool was empty. He was slightly disappointed.

He had never dived, and he walked, one foot cautiously ahead of the other, down the steps into the shallow end of the pool. He splashed the water, surprisingly cold, across his chest and stomach. He stooped and gave himself to the water, spreading himself out across its receptive surface. He fluttered his legs and then stood up. The shock of the cold water was delightful. He looked about for his companion. He was swimming toward him with a lazy side stroke. The Reverend Pressiker swam to meet him. They stood up at the same moment.

The other man said, “Jeez, it's cold.”

Pressiker said, “A cooling fount, indeed.”

The man shook his hair back from



"Oh dear, Blue Monday again!"

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his face. "I been meaning to stop and swim here. This is on my route."

Pressiker was delighted. He said, "And on mine also."

"You on the road?"

Pressiker was often asked this question. His businesslike briefcase and civilian clothes made him appear a travelling salesman, and it pleased him to think of himself as a travelling salesman for the Lord. Usually he said, "I am on the road on the Lord's business." Now, with his longing for simple community, he said, "Indeed, yes. On the road. On the broad highway."

"Books?"

"In a way. One book. Only one."

"Kind of limited, eh? But they say this is the age of specialization."

The man dived under the water and came up some feet away, then struck out for the deep end of the pool. The Reverend Pressiker followed, swimming with a careful breast stroke. He was a little panicky as he advanced, and headed in toward the side railing. The other man turned at the deep end and swam back and joined him.

Pressiker said, "I saw many cars departing as I entered. A multitude."

"That's why I turned in—because they were leaving. I'm not so keen about swimming with a couple of dozen Boy Scouts."

"Ah, yes. The little—" he hesitated. Ordinarily he would have said, "The little ones." He said, "The little shavers."

The man said, "When I swim, I like to swim. Want to race?"

"Thank you. That's good of you. I'm afraid I might falter in a—no, not foot race. It isn't a foot race, is it? I have done very little of an athletic nature in a long, arduous life given to the—I have swum very little. I use the breast stroke. I think it develops the physique, don't you?"

"I don't know about the physique, but it's damn slow."

The man stroked away, hand over hand. Pressiker watched him, then floated into the water. He counted aloud.

"One, two, kick. One, two, kick."

"You sure haven't done much of this." The man was resting his back against the far edge of the pool.

"Indeed, no. My—my work takes my—my all."

The man submerged like a porpoise, swam the length of the pool and back again, and came up blowing.

"Headed for Kenoha?"

"Yes. Yes, Kenoha."

"Where you stopping?"

"I don't know. I have not, you might say, where to lay my head. I hope to rest with friends."

"Lucky. I got an expense account, but it don't pay for beer."

Pressiker lowered himself in the water, bounced up, and lowered himself again. He was tremendously happy. He was immersed not in water but in a fluid fellowship.

"Look not on the wine when it is red," he said gaily, "but nothing is said about beer!"

He felt devilish and free. He thought of asking the man to have a beer with him in Kenoha.

"Well, I've had enough exercise for a guy that doesn't get much," said the other man. He swung himself over the edge of the pool and shook himself like a dog. "Be seeing you, Reverend," he said.

"Be seeing you." Pressiker waved a wet arm after his friend.

The man sloshed into the bathhouse. Pressiker stood up in the shallow water and stared after him.

"Now, how could he possibly know I was a preacher?"

He hitched up the straps of the rented bathing suit and looked about the empty pool. His throat tightened as it had done when he was a little boy, trying not to cry.

—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Mirror*]

It is a lively melodrama, certainly, and much destruction of life and property adds to its charm.

RAINY SUNDAY IN THE BRONX

"BOY, it sure is pouring down with rain," said Max Fine as Bella Gross admitted him into her apartment. "It's coming down cats and dogs like nobody's business."

"Here, gimme that before it floods up the entire place," Bella said. She took his dripping umbrella and hurried with it to the kitchen. "I'll put it in the zink, it should dry up."

Max sensed something strange in the atmosphere of the Gross apartment. The air, usually alive with shouts and cries, was on this particular Sunday afternoon almost oppressively still. "Sounds to me like the folks are not home," Max said. "Correct, Billie?"

"Mom is next door chattering with the neighbors next door, and Pop, he's in the bedroom catching a little snooze." She led him to the living room and waved him to a chair, then walked over to the window and stared at the glistening sidewalk below. It was deserted, save for an occasional passer-by scurrying through the rain. "Gee whizz!" she said, fretfully.

Max stopped running his fingers along the uncertain creases of his trousers and looked up, surprised. "Whatsa matter, 'Gee whizz!' alluva sudden? Seemsa me like I deteck you're in a provoked mood."

"Natchelly I'm in a provoked mood," Bella said, restlessly pacing the room. "Here it is, my one day of rest, we make a Sunday date, I put on my best dress, and what happens? The rain hadda come along and drizzle up evveything! Now it's goodbye pleasure! Honestly, it's enough to provoke even the finest disposition."

"Well, Billie, that's the way it is with the weather." Max took a leather case from his pocket and removed a cigarette, which he tapped elaborately on the back of his hand. He lighted the cigarette and inhaled deeply. "One minute, it's O.K. The next minute, non-O.K. You know how it is." The words were followed by a gust of smoke.

"Of course I know how it is!" Bella said. "After all, I wasn't born yestiddy. All I'm saying is why couldn't it rain doong the week, when I'm downtown at the awfice? Oh, no! This hasta happen on my day off when it's pouring, the weather! Here I go and put on my Jensen pin and this here new wooden novelty bracelet—" She thrust her arm in front of his face. "It's carved, the entire thing, fomm solid wood. You like it, Mac?"

"Very becoming, Billie. Very. Wear it in good health."

"Thank you." Resuming her plaintive tone, Bella went on. "So here I am, all dressed up without no place to go. All on account the damn rain."

"When it comes to the weather," Max said, "it's very perverse."

"Sure it's perverse. Certainey! But how about me? You take me, when it's nice and sunny, then my disposition is simply lovely. But the way it is now, with the rain coming down in bucketfuls, then I get very perverse, too. Honestly, Mac, I get so cranky when my Sunday is all bollixed up, there's no limit to my perverseness. I just can't help it. Guess I'm built that way, that's all." She sighed, walked to an armchair, and threw herself into it. "Might as well make myself comfy, being as how there's nothing else to do except stare at the four walls."

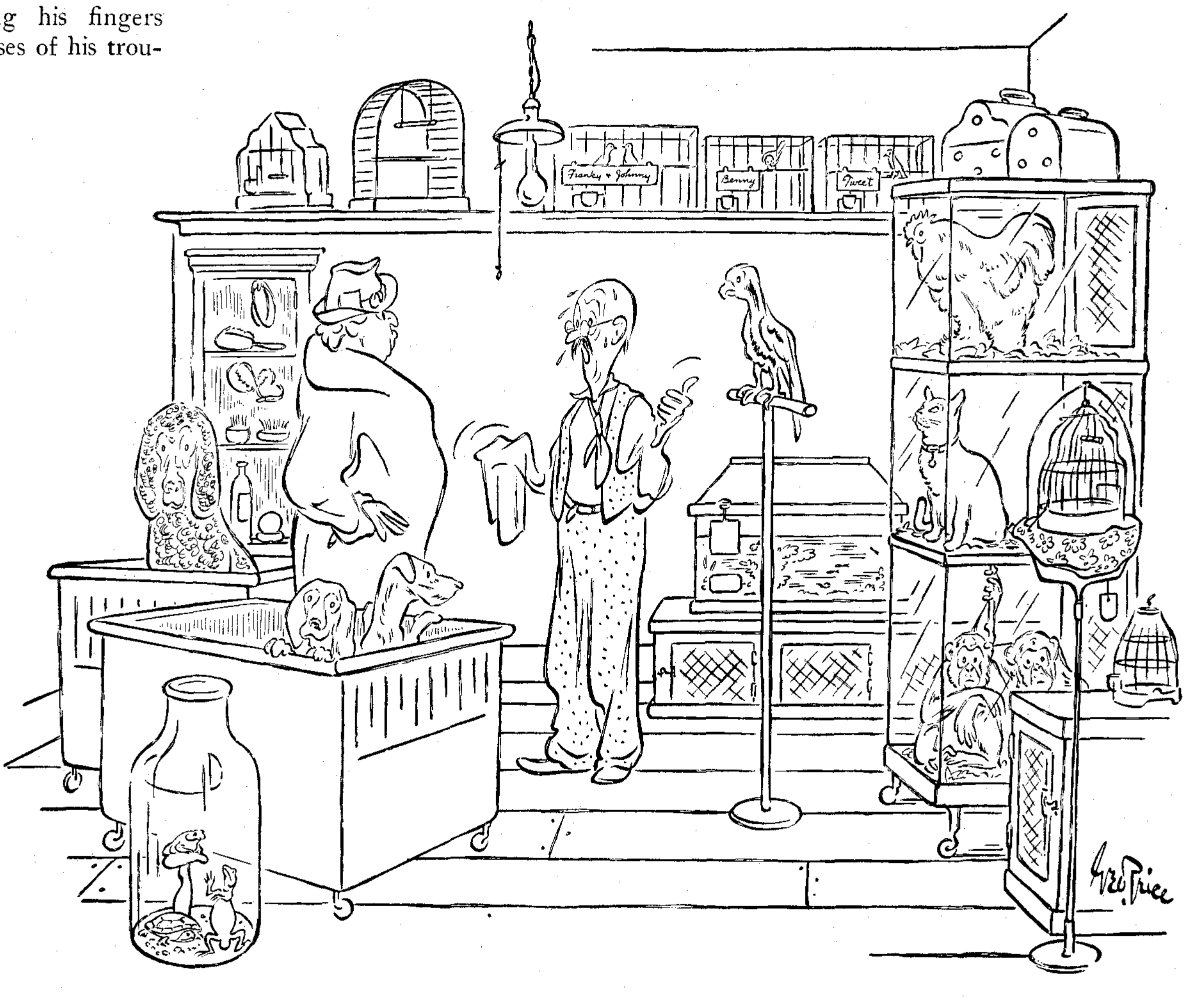
"Parm me, Billie," Max said, "but there's plenty to do on a rainy Sunday."

"Yeah?" she said. "Finstance?"

"Finstance, what about reading the papers and finding out what's going on today along the lines of current events?"

"I can't be bothered!" Bella sighed, and began to examine her fingernails critically. "Listen, there's enough trouble in this here world without having to read about it in the papers."

Max killed his cigarette in the ashtray (it bore the imprint of the Trylon and Perisphere and was one of the souvenirs of a visit Bella had made to the World's Fair) and then looked consideringly at



"But when he does say something, Madame, it's usually well worth listening to."

his hostess. "I can't figger you out, Billie," he said. "I just honestly can't."

"What's there not to figger me out about?" she said.

"I mean, a girl with your brain matter, it seemsa me you'd like to keep up to date with evveything's happening these days, so when you go out in public and mingle with people, you can contribute your two cents' worth to the general discussion. I know, you take me, finstance, I like to keep constantly on the alert all the time. Mentally, I mean. I figger we're living in modrun times these days, so why not keep in touch with things?"

"Who's disagreeing with you?" she asked impatiently. "Personally, I awways—"

"Parm me fa inarrupting, Billie, but I'd like to conclude this here one point. Might I?"

"Go on," she said.

"Evveybody today seems too much in a hurry trying to get no place fast, they haven't got time fa the finer things in life. I dunno. Maybe I'm too idealistically inclined, maybe my sense fa the better things—you know, culture—maybe it's a little more overdeveloped than the next person's, still in all, I like to keep abreast. Finstance, the latest books when they come out. I like to peruse them, even the heavy-type stuff, like economics."

"Well, gee whizz, you're an accountant and natchelly economics happens to be in your line. To me, that stuff is way over my head. When it comes to things like economics, I'm *non compass mentis*."

"I'm not talking just about economic books alone," Max went on. "I'm talking about current-day books, like novels. Frankly, Billie, hommeny latest books have you read, say, in the last six months? Frankly, I'll betcha not much."

Bella jumped from her chair and glared angrily at her guest. "See here, Max Fine, what're you trying to do—make me out a dope?"

"Oh, no! Please, Billie," he said, "there's no need you should get hot-headed. I'm merely saying evveybody—me, too, finstance—we don't peruse books the way like we should."

"Well, gee whizz, who's got time? I put in a hard day at the awfice, I stand on my two feet all doong the subway ride home, and when I get here I'm simply too tired out. I haven't got the strennth to concentrate my mind on a good book, much less even a newspaper. Honestly, at the end of a day I'm just like a wet rag. You can throw me away. All I'm good fa is to *plotz* in a chair or maybe go out and take in a good movie or something."

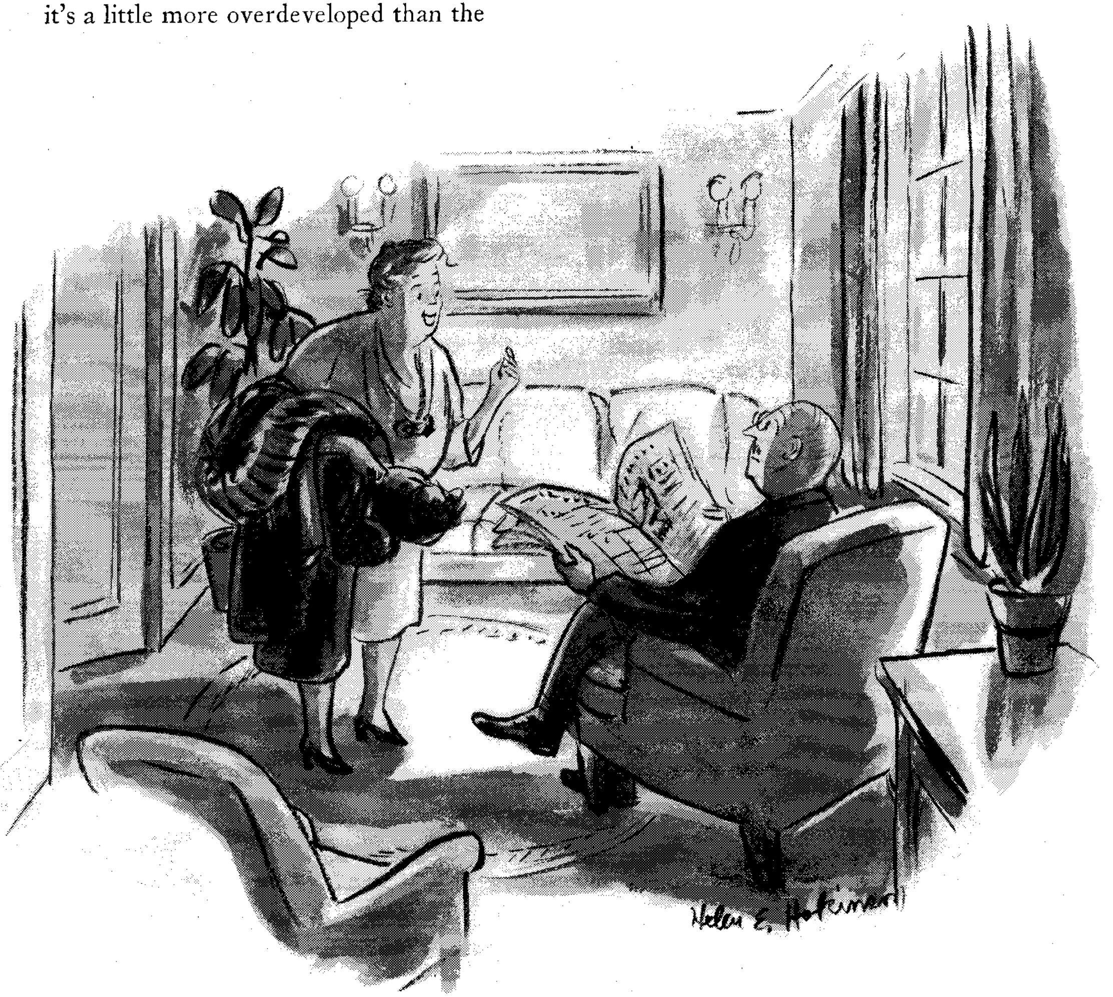
"You can relax the mind at a movie, but you can't relax the mind with a book," Max said. "Is that it, Billie?"

"Maybe I better elucidate something fa you, Mr. Fine, being as how you're the oney highbrow arounn here who knows fomm cultural matters—"

"Look, Billie, this here is a friendly discussion. Can't a person say two words without you making a sarcastical comeback?"

"You started it in the first place. You passed a remark I don't read any books, you're the oney one who does the perusing arounn here."

"I merely made a comment, Billie," Max hastened to explain. "I din mean anything personal. Why not take the comment in the spirit it was given?"

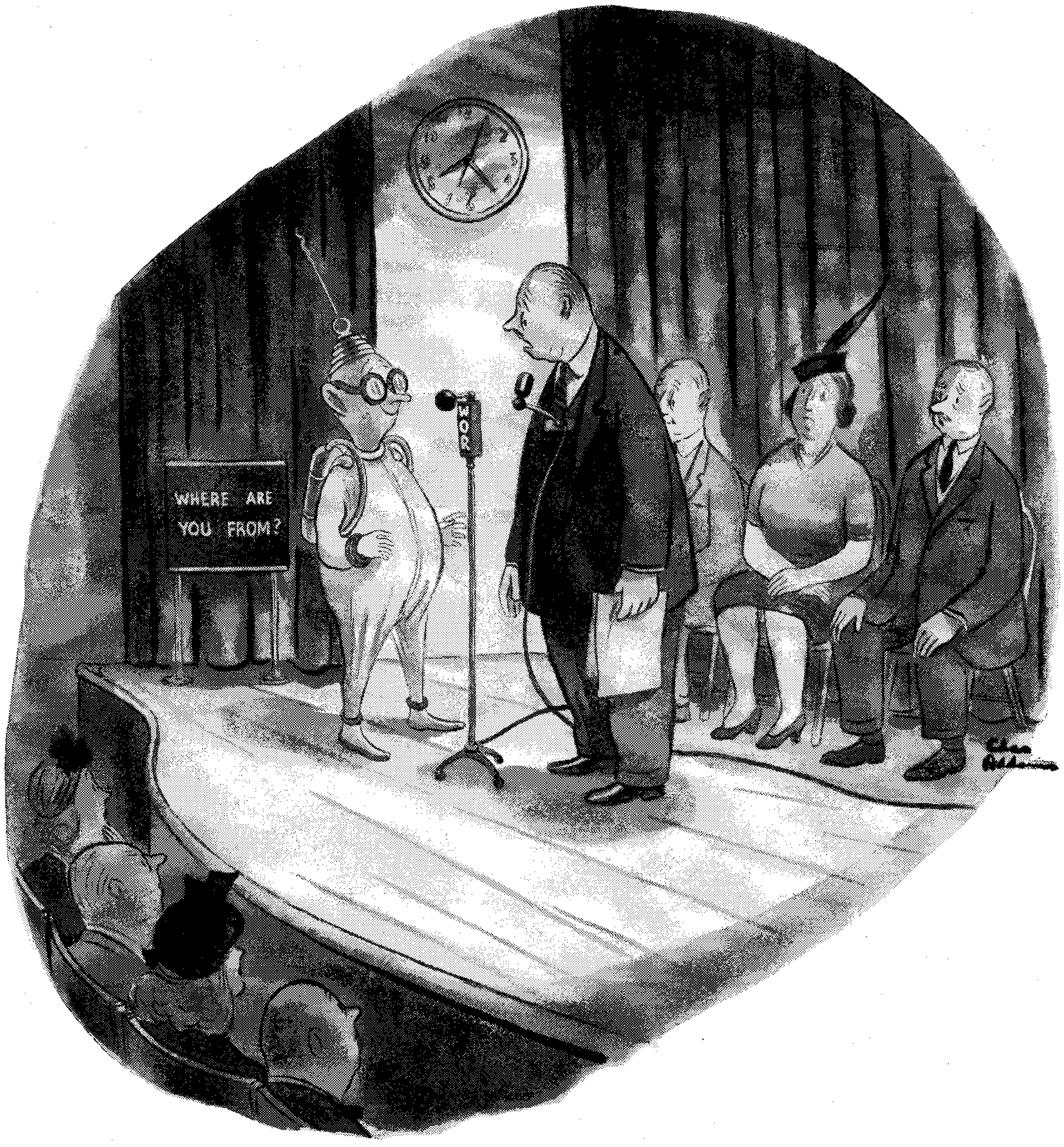


"George, guess what! We just voted unanimously against an increase in income taxes."

BELLA, somewhat mollified by his apology, sat down again. She spoke more calmly. "I'm oney saying, Mac, s'pose you go to the lending liberry, you wanna take out the latest type fiction book which evveybody's reading nowadays. O.K. Well, you simply can't take out the book on account it's such a first-class seller, evveybody's after it. So it's not in stock. Aw right. So you wait and you wait, and by the time the book is in stock, then there's a new fiction book out awready and evveybody's reading that. So there you are, stuck with the book you wanted in the first place, oney nobody's talking about it, oney about the latest book, which you can't get. You follow me, Mac?"

"I follow you oney up to a certain point," Max said.

"I mean, take like to-



"I give up. Where are *you from?"*

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day," Bella continued. "Evveybody's discussing the latest type book and I come along, let's say, and I talk about Upton Sinclair's book 'Ethel Berriday.' 'Gee whizz, that's old stuff!' they're gonna say. 'Where you been, anyhow?' Natchelly, it makes a person look very silly. I—"

"Oh, now I comprehend perfeckly. I think—"

"Please, Mac, I gave you the common courtesy of not inarrupting, why not gimme the same common courtesy?"

"Parm me, Billie. I honestly thought you concluded. Proceed, please."

"I'm not saying you can't get books at the lending liberry. Sure you can. Certainey! There's lotsa books there on the shelf. So why is that?" Before Max could venture an opinion, she supplied her own answer. "Because nobody wantsa read them, that's why. I don't see what's the sense you should waste your time and health developing your mind on a book nobody is reading. Listen, why should I go ahead and discuss a book when who cares about my impression, they simply are not inarrested, else why is the book laying arounn the liberry shelf? See my point, Mac?"

"According to your attitude—now, mind you, I don't say it's wrong, your attitude—according to you, then a person doesn't read the present-day fiction books. You wanna know something, Billie? She's gonna deprive herself fomm participating in a cultural discussion fomm present-day books, that person."

"Oh, no!" Bella said quickly. "You forget the movies."

"The movies?" He stared at her blankly. "I don't follow."

"S'posing a book is a big hit, then evveybody's reading it. Well, if evveybody's reading it, then right away the movies snap it up, it should be a pickcha. You take the finest books—'David Copperfield,' 'Romeo and Juliet' with Norma Sherra, 'Mopey Dick'—all of them movies!"

"That's right," Max said. "Irene Dunne in 'Show Boat,' that was first a book."

Bella shook her head and smiled. "I'll never forget the time I wasted reading 'Gone with the Wind,'" she said. "All I hadda do was to hold tight a little while, then I would've seen it on the screen in one whole night insteada wasting God knows hommeny weeks going through the book. Then take another thing. When I was reading the book, my mind was alla time on a Southren girl, Scarlett O'Hara. So lo and behold, the pickcha comes along and who should take off Scarlett except Vivien Leigh, a complete stranger, an English girl, somebody I never even heard of. Oh, this was long before she married Laurence Oliver, that Vivien."

"Wait a minute. What was the name fomm that other book?" Max scratched the back of his neck and studied the ceiling as if to find the answer there. "Oh, 'Of Human Bonditch' was the name. Bette Davis and that thin fella, what's-his-name."

"Bette Davis, she's awways playing in some book."

"She and Paul Muni, both. Paul Muni played in 'Zola.' There's somebody who wrote books galore, that Zola."

"See, Mac?" said Bella. "It's just like I told you. All you gotta do is to bite your time, and sooner or later the movies will show you the best books on the screen. I din read the book 'Excape' because evveybody was reading it and it was outa stock at the lending liberry. Now I'm gonna see the pickcha, and then, if I don't like it, maybe I'll take 'n the book after all. Saaay!" she sang out.

"Whatsa matter, Billie?"

"Speaking fomm cultural matters, the movies got it all over books. Now, you take classical music. The movies give you the best classical music today. You take that man—you know, Greeta Garbo's boy friend, that musician. The fella with the hands. You know."

Max frowned. "A fiddler?"

"No, not a fiddler! He's a band-leader. You know, a conductor."

"Oh, you mean Leopold Stikcowski. He's wonderful, that fella. The best in his field. That man never looks at the music, he knows the whole thing by heart. Evvey single, solitary note he's got memorized in his head. Oh, he's a regella genius."

"I'll never forget a pickcha where they had a hundrit-piece orchester and this Stikcowski, he conducted the band, and Dianna Durbin—she's cute!—she sang some classical numbers. Honestly, Mac, you coulda closed your eyes and imagined it was on the radio fomm Carnegie Hall. And yet I saw the whole thing here in the neighborhood fa oney a quarter."

Pa Gross, his hair dishevelled, his suspenders flapping around his trousers, shuffled into the living room, trailing the Sunday papers behind him. "Ooh, is raining very—" The rest of his sentence was swallowed in an expansive yawn, which he tried to smother when his eyes fell on Max. "Look who is here! Mexie! Hoddeya do, Mexie? How you filling, good?"

"I'm aw right, Mr. Gross. I can't complain."

"Fa heaven's sakes, Pa!" Bella cried as her father yawned again. "Lookit you! The lease you can do is cover up the mouth when you yawn. Gee whizz, you positively got no manners whatsoever!"

"Listen to her!" the old man shouted. "Mine Mrs. Boss numbeh two! Whatsa metta, I dassent open op the mouth? Mexie is maybe a dentist, he's gung to pull out by me the britch udder a filling?" He rubbed his scalp vigorously and sank into a chair. "Is good to *chop* a little *drimmel* when is falling donn the rain outside." He curled himself comfortably, closed his eyes, and in a few moments his heavy breathing filled the room with a steady, even rhythm.

"Gee, Mac, I hope you'll excuse his manners. A hundrit thousand times I tell him it's impolite to yawn with an open mouth, but go talk to the wall!"

"That's aw right, Billie," said Max. "He's just trying to make himself at home, that's all. Lemme see now, we were in the mist of a very inarresting discussion apropos the subjeck fomm music. You know, they got some very classical composers writing fa the movies today, top experts in the musical line."

"Certainey they have! You take Irving Berlin. Say, Mac," she said earnestly, "you like his stuff?"

"He's pretty good." Max spoke hesitantly, then sighed. "Too bad about him, though."

"Hoddeya mean that, Mac?" There was concern in Bella's voice.

"You know that's not his real name. Now, you'd think a person with all the names in the world he can pick out, why should he take Berlin? Berlin, that's in Germany. You know," he added, "Hitler."

Pa Gross suddenly opened his eyes, sat up, and said, "He should oney bust in pieces, that Hitler! That's the best thing I'm wishing on him," and promptly slumped back in his chair.

Bella walked to the window and pressed her face against the pane. "Look, look, Mac, the sun's coming out!" she cried. "It's gonna be a simply movvellous day after all!"

There was a flurry of activity as Max helped her into her coat. Bella's sullen mood had vanished and she was gay and animated. "You got no idear how nice my disposition feels if the weather outside doesn't come along and drizzle up evveything."

Max stared at the slumbering figure on the chair, and hesitated. "You think it's polite we should go out without saying goodbye to your father? Lookit him—in the arms of Morpheus!"

Bella looked affectionately at her father and said softly, "Fomm another world entirely!" She turned away and started putting on her gloves. "Come on, Mac, let's be going."

"Where, Billie? You got, perhaps, some plans up your sleeves?"

"Well, I tell you," she said. "Being as how you got me started on the subjeck fomm culture, what say we go downtown to Broadway and take in one of the pickcha houses?"

"Agreeable by me," he said.

"I'll betcha there must be some movie they adopted fomm some very good book. In that way we can kill two birds with one stone by taking in something that will develop our minds, still at the same time will relax ourselves, being today is Sunday. I think that's a very good idear, personally."

"I, likewise." Max Fine took Bella's arm, led her into the hall, and closed the apartment door softly.

—Arthur Kober

ORANGE JUICE

Throughout the length and breadth of this land
Orange juice is no longer squeezed by hand.

It is produced by devices electric or mechanical
And the result is little short of satanical.

Hand-squeezed orange juice is pleasant to gulp,
Machine-made orange juice is sixty per cent pulp.

There is nothing in life that makes me so wroth
As sitting down to orange juice coated with froth.

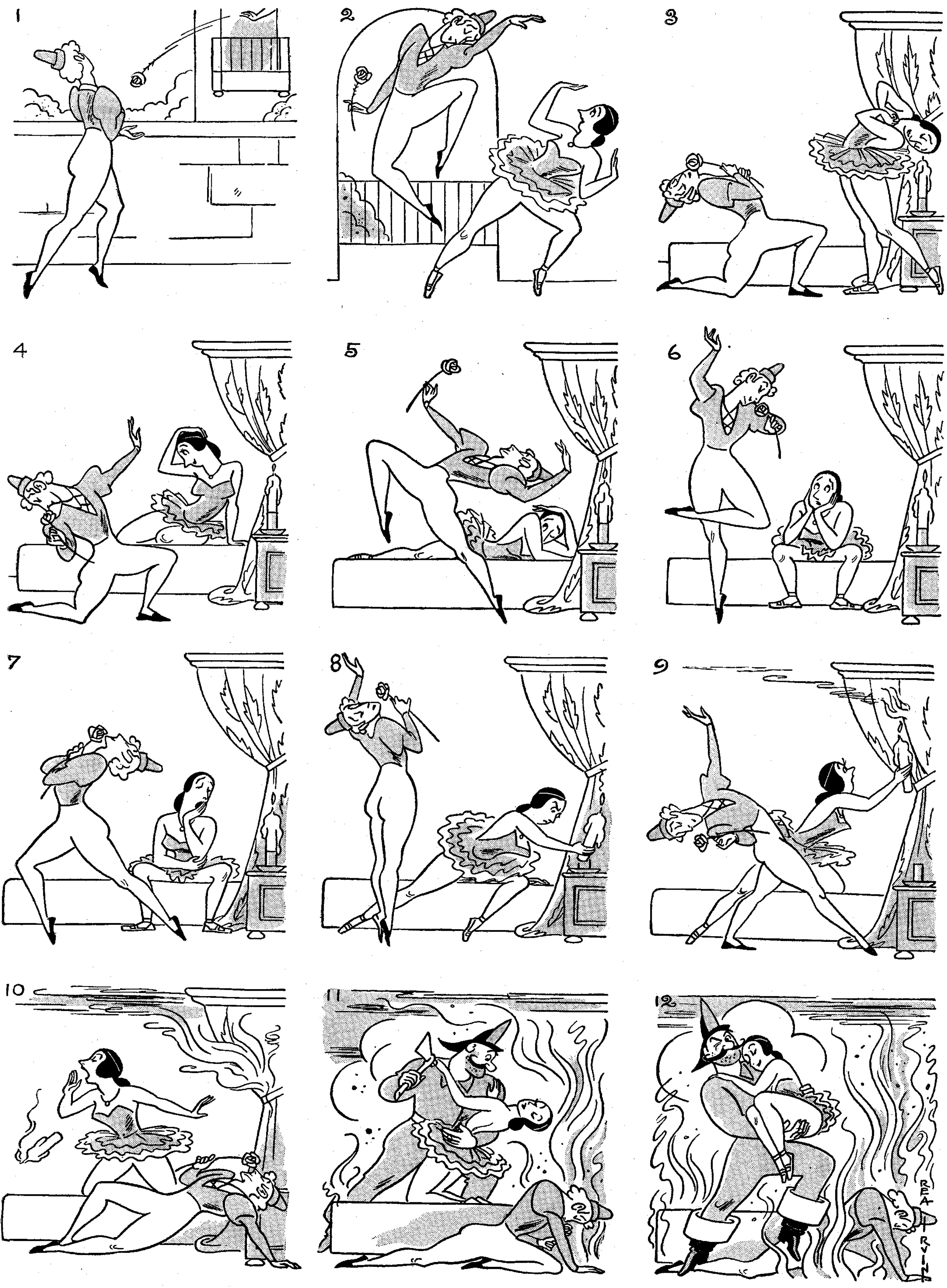
There is no morning experience that makes me boil
Like ordering orange juice and getting yellowish oil.

The juice of the orange can be tasty and pleasing
If produced by the old-fashioned method of squeezing.

But the juice of the orange that you get in a hotel
Is a disgusting substance that would be thrown out of hell.

I'm afraid it is characteristic of my native land
To feel that it is unprogressive to squeeze oranges by hand.

—E. B. W.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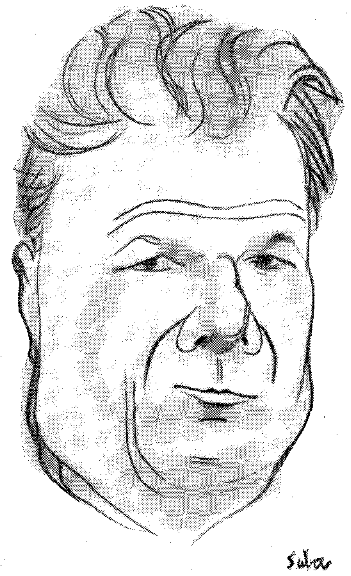
LA FLAMME D'AMOUR

A plot for a ballet

PROFILES

DESIGN FOR A LIVING—III



Norman Bel Geddes

AS Norman Bel Geddes progressed as a stage designer, turning out one complicated set after another, he began to suspect that he was frittering away his time in a world of make-believe. He felt isolated from what he considered the main activity of modern life—industry. In an age of business, he thought, artists should concern themselves with business. Since he disapproved of the way most industrial products looked, he got the idea that he might beautify them. "The few artists who have devoted themselves to industrial design," he wrote in 1932 in his book, "Horizons," "have done so with condescension, regarding it as a surrender to Mammon, a mere source of income to enable them to obtain time for creative work. On the other hand, I was drawn to industry by the great opportunities it offered *creatively*." In the late nineteen-twenties, Geddes made up his mind to branch out into the realistic world of radios, automobiles, airplanes, ships, houses, stoves, vacuum cleaners, and oilcloth. Around this time manufacturers of utilitarian objects were beginning to ask themselves, and occasionally other people, whether the appearance of their products might not constitute as important a sales point as their efficiency. Geddes contrived to meet a number of businessmen; whenever he heard one asking this question, he answered it himself, in the affirmative. He told his listeners that the best way to brighten up an article aesthetically would be to let him fiddle with it for a while, on a fee-plus-cost basis. This sort of work had formerly been done in a routine, unimaginative way by staff designers employed by manufacturers. Geddes offered to change all that. He was one of the first men in the country to make a specialty of what has since come to be known as industrial design. Other men who entered the field at about the same time were Henry Dreyfuss, Walter Dorwin Teague, and Raymond Loewy. Geddes is credited by his fellow industrial designers with having first advocated publicly the streamlining of railroad trains. The Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company, however, designed the streamliner that was actually put in service first, by the Burlington line.

Geddes, perhaps more than any other industrial designer, lives in the future. Looking ahead, he made designs nine years ago, published in "Horizons," for a floating airport 1,500 feet long and 750 feet wide, which he would like to see placed just off the Battery, and for what he confidently referred to as the air liner of 1940: an intercontinental plane, weighing 662,000 pounds, with a wingspread of 528 feet, accommodations for 451 passengers and a crew of 155, with a speed of 150 miles an hour, a cruising range of 7,500 miles, twenty 1,900-horsepower motors, a lounge 170 feet long and three stories high, five dining rooms, several bars, and air-conditioning throughout. Geddes, who is sometimes accused of having a poor head for figures, estimated that such a ship could be built for $9,000,000 and that if it were operated between the United States and England, making three round trips a week and charging the same fare as a first-class steamship, it would amortize its cost in three years while earning a net weekly profit of $196,950.

He knows that it is difficult for most people to envisage his more ambitious projects. In an effort to make his air liner sound cozy, he wrote, "Imagine that the Public Library was removed from its site in Bryant Park. The plane could then settle comfortably in the park with a clearance of 35 feet all around." In suggesting his air liner, Geddes did not intend to put ocean liners out of business. He has also designed a streamlined steamship, to be equipped with a glass and metal slipcover, called an "outer skin," for stormy weather. With its storm curtains up, the vessel would look very much like a cigar. Geddes finds this sort of dreaming even more satisfying than doing the sets for such shows as "The Miracle" and "The Eternal Road," and the fact that some of his more experimental industrial projects have never got farther than paper does not disturb him. His ideas, while sometimes not immediately marketable, have possibly stimulated the profession more than those of any other industrial designer.

Although Geddes would much rather design a 662,000-pound air liner than an eight-ounce paperweight, he realizes that he must take on small jobs in order to make a living. Another incentive is his dislike for the way most things look. He has written that he is dissatisfied with the appearance of telephones, inkwells, fountain pens, calendar pads, lamps, clocks, ashtrays, adding machines, filing cabinets, bookcases, radiators, carpet sweepers, sewing machines, electric irons, and dictaphones, and he has worked out designs, not all of them adopted by manufacturers, for beautifying them. He has redesigned ashtrays, candlesticks, trays, cigarette boxes, and bonbon dishes for Revere Copper & Brass, Inc., in general eliminating gadgetry and introducing simple, classical motifs. He has also simplified the appearance of radios for Philco and Majestic and of microphones for Columbia Broadcasting. The bulk of his business is made up of bread-and-butter jobs in the $5,000-fee class. Once in a while, Geddes gets a chance to inject an expansive note into his smaller jobs. When he redesigned a bottle for the Hires Root Beer people, he produced one with a series of bulges which made it look roomier than any other bottle of its size. On another occasion he worked on a project for the mass observation of backgammon in Madison Square Garden; this involved a gigantic screen on which huge images of the table and hands of the players would be projected.

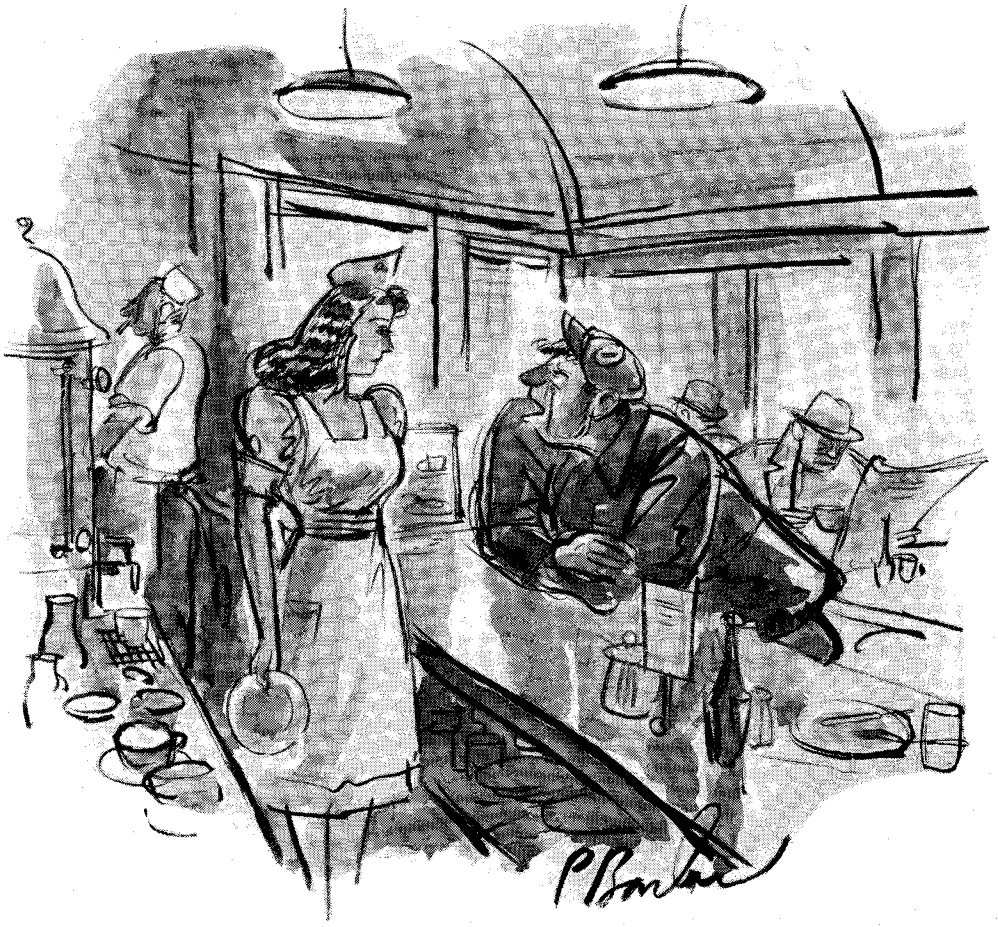
Among Geddes' recent jobs have been the sets and costumes for "It Happens on Ice" and the designing for a building firm of some model prefabricated houses to sell at $2,500 apiece. His latest assignment, the redesigning of the circus for Ringling Brothers, is the kind he really warms to. One afternoon, John Ringling North, the owner of the circus, called him up and asked him if he thought he could design a circus tent without any poles in it. "Sure," Geddes said. "And besides, your animals ought to be repackaged." He is currently working out tents suspended from exterior steel towers that will be raised by winches, indirect lighting for the rings, rustless-steel cages, and—for their interiors—background paintings, in the style of Rousseau, of palm trees and underbrush that he thinks will make the animals feel more at home. He plans to spend two years on the job.

Among objects smaller than circus tents, Geddes is especially interested in the dictaphone, since he finds this machine a useful medium for the expression of his opinions about his co-workers. The Geddes staff fluctuates between about fifty and eighty, depending on how many jobs there are in the house, and Geddes has opinions of nearly all his employees. He expresses these freely during the day in face-to-face conversation, but now and then, when he is afraid he has left some important thought unrecorded, he goes to his office in the evening and dictates a few opinions into the machine. These are typed out the next day and placed on the desks of the persons to whom they refer. A typical Geddes opinion is uncomplimentary and concludes with the statement that the person addressed is fired. Seasoned employees automatically throw them into the wastebasket. A touchy newcomer to the Geddes staff, on receiving one of these messages, rushed into Geddes' office and said that he refused to be fired but resigned with satisfaction. Geddes looked up in astonishment. "My dear fellow, I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "There must be some mistake." Once Geddes, who hates to be soft-soaped, actually did fire someone. This was a new telephone girl whom he suspected of mushiness because she greeted him with a sweetly intoned "*Good* morning, Mr. Geddes" as he arrived one day. "None of that Pollyanna stuff around here," said Geddes. "You're fired."

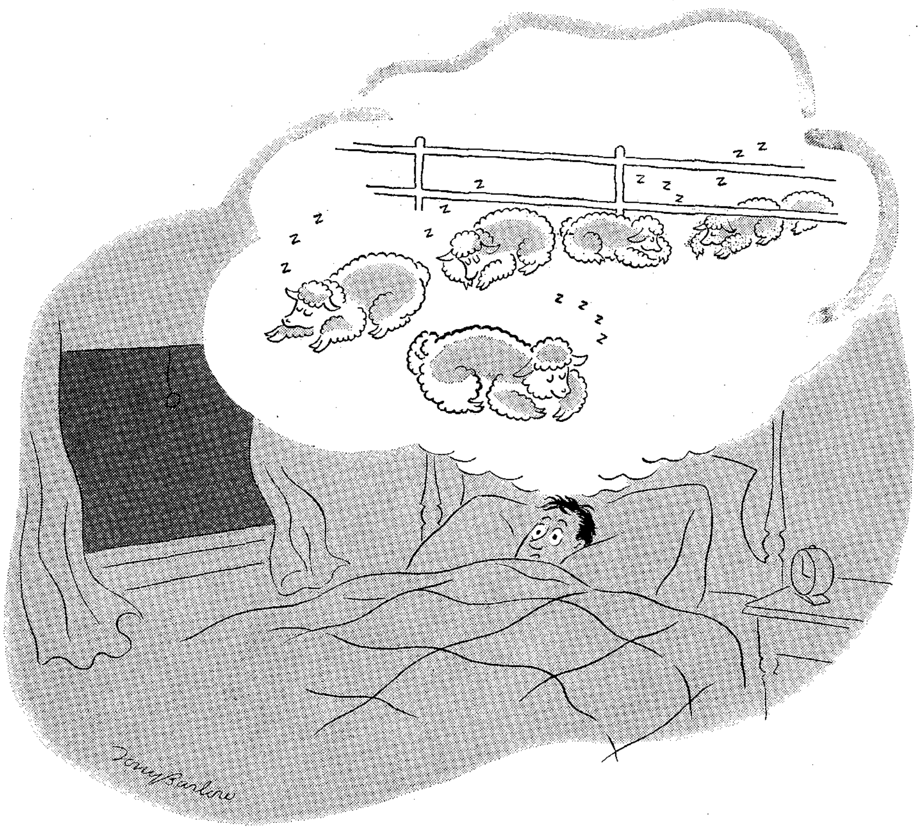
GEDDES' first venture into industrial design occurred in 1927. Disgusted with the cluttered appearance of shop windows on Fifth Avenue, he persuaded Franklin Simon to let him do one of their windows, which he decorated with a metal bust wearing a turban and a scarf of vermilion and chartreuse green; a handbag in matching colors; and some large plywood triangles in the background. He continued to design Franklin Simon's windows for three years. In 1928 he got the late Ray Graham, of Graham-Paige, interested in a streamlined automobile. The car, which would have been an innovation, wasn't built, but Graham's enthusiastic interest encouraged Geddes to go ahead with experimental work on the streamlining of automobiles, planes, trains, and ocean liners. A few years later he published the results of his research in streamlining in "Horizons."

By this time, Geddes had designed metal beds for the Simmons people, scales for the Toledo Scale Company, and radio cabinets for Philco. The theatrical side of his business had always been conducted informally, but at the instigation of a number of brokers who dined with him frequently and talked of raising $300,000 to finance him, he decided that in his new guise of industrial designer he ought to incorporate and sell stock in himself. The 1933 bank holiday and the ensuing cautiousness of the brokers put an end to these plans. Geddes was disappointed, but he has retained a high regard for Wall Street men and for big business. In turn, brokers are fascinated by Geddes, whom they consider not only a genius but a congenial night-club companion and a somewhat elegant bohemian. Geddes likes to patronize fashionable night clubs and constantly visits such places. Festive occasions exhilarate him, and on Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Washington's Birthday, he and Mrs. Geddes, who only recently recovered from a long illness, are likely to give dinner parties at which the guests are thoughtfully provided with paper caps, firecrackers, and other obtrusive equipment. His conversation also makes people sit up and take notice; he especially enjoys telling ribald anecdotes to old ladies.

Geddes' closest friend, and a part owner of his business, is George Woods, a vice-president of the First Boston Corporation. In 1939, Geddes, perhaps jealous of General Motors, for whom he had already designed the Futurama, decided to have an exhibit of his own at the World's Fair—an intricate peepshow involving a lot of mirrors and a girl dressed in veils. Characteristically, he thought it would be worth while to take one girl and multiply her, in mirrors, by thousands. He showed he was sentimentally disposed toward Wall Street by advising Woods to allow his acquaintances downtown to form a syndicate to help finance the exhibit, which he called "Crystal Lassies." About twenty brokers and investment bankers put up $75,000, and the Fair Corporation sup-



"Let's quit kidding ourselves about apple pie, Marie. You and I know why I keep coming to this joint."



plied an additional $50,000 that was required. The backers lost nearly all their money, but they did have the pleasure of being able to take friends to the exhibit free of charge and say "My show," and most of them seemed satisfied. Geddes is philosophical about being identified with a large loss, such as the $488,000 swallowed up by "The Eternal Road," but the idea of helping a man throw away a few thousand dollars saddens him, and he resolved to make amends to the "Crystal Lassies" financiers. "Let's give these poor fellows a cocktail party," he said to Woods. He gave the party in his office and decorated it with an assortment of actresses and chorus girls. Geddes' friends feel that Wall Street is still behind him, and that any time he wants to do something else with mirrors it will be easy for him to raise another $75,000.

IN 1933, Geddes took Earl Newsom, a friend who had been in the book-publishing business, as a partner and formed Norman Bel Geddes & Co., with the intention of specializing in industrial design. When Geddes started reorganizing his life along businesslike lines, Newsom suggested that he move his home out of his office. Geddes and his wife had been occupying, on Murray Hill, the fourth floor of a brownstone house which served as Geddes' office. Newsom told Geddes that while these surroundings were all right for theatrical folk, businessmen didn't live in their offices, so Geddes moved into a large apartment in River House. The new company's first job was redesigning a telephone pad for the Bates Manufacturing Company. Geddes wanted to turn the assignment down because he was not satisfied with the fee proposed, but Newsom worked out an arrangement under which Geddes would receive graduated commissions on sales from the manufacturer, and the complexity of this so enchanted Geddes that he signed the contract. Geddes believes that big business is always mysterious, and he likes to feel he knows all about it. He has made certain contributions to the mystery of business himself. Once, when he was planning to take a vacation in Bermuda, he worked out a gigantic code book so that his office could cable him cheaply. He left the book with his colleagues and took a duplicate along. Three coded cables were sent to him. On his return he pulled them out of his pocket and asked his secretary what was meant by this nonsense. He had entirely forgotten about the code. Another time, Geddes walked into a meeting of members of his staff, saw a man with an unfamiliar face, and demanded that he be ejected. The man identified himself as one of the draftsmen. Geddes had suspected him of being a spy planted there by a rival. Geddes enjoys thinking he is surrounded by spies. He is fond of complications in private as well as business life, and once, when a secretary whom he had known only by her maiden name told him she was going to have a baby, he was all sympathy and interest until he found out she was married.

With Newsom as his business manager and Worthen Paxton, now an art editor of *Life*, as an assistant designer, Geddes was soon doing jobs for Hires Root Beer, Socony-Vacuum, Firestone Tire & Rubber, and Pan American Airways. By the end of 1934, after eighteen months in business, the firm had earned fees of $290,000 and a net profit of $94,000. Newsom later left Geddes, after various differences of opinion, and is now a public-relations counsel.

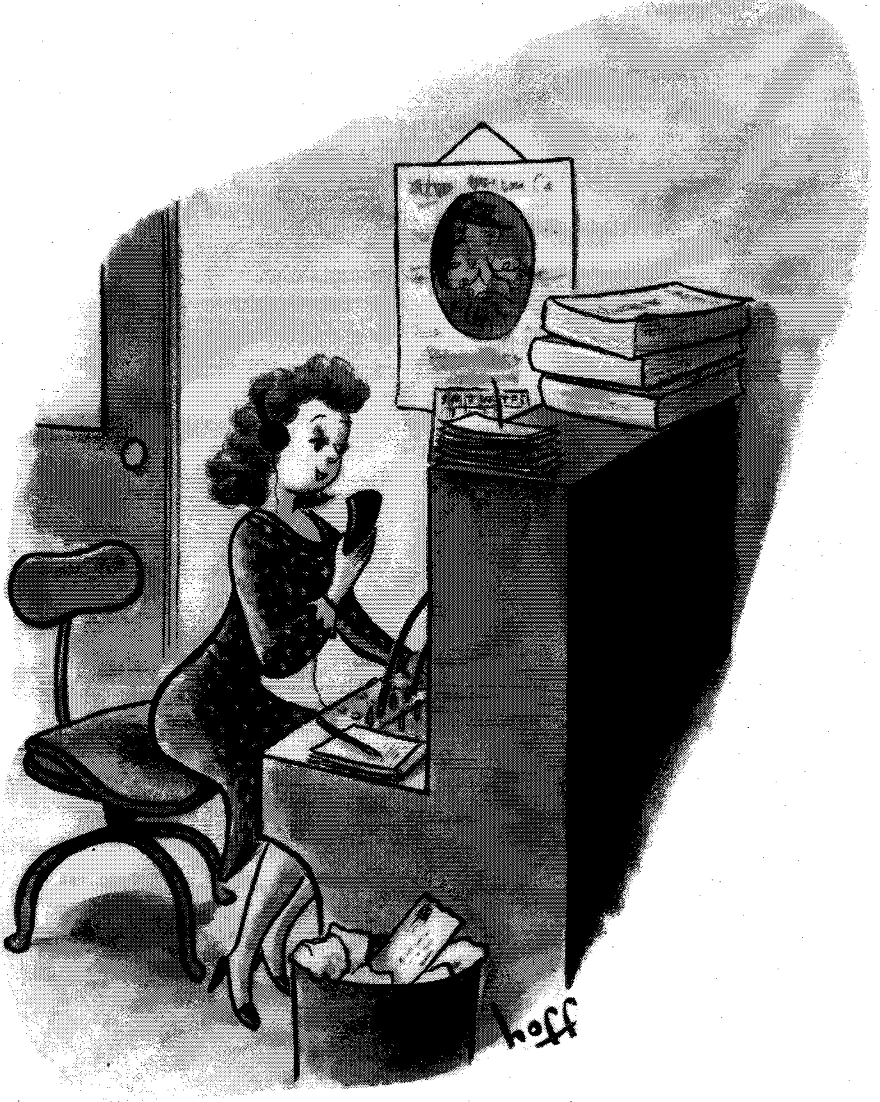
THE Futurama, which cost General Motors $7,000,000 and which some people consider Geddes' industrial masterpiece, began, as so many of his projects do, rather shyly. In 1937, J. Walter Thompson, the advertising agents who handle the Shell Oil Company account, asked Geddes, who had previously designed an auditorium for their office, to prepare documentary material for a Shell institutional advertising campaign having as its theme the traffic problems of a city twenty years in the future. Geddes, who for several years had been doing research on traffic and highway problems, tried in vain to persuade the Shell people to extend their campaign to take in the subject of national as well as municipal traffic. After finishing the Shell job, he attempted, also unsuccessfully, to interest various other companies, including Chrysler and General Motors, in putting to one advertising use or another some plans he had drawn up for a highway system of the future. When the World's Fair came along, Geddes saw it as an ideal place for his scheme. He took the idea to Goodyear, which considered it seriously until it decided not to exhibit at the Fair at all. Geddes offered Goodyear a number of stimulating ideas of a World of Tomorrow sort, among them a building with a "breathing rubber dome," a series of rubber cops stationed beside highways leading to the Fair and furnished with recorded speeches saying "You're on your way to the Goodyear Building, folks," and a tower of huge rubber balloons to which a new one would be added daily until the pile would be higher than the Trylon.

By the beginning of 1938, Geddes, who kept improving his highway project every few months, had been turned down three times by Richard R. H. Grant, vice-president of General Motors. Grant emphasized his third refusal by informing Geddes that General Motors' plans for a Fair exhibit, providing for an assembly line similar to one they had installed at the Chicago Fair, had already been approved by the board. Geddes is an indefatigable salesman and this excited him to further effort. Besides, having once done a little job for General Motors—designing a medallion commemorating their twenty-fifth anniversary—he wanted to try his hand at a big job for them. He called up Paul Garrett, then director of General Motors public relations, took him to lunch, and outlined his idea for what, with slight modifications, eventually became known as the Futurama. Garrett was impressed and arranged for Geddes to present his drawings at a meeting in General Motors' New York office attended by Grant and by William S. Knudsen and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., then president and chairman of the board, respectively. Knudsen, who favored exhibiting an assembly line, looked puzzled as Geddes talked of mechanically policed motorways, ramped loops, and four-tiered bridges, but Sloan leaned forward eagerly and began thumbing Geddes' charcoal sketches. "I talked fifteen minutes," Geddes said later, "and knew in three that Sloan was sold." At the end of Geddes' exposition, Knudsen said he still thought the assembly line was a better idea. Geddes looked at him severely. "Can General Motors afford to spend two million dollars to admit it hasn't had a new idea in five years?" he inquired. Knudsen appeared surprised, and said he thought the idea was impracticable. "I'll take the responsibility," said Geddes. Knudsen smiled, and the two men have since become fast friends.

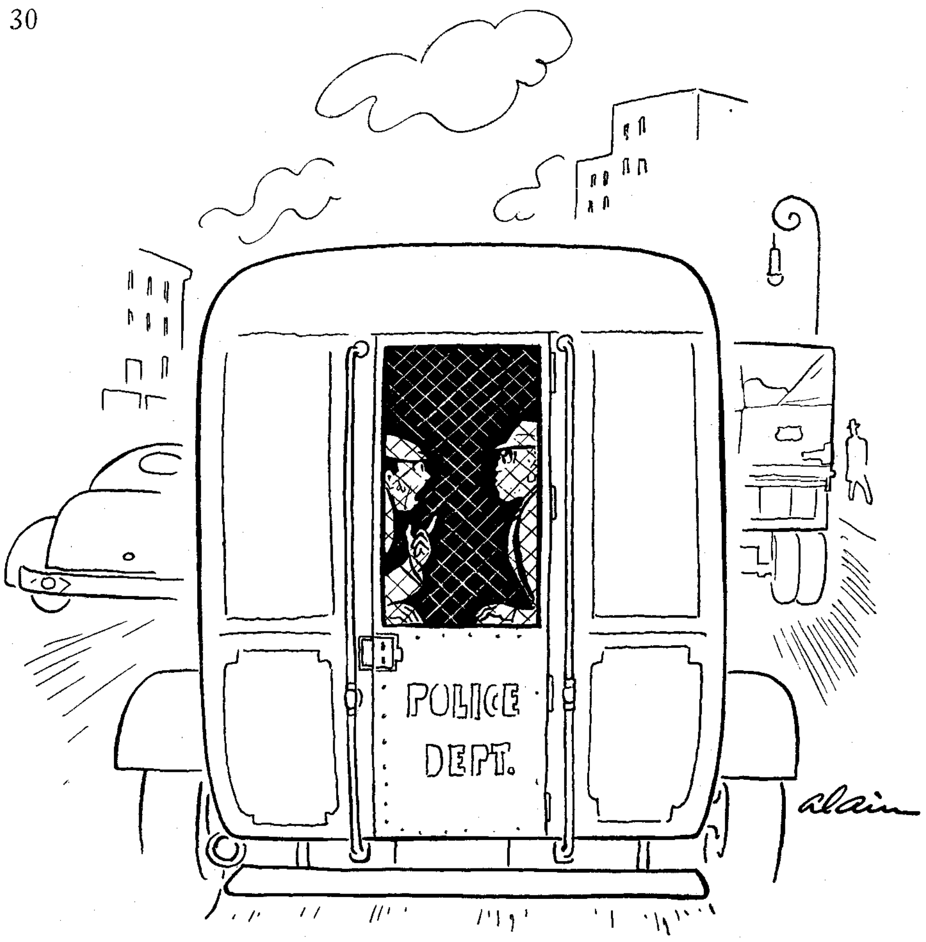
Geddes was invited to Detroit to outline his plan again at a meeting attended by some forty General Motors company and design-department heads and presided over by C. F. Kettering, vice-president of G.M. and president and general manager of General Motors Research Corporation. Geddes talked from nine in the morning until one in the afternoon. Kettering grilled, heckled, and poked fun at him at intervals. "I know what's wrong with you, Geddes. You're too god-damned Waldorf-Astoria," Kettering told him toward the end of the session. "You ought to eat at a cafeteria now and then." Geddes asked Kettering where he stayed when he went to New York. "The Waldorf-Astoria," said Kettering. "As a cafeteria man, then, I suppose you're also familiar with the Waldorf-Astoria cafeteria?" Geddes asked. There was a pause. "Yep," said Kettering finally. Geddes asked Kettering just where the Waldorf-Astoria cafeteria—which doesn't exist—was. "Let's go to lunch," said Kettering. According to Geddes, Knudsen signed a contract with him that afternoon. "That's big business for you," he says.

Geddes, who thinks that important contracts should occupy a good deal of space, was surprised when Knudsen, a man addicted to brevity, poked a piece of yellow paper containing three or four sentences in longhand toward him; it specified that Geddes would receive a fee of around $200,000. Geddes signed it. Knudsen was a good sport about the Futurama from the start. Once Geddes and his assistant dreamers got down to work on the project, they thought of several improvements. The improvements usually raised the cost, which General Motors originally thought would be in the neighborhood of $2,000,000, by a million dollars or so. Knudsen rarely complained. "It cost us six million, seven hundred thousand dollars," he said at a preview World's Fair dinner to the press. "I hope you'll like it." Operating expenses during the Fair increased this figure to over $7,000,000.

Geddes supervised the construction of parts for the Futurama in an old moving-picture studio at 126th Street and Second Avenue, with a staff of some three thousand technicians, carpenters, and other workmen. The Futurama was built on four hundred and eight tables, each fifteen by five feet; it contained, among other things, five hundred thousand miniature buildings, over ten million trees of eighteen species, and fifty thousand miniature automobiles, of



"Morrison, Robertson, Hitchcock, Brusiloff, Leggett, Winthrop, and . . . Oh, hello, Muriel."



"We mustn't forget to notify the draft board of our change of address."

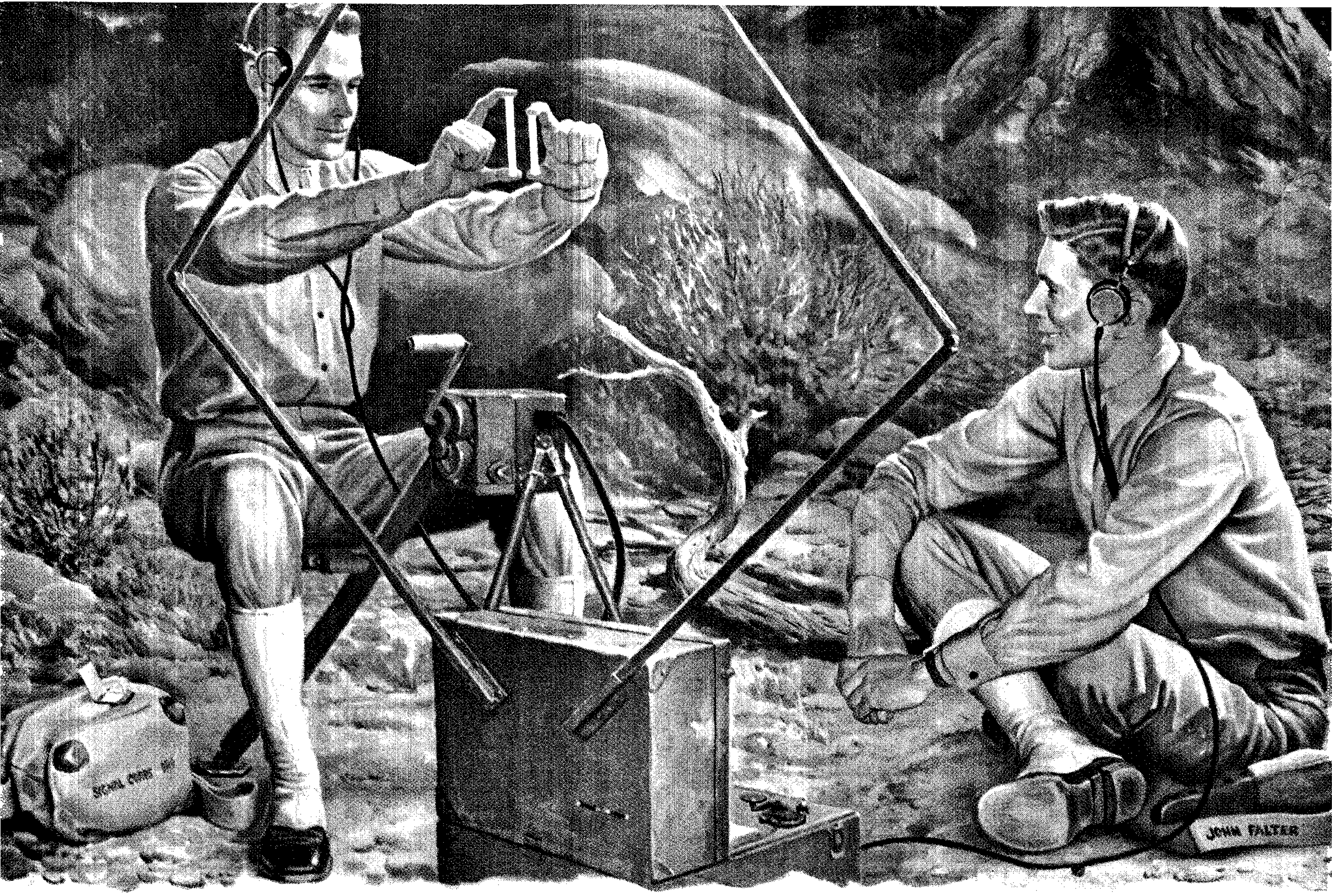
• •

which ten thousand were to be in motion. Geddes' love of perfection, which took the form of demanding exact miniatures of clotheslines, cow manure, and other objects which most Futurama visitors never even noticed, struck some of the workmen as peculiar. When the assembly of the Futurama in its building at the Fair was completed, a delegation of them escorted Geddes to an office they had built for him. This consisted of a cubicle containing a desk nailed to the floor, a lamp nailed to the desk, barred windows, and padded walls. Geddes is a man who sends his friends pregnant rabbits for Easter, and he laughed heartily. Although General Motors backed Geddes up on most of his requests, they did turn down a few. For example, they declined to surround the building with a pool, which Geddes thought would add to its appearance, and toward the end of the Fair they did not accept his suggestion that after the Fair the Futurama be packed on a Zeppelin and flown around North and South America on a good-will tour.

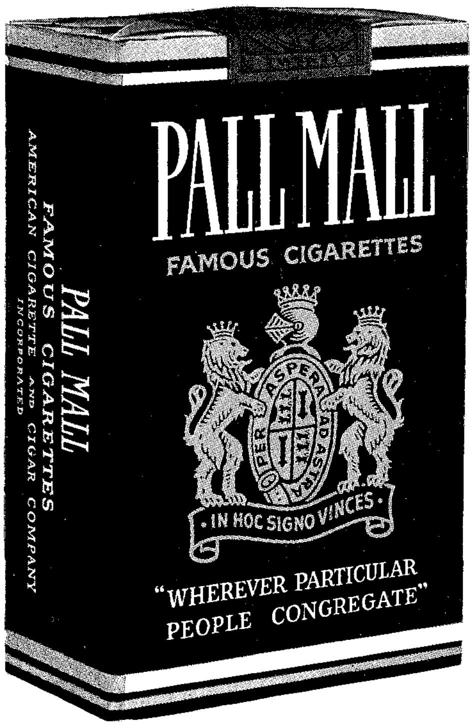
ALTOGETHER, 9,600,000 people visited the Futurama, counting repeaters, and the exhibit was generally regarded as the hit of the Fair. The General Motors people figure that they made a wise investment, and are still on intimate terms with Geddes. The assignment inspired Geddes to move his office to its present austere quarters in the Associated Press Building and indulge a passion he has for running the office in what he conceives to be a systematic fashion. He has a room, presided over by a curator, which houses an enormous index containing cards of different colors that indicate just what everyone in the shop is supposed to do for the next six weeks. Geddes shuffles through these cards from time to time and then administers rebukes to staff members who are behind in their work. He himself is not in this index, although several years ago, when he used a more modest work chart consisting largely of colored pins, he was represented by a red pin.

Geddes has also systematized the handling of mail in his office. All letters are opened by a mail clerk, stamped with the time of arrival, and routed to everyone in the office who, in the opinion of the clerk, ought to see them. For example, if a mail-order shirt advertisement is addressed to Geddes, it will probably reach his desk after going through one or two assistants. Geddes will then scrawl on the envelope, "Why is this on my desk?," and send the advertisement to whatever employee he has the greatest confidence in at the moment. This individual will send the letter back to the mail clerk, who will file it under the name of the company selling the shirts and will also send a memorandum to Geddes' sales manager suggesting that he may want to see if the company is in the market for a new design for shirts. Further references to the advertisement will be placed in a six-month reminder file and in Geddes' own file, in case he should want to buy one of the shirts. Geddes has his own printing press; among other things, he prints lists which tell his butler what to pack for weekends or for travelling. The lists have such headings as "Business Clothes," "Evening Clothes," "Swimming," "Tennis," "Fishing," "Camera Equipment," and "Drawing Equipment," and subdivisions labelled "Suits," "Underwear," "Braces," and so on; he checks on them the number of various items he wants to take along when he goes away and gives them to his butler. Most of the time either he or the butler gets mixed up somewhere and Geddes turns up for a rural summer weekend with two dinner coats, no flannel trousers, and half a dozen boiled shirts.

IN between industrial and theatrical jobs, Geddes has brightened his life and those of his friends with several hobbies. Around 1915, he invented a fantastically involved war game which was played on a table sixteen feet long and four feet wide, covered with a colored relief map of two mythical countries. There were fourteen people to each side and moves were made with colored tacks that represented infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Geddes spent most of his spare time for several years in elaborating this game, ending up with a forty-five-page book explaining the rules. In the course of developing it, he formed a library of seven hundred books of war records and military theory. Thirty minutes of play constituted the equivalent of a day's fighting; during the nineteen-twenties, Geddes and his friends played it every Wednesday from eight in the evening until midnight. Some wars lasted two or three years. At midnight, refreshments were served and the players would settle down to five or six hours of post-mortem. The game occasionally took a tragic turn. Rear Admiral William B. Fletcher, long a regular player, lost eight capital ships one night and was so humiliated that he never returned. Another friend,


SIGNAL CORPS
JOHN FALTER

"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

● Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarettes is here.

It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking!

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the ordinary cigarette. And this additional length is important.

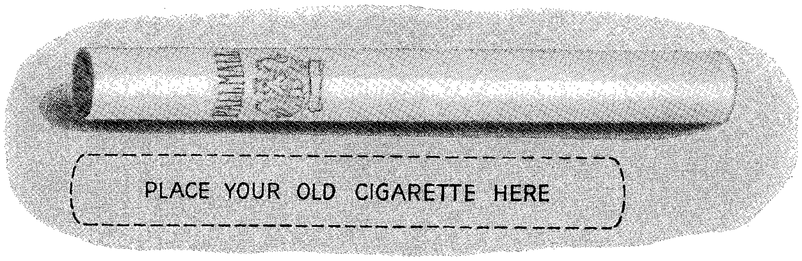
It travels the smoke further—so the smoke reaches you cooler. It filters the smoke through more tobacco—so the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING. For this careful, time-taking process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened. Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

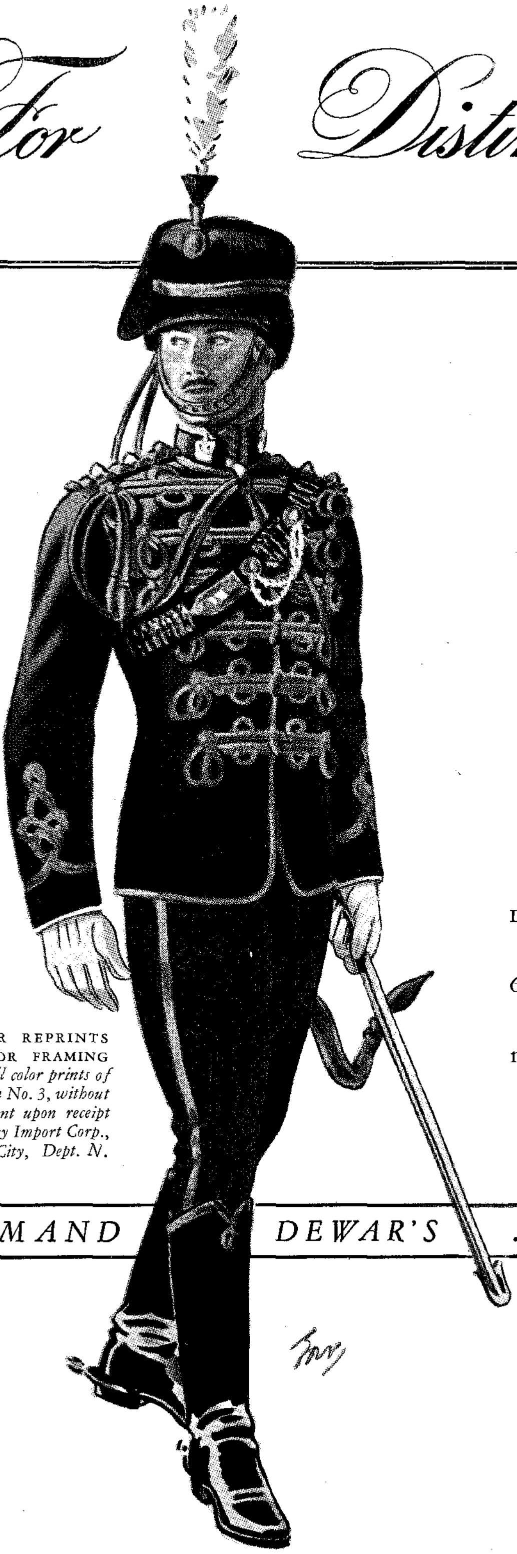
Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.


PALL MALL
PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF

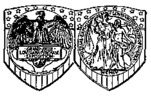
The 10th Royal Hussars

(Prince of Wales's Own)

From its success at Warburg, in 1760, to its action in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Standard of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with Twenty-two Battle Honours for Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"



Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

If reconnaissance reports your Scotch reserves depleted, enlist DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . highball of the highlands. Seasoned veteran, gallant campaigner, it has won more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. That's why, to gentlemen the world over, the order of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White Label.* Company . . . at ease!

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
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COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons
DISTILLERS
PERTH
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH

Dewar's

"White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

White Label 8 *years old*
Victoria Vat 12 *years old*
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

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The Theatre Guild *and* Gilbert Miller *present*
HELEN HAYES MAURICE EVANS
in William Shakespeare's comedy
TWELFTH NIGHT
ST. JAMES Thea. W. 44 St., Matinees THURS. & SAT.

The THEATRE GUILD presents
Liberty Jones
A Play with Music
By PHILIP BARRY
with
JOHN BEAL and NANCY COLEMAN
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th St. Eves. $3.30, 2.75, 2.20, 1.65, 1.10. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $2.75, 2.20, 1.65 & 1.10

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
PEGGY WOOD
with KENT SMITH *Directed by* AURIOL LEE
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
No Perf. Mon. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"Unmistakably a Hit"
—*Life Magazine*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
By ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE ALLIANCE presents
Meet the People
Musical Revue
MANSFIELD Thea., W. 47th St. CI. 5-5357
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40. Mats. Sat. 2:40. Sun. at 3

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 34

after being court-martialled one evening for losing an entire army, lay on a sofa and cried. Asked by Geddes never to come back, the man wrote him a series of letters begging to be reinstated. Geddes takes his pastimes seriously, and relented only after the fifth letter. He gave the game up a few years ago. At one time the War College showed interest in buying it, but negotiations fell through, and the paraphernalia is now in storage.

Geddes has also invented miniature golf, baseball, football, and horse-racing games. The horse game involved a twenty-five-foot track, two grandstands, and eight hundred iron horses, which ran twenty at a time, driven by electric motors. Horses were sold for a dollar apiece, and among those who had large stables were Marc Connelly, Heywood Broun, Howard Dietz, Kenneth F. Simpson, Franklin P. Adams, Aline Bernstein, and Tommy Farrar, one of Geddes' chief theatrical-design assistants. The game was played at Geddes' house for three summers. So many people tried to crash it that Jimmy Walker, an occasional player while he was Mayor, once placed a police guard at Geddes' door. Geddes, whose enthusiasms stop as abruptly as they commence, gave the game up about ten years ago.

Another Geddes hobby, one which preoccupied him between 1930 and 1935, consisted of taking moving pictures of the romantic habits of nearly every form of non-human life he could train his lenses on. Geddes got the idea of taking these films one day in the country when two rose bugs landed on his sleeve. The bugs were tiny, but Geddes felt that he could easily correct that trouble. "I bought three motion-picture cameras," he says, "and took incredible pictures of rose bugs magnified a thousand times." Geddes is something of a go-getter, and he soon worked his way up to the praying mantis. Advised by an entomological friend that these insects were inclined to think of marriage as soon as they hit the South Shore of Long Island, he took two of them along on a weekend to Canoe Place Inn, in Hampton Bays. The female mantis is given to eating her mate as a post-honeymoon gesture, and it was this that Geddes was particularly eager to record. The morning after his arrival he placed a box containing the mantes in his car, which was loaded with cameras, tripods, and rolls of film, and drove to a nearby sunny beach. There he set up his equipment and opened the box. The male mantis, he found unhappily, was dead and the female gave no indication of being hungry. Another time,

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL *Lyrics by* IRA GERSHWIN *Production by* HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"
A Comedy by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART
ERNEST TRUEX JEAN DIXON DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way • Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
A Comedy by
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with MONTY WOOLLEY
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"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*
ETHEL MERMAN in
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COLE PORTER Songs
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Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
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WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
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IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"Most Attractive Couple on Broadway"
—*Louis Sobol, Journ.-Amer.*
Alfred de Liagre, Jr., presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
BELASCO W. 44. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

"A MASTERPIECE"
—*Atkinson, Times*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
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with Betty Field, Arnold Moss
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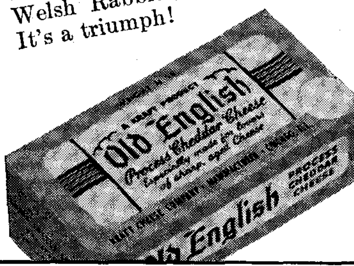
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Geddes tried to take a moving picture based on the story of Helen of Troy, using ants as actors. He never was able to convey this idea to the ants, and the project was left in abeyance.

As Geddes developed his technique of wild-life photography, he came to the conclusion that it was simpler to photograph animals in captivity than in their natural habitats, where it was hard to get them to stick around the camera. He accordingly converted a large room in his apartment on upper Park Avenue into a vivarium, filling it with glass cases which he stocked with snakes, lizards, toads, frogs, and other wild life. He reproduced a variety of terrain in these cases and installed an air-conditioning plant which provided temperatures ranging from fifty degrees to desert heat. At one time he lived with over two thousand reptiles; the cases were so heavy that he had to brace the floor to support them. For food, he got peeper frogs from Georgia and bought thousands of earthworms, meal worms, and other worms. Visiting friends in the country on summer weekends, he would disappear for hours, returning with boxes full of grasshoppers, which he would transport home to regale his menagerie. He took tens of thousands of feet of film and ran off pictures of his pets at his dinner parties.

After a while the mating cries issuing from the apartment caused neighbors to complain, and Geddes, who was worn out from chasing grasshoppers anyway, presented his vivarium to the Dalton School, which now houses it in its science laboratory. His present hobby is miniature battleships, with which he contemplated acting out and photographing the battle of Tsushima, the great naval engagement of the Russo-Japanese War. After reading all the available literature on the subject and finding many conflicting accounts of the battle, he abandoned the idea. He has recently finished the task of making models of the ships of all the big navies in the world and spends hours moving them about, but he still cannot pass an ant without looking at it professionally and wondering how it would do as Menelaus in a movie version of "Helen of Troy." —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the last of three articles on Mr. Geddes.*)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*]

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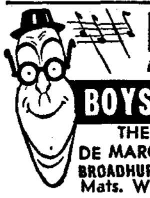
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.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BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
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Where You Can Enjoy the Most Toothsome Continental Food and It's Not a Costly Pleasure.
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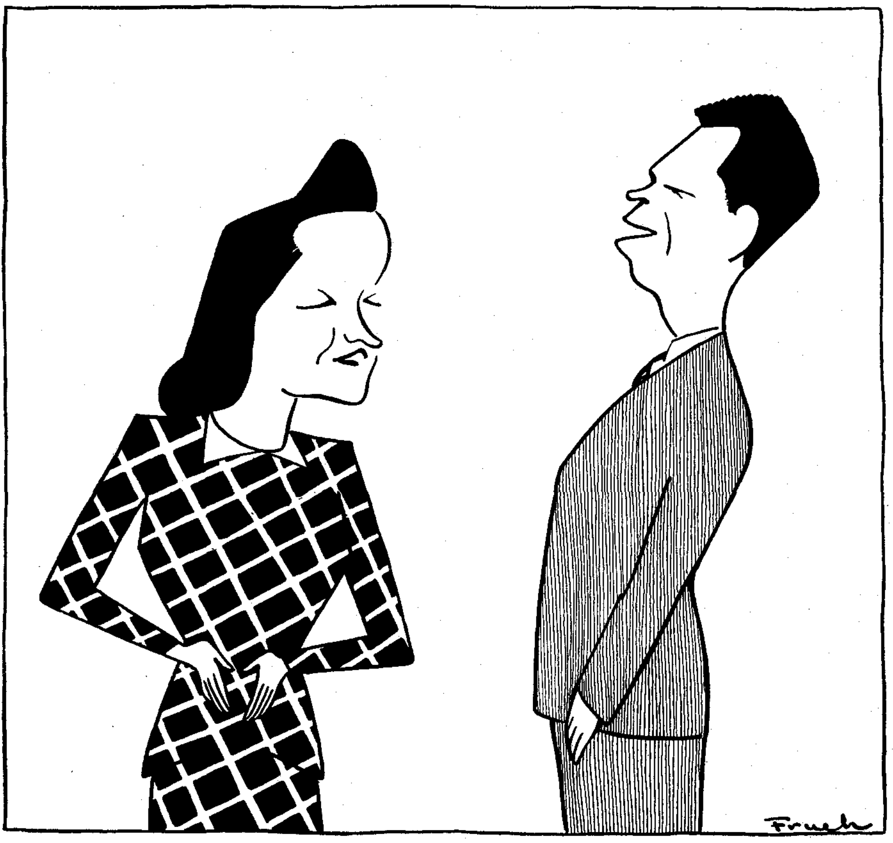
THE THEATRE

POPSY, FLOPSY, FRYING PAN, AND FRANKEN

IN each of the three plays that offered themselves for inspection last week a young woman discovered to her astonishment that she was going to have a baby. The resemblance, however, ended right there. One of these works was quite good, one was rather more than fair, and the third was a gooey and inexcusable item that I am still trying to forget. We will begin at the top. "Claudia," by Rose Franken, is delightful for the better part of two acts. Miss Franken knows how to turn a witty and graceful line, and she manages to keep a stageful of dangerously whimsical characters safely on the right side of imbecility. The dialogue often threatens to go the way of A. A. Milne, but the author always pulls it back just in time, either by arbitrarily changing the subject or else by inserting a remark indelicate enough to startle Mae West.

All this obviously requires discipline and a light touch, and it is a pleasure to watch. The trouble with the drama at the Booth, I think, is that the author has been tempted to push her agreeable talent just a little beyond its limits. Somewhere toward the end of the evening, the play dips abruptly from airy comedy into an intense and moderately lugubrious discussion of birth, death, and other large abstractions, and it is here that things begin to go a trifle wrong. I don't question Miss Franken's sincerity for a minute, but the effect seems to me both synthetic and disappointing. There are too many gallant smiles masking the breaking heart, too much expert and deliberate pathos, too much visible machinery in the handling of the plot, and, above all, too drastic a simplification of the emotional problems involved. It is competent and interesting, but it is only intermittently moving.



"MR. AND MRS. NORTH"

These attractive people (Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett) are chuckling over a couple of old dead bodies they found lying around their apartment in Greenwich Village. The mystery play by Owen Davis and Frances and Richard Lockridge is at the Belasco.

It is too bad that Miss Franken wasn't able to lift the quality of her writing to meet the challenge of her third act, because the picture of a young wife coming slowly and painfully of age might have been very touching. As it is, the original and unregenerate Claudia is quite a piece of work, whether she is trying to balance her accounts, or persuading a British novelist to kiss her to demonstrate that she is appetizing to men, or simply selling the old farmhouse over her husband's head so that she can go back to the city, where all the other merry, irresponsible children play all day long. It is only when she discovers that she is pregnant and simultaneously that her mother, to whom she is almost morbidly devoted, is dying of cancer that the play stops being good theatre and becomes merely theatrical. Like the heroine, the other characters are fine when they are just kidding along, but seem stilted and unreal when they start bothering their heads with complicated ethical problems. Claudia grows up all right, but I'm afraid she loses many of the things that made her charming on the way.

Dorothy McGuire and Donald Cook, as the bewildered young couple, and Frances Starr, as the heroic invalid, play their parts with attractive spirit and intelligence, although they, too, seem a bit baffled by the sudden plunge from the ridiculous to the sublime. I also liked John Williams as the philandering novelist (he is *much* worse than English, he is British, says Claudia, putting her finger on something that has been bothering me for years) and Olga Baclanova as a toothsome opera singer with no morals at all but plenty of silver foxes, which are probably just as comforting to a girl.

"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN," at the Windsor, is potentially a very good farce, needing only the momentary attention of somebody like George Abbott and conceivably a little further outlay in actors and scenery. The plot (if that is the word for something as informal as a haystack) has to do with a group of unemployed, and perhaps unemployable, young actors and actresses, who are sharing one floor of an old brownstone house This is all right morally, since two of them are married and the hearts of the rest belong exclusively to the theatre. On the floor below lurks a grotesque old spider, who divides his time between cooking up messes for Les Amis d'Escoffier and producing dirty plays. Naturally, this man is an object of deep interest to the children upstairs, and they spend most of their time trying to lure him into seeing a little production of their own, which appears to be a burlesque of "Arsenic and Old Lace" as much as anything else. Their problems are complicated by the fact that the only solvent member of the company is afflicted with a father who feels, reasonably enough, that she would be better off back in Boston, and also by the entrance of various other unsympathetic types, including a couple of policemen, attracted by all the screaming, and a young woman who is a great nuisance until they quiet her down with knockout drops. In spite of this grim synopsis, "Out of the Frying Pan" is pretty good fun, being bright, inventive, and not at all concerned with tiresome probabilities.

Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Norman Bel Geddes' little girl, Barbara, are prominently displayed in these goings-on, but my favorite is Florence MacMichael, whose tinny voice and woebegone aspect I will remember long after I have forgotten handsomer mice.

ALTHOUGH Al Sheean was somehow decoyed into appearing in it, "Popsy" detained me only very briefly at the Playhouse. Fred Herendeen's comedy, plain as an old shoe and just about as interesting, was performed four times. All things considered, it had a phenomenal run. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

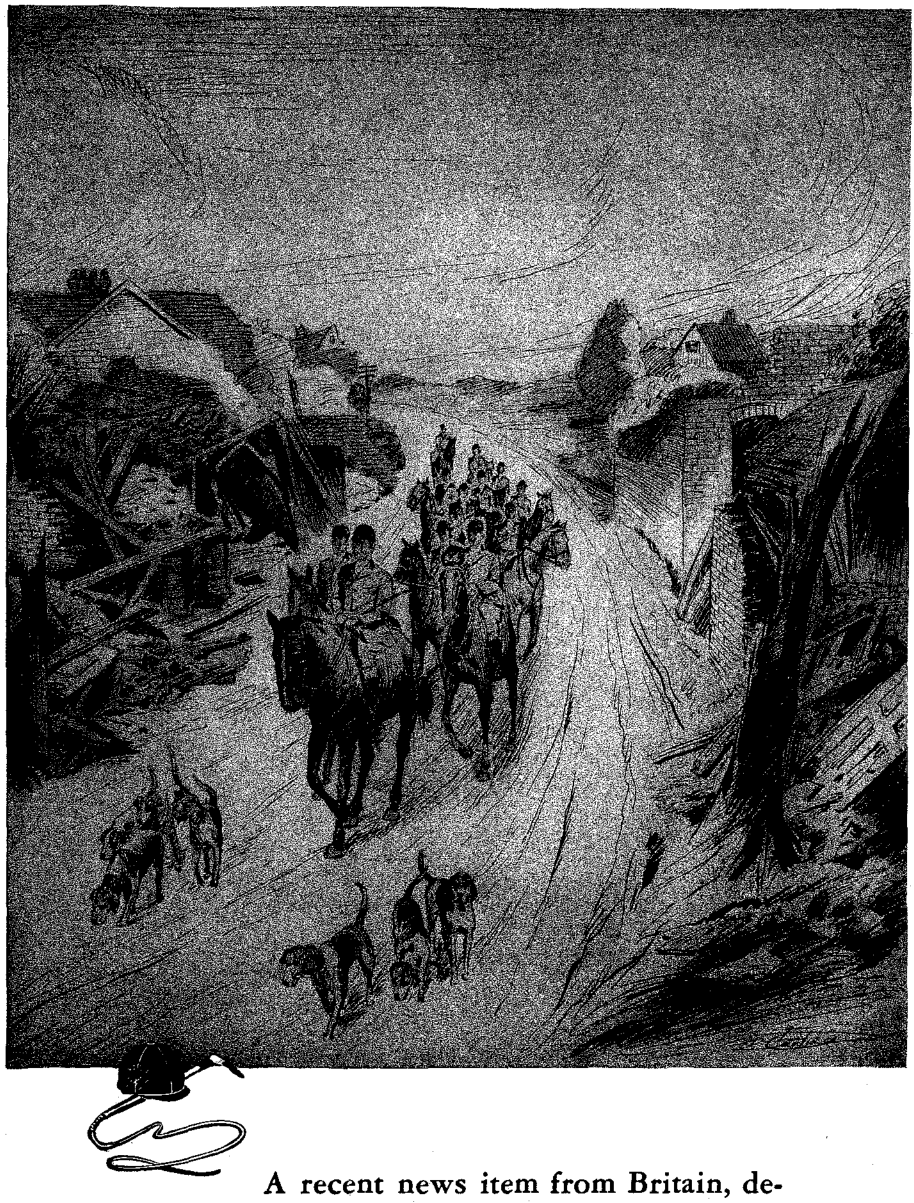
An observation which suggests that a mathematical law may govern the period of gestation has been made by Dr. J. H. Kenneth, of the University Union, Edinburgh. He measured more than twelve hundred pregnancies of rabbits, pigs, sheep, goats and cows, and found that the average period of gestation differed by only a small fraction of a day from a number obtained by multiplying an index number (n) by pi, the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle. This indicates the average period of gestation divided by pi gives a number which may be characteristic of the species. Whenever a mathematician finds the factor pi appearing in his equations, he immediately suspects that the phenomenon known as resonance or regeneration is involved in physical experiments. Dr. Kenneth has drawn no conclusion from his observation.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Well, there's no particular hurry.

•

THE RESOLUTION SAYS THAT CREMATION OF A SPECIAL PEACE COMMITTEE IN THE HOUSE "WOULD TEND TO MODERATE THE EFFECTS OF STATEMENTS MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS THAT WOULD HAVE A TENDENCY TO INVOLVE OUR COUNTRY IN WAR."—*A. P. teletype item.*

Might, at that.



A recent news item from Britain, describing an English fox hunting procession amid the wreckage of a bombed village, has led to adverse criticism by people who feel that during the present crisis, there is no time for sports or play.

But, in reality, it's more necessary than ever before to ease tension by brief periods of physically active relaxation.

It sends us back to work, refreshed, stronger, and more productive.

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OF ALL THINGS

Madrid papers intimate that Franco's visit to Italy has not changed his position as a hold-out. He is unreliably reported to have said to the Duce, "I can't give you anything but love, *Bambino*."

•

There is no use denying the fact that the British have suffered another diplomatic defeat. Hitler has won the Balkans by promising all the states pieces of each other.

•

The Turkish government is now living in a state of perpetual jitters. At any moment the postman may bring one of those invitations to Hitler's beautiful mountain home.

•

Willkie's speech on Lincoln's Birthday seems only to have widened the Republican rift on foreign policy. Some ill-natured person is almost sure to call him Honest Wendell, the party-splitter.

•

Wall Street is gloomy because the large profits of the defence industries will be practically wiped out by taxes. Well, Roosevelt giveth and Roosevelt taketh away.

•

Iron Man Batista has apparently succeeded in wiping out all traces of revolt. Cuba is again safe for democracy, or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof.

•

Last year, 1,193,352 crimes were committed in our state. From now on there should be some pleasant little ceremony connected with the 1,000,000th crime.

•

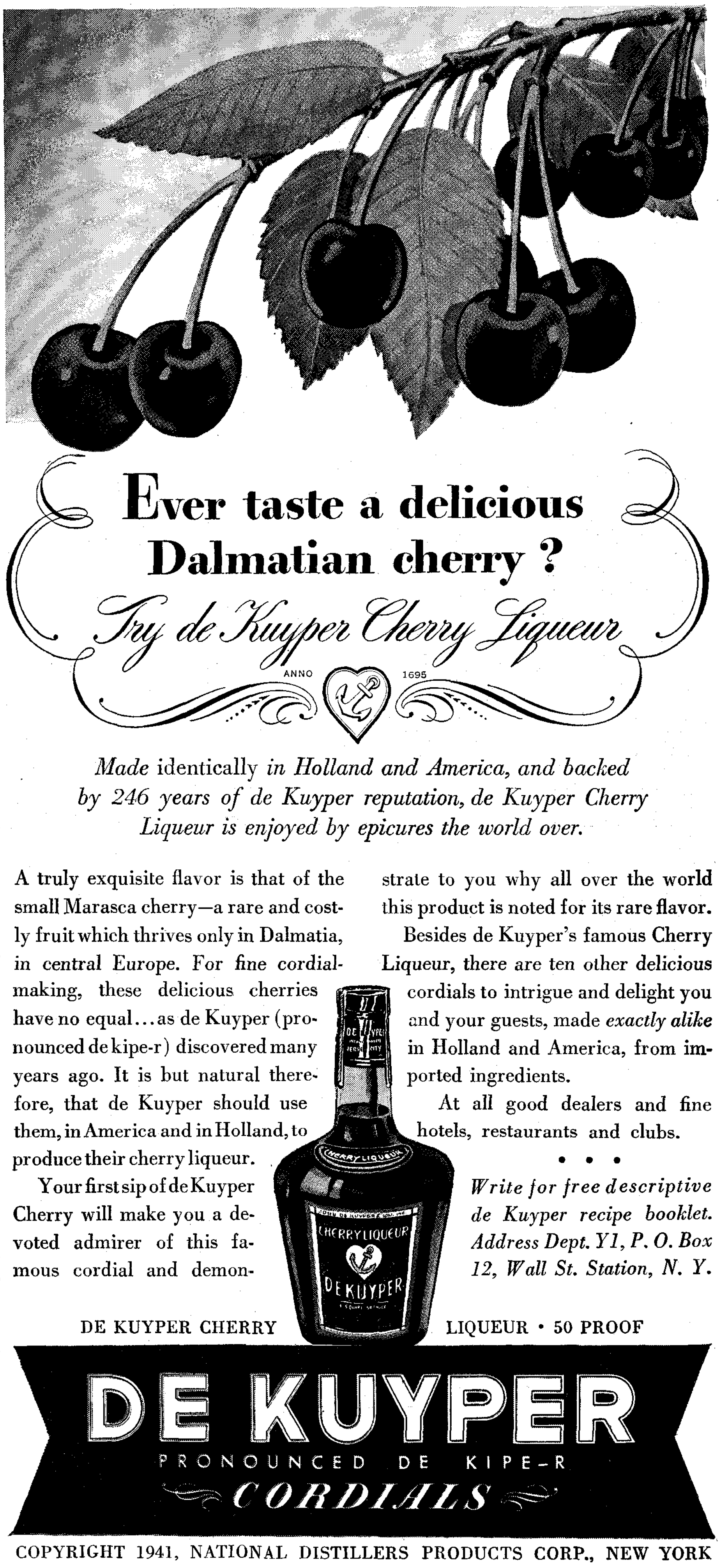
The British parachutists captured in Italy are to be locked up, presumably for the duration of the war. On the other hand, they might be given back to England in exchange for the slightly damaged General Electric Whiskers.

•

Soldier humor at the training camps, we read, has not improved any since the last war. It consists largely of pranks which are more enjoyed by the jokers than the jokees.

•

Henry Ford thinks we should help both sides until they are utterly exhausted. Out of the trenches by Christmas, 1945. —Howard Brubaker



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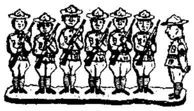
THAT WAS CAMP DEVENS

MEMOIRS OF AN APPLE-KNOCKER



LATELY I have been rereading the dispatches which Conscript Francis J. Sullivan sent to his newspaper, *The Saratogian*, from Camp Devens, at Ayer, Massachusetts, in the fall and winter of 1917. I resurrected them one day recently after hearing an elderly wit tell a Selective Service boy that the first four years in the Army are the hardest. It took me right back. This is where I came in, I said to myself, recalling the ribbings we boys of '17 used to take from the funsters.

The first dispatch was written on the back of a suitcase as the troop train sped toward Ayer through the dusk of a frosty night in late September. There were one hundred and fifty of us. We had been given a hearty sendoff at Saratoga Springs: a feed at the armory, served by the Women's Relief Corps (predecessor of the American Legion Auxiliary); a civic parade to the Delaware & Hudson depot, with an escort of G.A.R. and Spanish-American War veterans; and a departure amid a shower of tears and kisses.

The dispatch thanked the home folks for the sendoff and promised that the Saratoga County boys would prove worthy of it by kicking the Kaiser in the slats. Leave it to us; we'd make the world safe for democracy. Everything seemed crystal clear in 1917. Many of Francis J.'s subsequent newsletters are marked by the lofty, crusading tone that was the keynote of the War to End War.

This first dispatch went into detail. The train was rocking, so it was difficult to write. The boys were holding high jinks in the aisle, singing "Over There" to an accompaniment on Tom Ahearn's mouth organ. The W. S. Wood Company, patriotic restaurateurs, had sent aboard baskets of sandwiches and fruit. Peanut shells, the debris of a gift from J. A. Beyer, patriotic Saratoga merchant, carpeted the floor. It was getting dark and the train was nearing Ayer.

"I wonder what's before us—I wonder indeed," concluded Francis J., pensively.

Well, a supper of cold corn-meal mush was before us. It still ranks tops with me as the most unappetizing meal I ever failed to eat. But the best meal I ever had in my life I was to have in the Army, later. It's always darkest before dawn.

After supper I was chosen one of the detail to wash the dishes. It was my first promotion in the Army. The dishes washed, each of us took an empty tick to a straw pile, stuffed it with straw by the light of the moon, and prepared to bed down for his first night in the Army. A kindhearted Regular Army sergeant named Lohrman advised us to slip newspapers under the mattresses to keep out the cold. It helped a lot. The radio will never supplant the newspaper as a mattress.

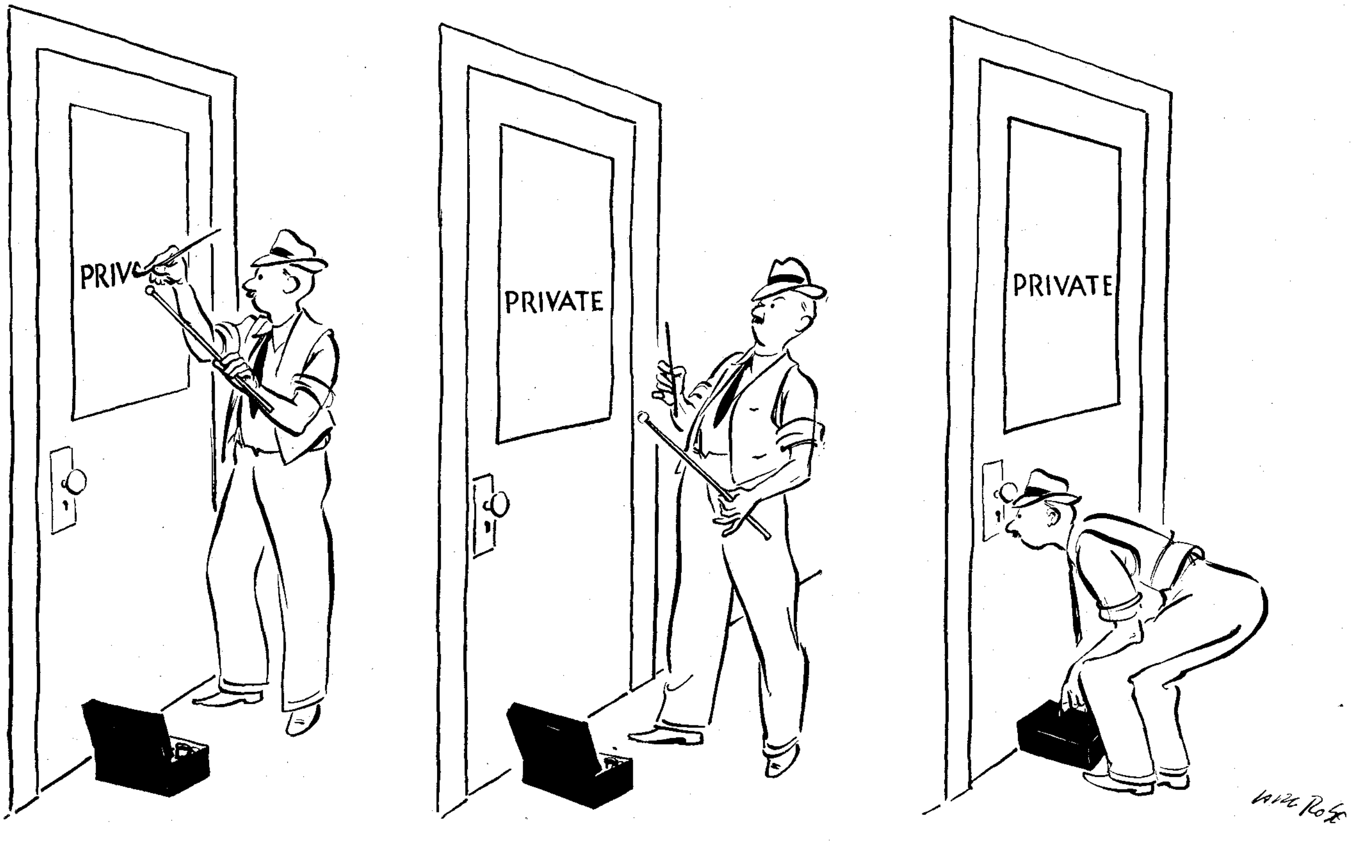
During the winter I was to tear off many a night of healthy slumber on that humble pallet, but I didn't sleep that night. It was not only my début in the Army; it also happened to be my twenty-fifth birthday, and it did seem a hell of a way to be spending it.

The next morning we awoke—those of us who had been asleep did—and found that we were in H Company, 303rd Infantry, 76th Division, National Army.

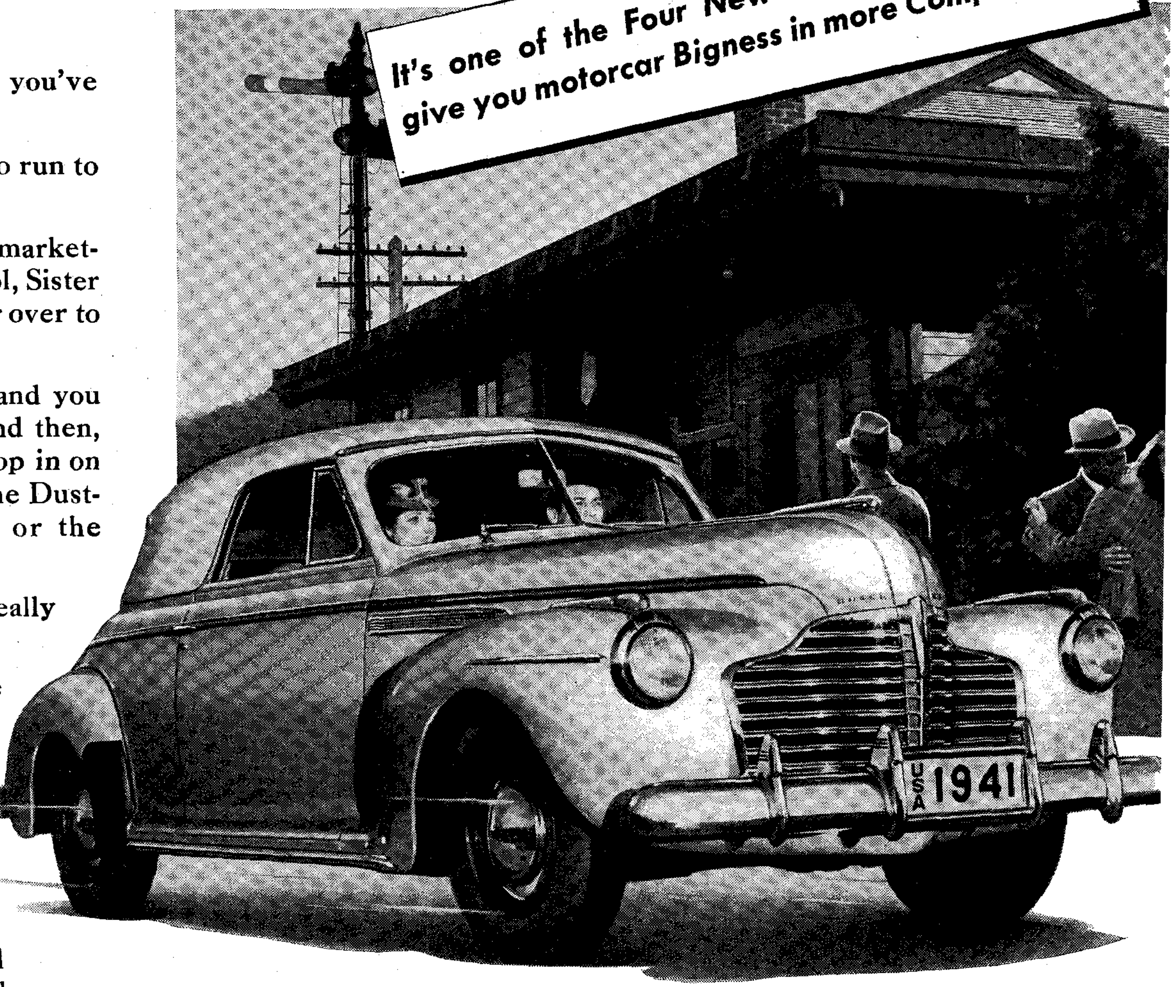
The captain was a youthful but determined Harvard student named Robert M. Benjamin, who had interrupted his law course to go to the Plattsburg training camp. He is now a lawyer in New York. We meet occasionally and laugh gaily over the good old days when I used to turn out those muster rolls that made him tear his hair, of which he then had a complete set.

He chose me as company clerk. He assumed that because I had a college degree and could bang a typewriter, I could do Army paperwork. He was living in a fool's paradise. So was I, because I assumed that a company clerk led the life of Riley.

Not by a long shot. It seemed that I was to turn out with the rest of the boys for close-order drill and trench-digging



BOY! How the commuters will go for this one!



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That and doing the family marketing, driving Brother to school, Sister to dancing class and Mother over to see Georgia in Ridgewood.

Come summer, of course, and you run to the golf club now and then, or dash to the beach, or drop in on the Ellises in Larchmont, the Dustmans out Westport way or the Burtons up in Hartsdale.

So naturally you don't really *need* a big car — not much!

You just need room for the kids, power for the hills, pace for the parkways — in compact enough size to get within leaping distance of the station platform before the 8:15 pulls out.

That's why we figure you'll go for this Buick — or rather, these *four new additions* to the Buick SPECIAL line.

They're powered with Buick FIREBALL engines, 115 or 125* horsepower. Cradled on genuine BuiCoil Springing — you know, for those cross-country short-cuts. Styled to win wide-eyed approval on Fifth Avenue, roomy enough for the kids *and* their playmates.

But by the simple process of packing real Buick quality, real Buick goodness, real Buick style, smartness, finish and *performance* onto a 118-inch wheelbase chassis, we've cut down the bumper-to-bumper distance.

That saves precious inches—and saving inches saves many other things.

It saves time getting through traffic, effort getting into parking spaces, *plenty* through bigger-than-ever gasoline economy.

It even saves dollars on the first cost because we pass our savings on to you.

Better see it? You bet! Because the commuters are going for this one like they go for the 5:10 home and you'd better catch *yours* while deliveries are prompt.

Important

These four new additions to the Buick SPECIAL Series include a 4-door sedan, a business coupe, a sport coupe and a convertible coupe, at prices that begin at

$915 *for the Business Coupe*

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EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

whenever I was not making out morning reports or muster rolls. I never learned whose whim this was, whether it was Bob Benjamin's or the colonel's (his name was Preston) or the commanding general's (Harry F. Hodges was his name), but it still rankles as a miscarriage of justice. I have compared notes with many an ex-company clerk and I never found one who had to do close-order drill. Or so they all say.

I spent so much energy ducking close-order drill that I had very little left over for Army paperwork. The result was that I could do neither Army paperwork nor close-order drill. To this day!

There were compensations. The post of company clerk carried a certain social prestige. I was made a corporal almost immediately. If Emily Post had had us to dinner, I suppose I would have gone in just behind the supply sergeant and immediately ahead of the corporal of the guard.

As company clerk, I also wielded a sort of Warwickian influence in the matter of passes and other favors from the orderly room. A word from me to the Captain, or the top sergeant, might mean the difference between a soldier's going to Boston for the weekend or staying in camp. Again, it might not. To prepare for the latter contingency, I learned to forge the Captain's signature, but I reserved this dangerous talent for emergencies.

Our top sergeant was a huge, blond, and, if the word is not redundant in describing a top sergeant, profane broth of a boy from the Regular Army who roared twenty times a day that we goddamn apple-knockers would sure drive him nuts before the winter was over. Why, he underrated us! We got him much earlier. He cracked about the first of November. One Saturday morning he borrowed a dollar or two from every man in the company who had a dollar or two and announced that he was off to Boston for a little fun. He was boisterously frank about the nature of the fun he had in mind.

He got back Monday morning, several hours late, went swiftly to the mess hall, drank two bottles of lemon extract as a pick-me-up, passed out cold, and, as soon as he felt well enough to travel, was sent back to his old outfit, which was exactly what he wanted.

We missed him, for he had a heart of gold, and a good hunk of our dough.

H Company was a representative cell of that democratic army. We numbered railroad men from Mechanicville, lumberjacks from the Adirondacks, farmers from the Hudson River flats (where Burgoyne once got his comeuppance), bartenders, linemen, clerks, a gambler or two, some lawyers, a piano player from a movie theatre, an Italian boy who spoke English with intent to kill (he told the Captain the national anthem was called "The Spingle Spang"), and John W., who spoke no English at all.

John was a large, gentle Pole with a drooping blond mustache that gave him a discouraged air. He beamed gratefully whenever anyone spoke to him. As we discovered later, he had left a family the size of ex-Ambassador Joe Kennedy's back in Mechanicville. I never understood how John came to be drafted. Either he didn't know the English for "I have a family the size of Joe Kennedy's" or the draft board didn't know the Polish for "Have you got a family the size of Joe Kennedy's?" (or whatever was the equivalent of Joe Kennedy's family in 1917).

John could not understand a word of the commands given in drill, but he developed a clairvoyance in guessing what they were going to be. One day he beat the gun, so to speak, by a split second in coming to right shoulder arms, and the lieutenant in charge of the drill, who was fresh from Harvard, said, "Come, come, now, W.! Don't anticipate my commands!" I wonder if John ever found out the meaning of "anticipate."

When John discovered that he wouldn't have leave to go home for Christmas to see his Kennedian family, he sat on his bunk and wept softly all one night, and the other boys who weren't going home either felt so sorry for him that they almost forgot their own troubles. A happy ending came soon, for John. The authorities back home found out about Mrs. John and all the little Johns, and Papa was yanked out of the Army pronto and sent home to support them.

We had a boy in the company who, it seemed to me, had rather a justified grievance. He brought it to the orderly room every day.

"I want my name taken *off* that vener'l list," he would complain indignantly. "I tell ye I ain't *got* anything. I don't care what the doctors said."

When the doctors gave him a more thorough examination, his bitterness proved quite warranted, for he passed his Wassermann test with flying colors. His name was erased from the list, he took a hasty leave of the exclusive but hapless few who by Army order had a table all to themselves in the mess hall,

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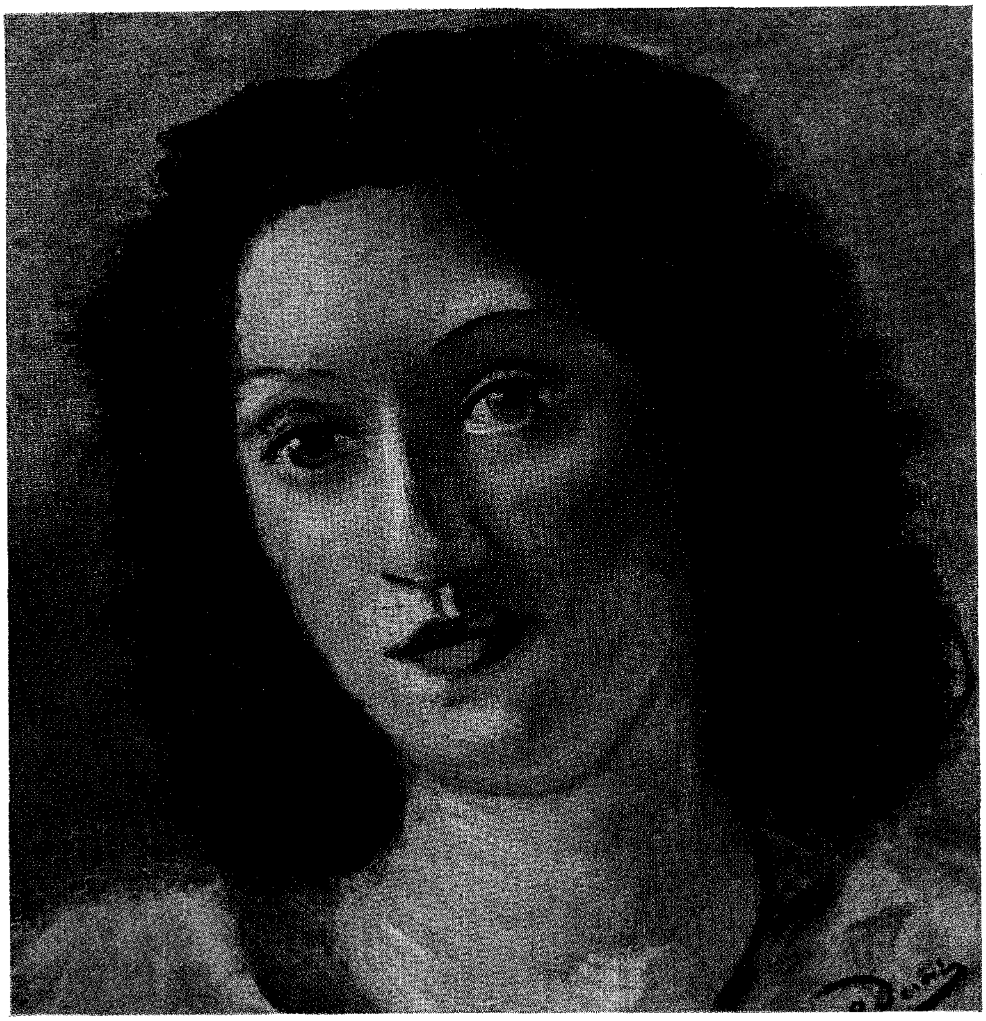

PAINTING BY ANDRE DERAIN, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

How dear a face

No one can speculate the precise moment at which any given man will meet his destiny. One finds it suddenly in a lovely, laughing face which he has known since it was framed in pigtails. Another glimpses it briefly, flaming bright among a host of strangers. • Yet to each man there comes the inevitable moment when he realizes that by the expression of one particular face he will mould his future. • Just as inevitably, he finds himself seeking the radiant symbol precious enough to star his new-found happiness, a diamond! But in the choice of his engagement diamond, alas! no divine conviction will exist to guide him. • A trusted jeweler should be his adviser, naturally. And he will spare no pains to arrive, within his means, at a worthy combination of color, cutting, absence of imperfection and carat weight. For there is, indeed, one diamond precisely destined to celebrate this important occasion. Its cost will usually be less than he supposes—a tiny fraction of the years of brilliant happiness it will bring his wife to be. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

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and joined the society of the antiseptic Galahads of the company.

We also had a shavetail who gave his fellow-officers quite a turn one day. He was a middle-aged college professor who had just been assigned to the company, and on this memorable occasion, chatting in the orderly room, he remarked casually that his favorite recreation was knitting. The fellow-officers started, exchanged Significant Glances, and there was a moment of Embarrassed Silence before conversation resumed its flow. Knitter or no knitter, the prof turned out to be a good officer, for my money.

We soon got over our homesickness, but then we had another problem. We developed sugar shock. The Army coffee, it seemed to us, was sweetened at about the rate of one lump to every hundred cups. All of us acquired a craving for sweets, especially those who had been used to a daily intake of malt or vinous liquors. We got so we were seeing mirages of chocolate bars and homemade fudge. I sent an appeal to *The Saratogian* for fudge for my stricken comrades and myself. I heard later that when Captain Walbridge, proprietor of *The Saratogian* and a veteran of the Spanish-American War—but no dietician—read the appeal, he cried "Fudge! Good God, what kind of a war *is* this!" and gave himself over to unrestrained mirth. But we got the fudge. A rich brown stream of it began to play on us, and the sugar shock passed.

Another dispatch to *The Saratogian* contained a brazen list of donations the home folks might send to Devens if they cared to. We asked for, and got, books for a company library, a victrola, records for the victrola, a pool table, a piano, subscriptions to magazines, and a $500 company fund. I can't understand why we failed to ask for a company Rolls and a Ford for each rookie.

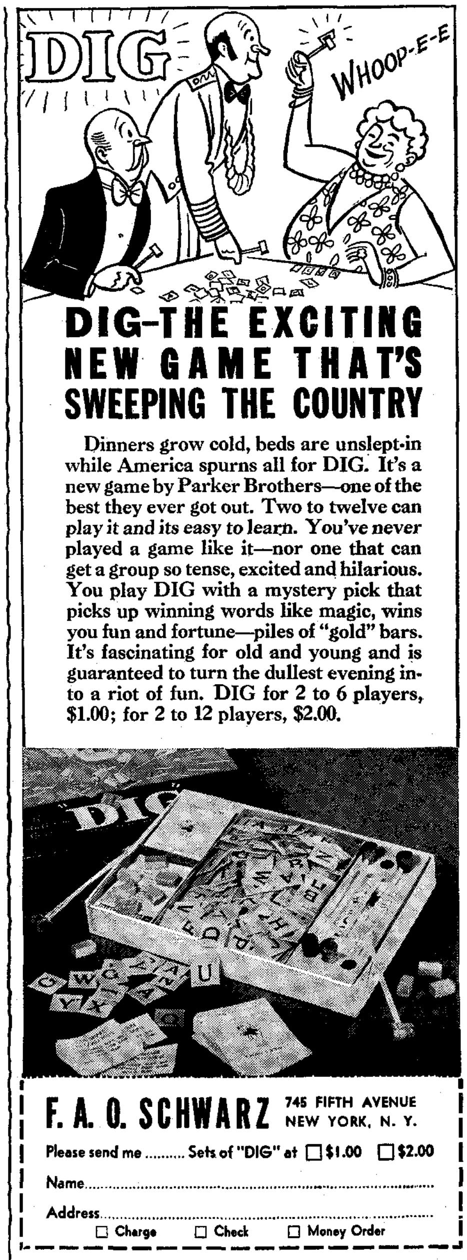
IN two weeks we were seasoned troopers, or so we considered ourselves. To hear us talk, you'd have thought we had been in the Army (which we called This Man's Army) since the insurrection of Aguinaldo. We learned to grouse like professionals. We sent the home folks snapshots of ourselves in khaki. We never referred to food; we called it chow. We did not speak of getting up in the morning; we said "rise and shine." We learned to chant the venerable canticle "You're in the Army now, you're not behind the plough" as we swung along New England roads once trod by the minutemen. One day, as we were swinging and singing, a cartridge, accidentally left in the rifle of the man ahead of me, was discharged and the bullet whizzed by my head, too close to be comical to me, although the other boys found it amusing.

It was the only time I was ever under fire, unless I count the time I was held up at the point of a gun, in New York, years later. My Army career turned out to be placid to the point of anticlimax. I never try to reminisce with real veterans, like Sergeant York, Private Charlie MacArthur, or Sergeant Aleck Woollcott. In fact, I almost hesitate to set down these mild memoirs.

One day we had a competitive regimental drill, to find out which was the best company. On hearing there was to be a drill, I ran and hid behind the morning report, but this was one of the days when that dodge didn't work. Captain Benjamin ordered me out to the field with the rest of the boys. Therefore, what happened was his own fault. The judges asked me to step out with a squad and give them a snappy sample of drill. We gave 'em their money's worth. We gave 'em eight separate drills, one for each man in the squad. The judges hilariously marked the squad zero, and for a week Benjamin used a harsh, metallic tone in speaking to me.

One of those officers whose mission in the Army is to think up brilliant ideas arranged a realistic bayonet charge one day on the carcass of a poor old Army mule that had given his life for his country. It was supposed to make us warlike. It only made us sick. Cosmopolitan though our outfit was, it contained no matadors.

We soon settled down to a fairly comfortable life at Devens. The straw pallets didn't seem so hard after a while. When they did, we restuffed the ticks. And the Army had its diversions. The "Oh Boy" company was the first of a pleasant procession of theatrical troupes to come up from Boston and give performances at the camp theatre. William Howard Taft came to Devens and gave the division a pep talk on making the world safe for democracy. I liked his chuckle. Newton D. Baker paid us a visit. Our Congressman, George R. Lunn of Schenectady, came to visit H Company and tasted the food, to make sure we were being fed well. We were. We had a good mess sergeant, name of Nash, and two cooks, Rex Bell and Johnny Ryan, who were treasures. (In the spring of '18, when we took two-day hikes and the men paired off to practice doing their own cooking, I always paired off with Johnny Ryan. My



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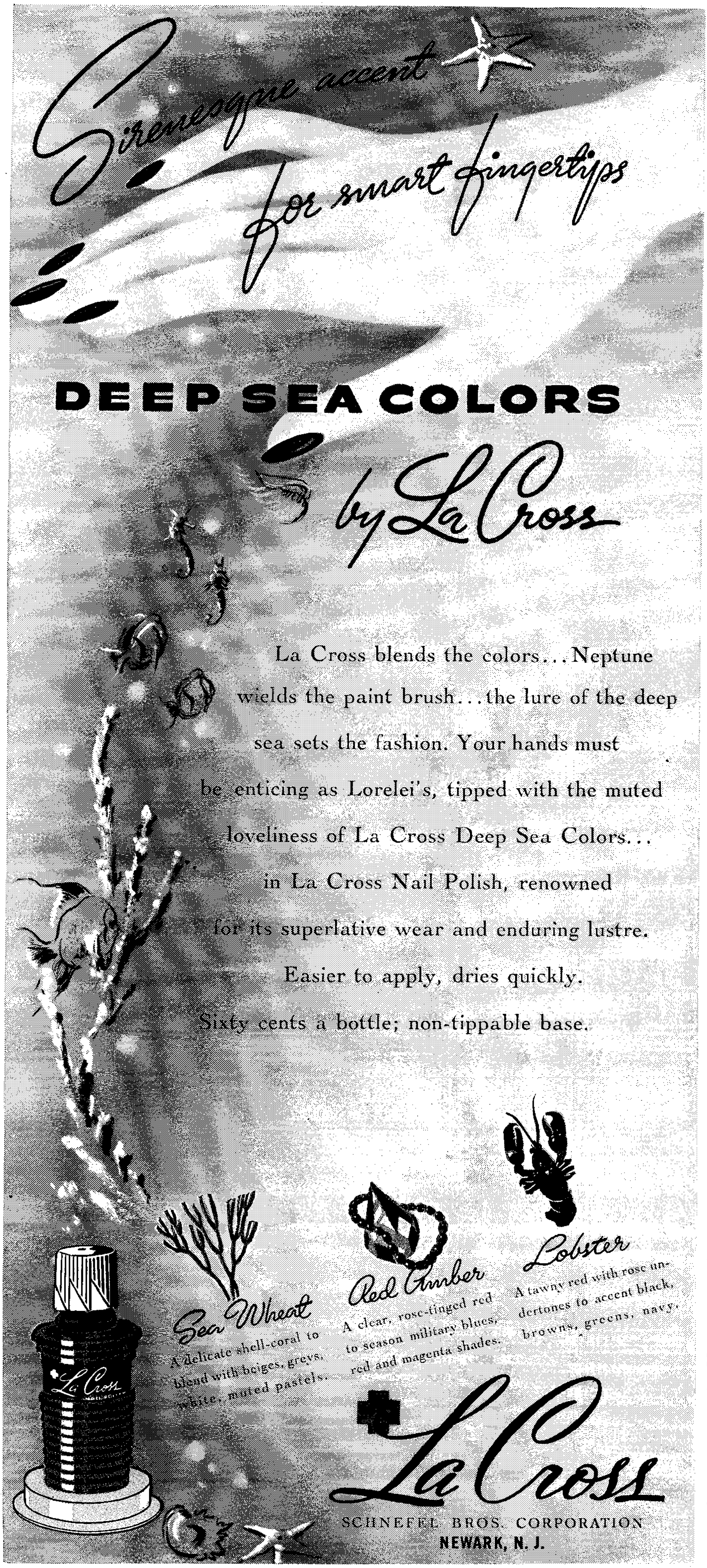
mother didn't have any foolish children.) We had fresh fish from Boston every Friday. The fish was good, but it nettled the Catholic boys no end to have to eat fish on Friday when for once in their lives they had a dispensation to eat meat on that day. We were inoculated for typhoid and paratyphoid. One Saturday morning I was in line behind a professional wrestler, the Man Mountain Dean of his day. When the doctor jabbed him in the arm, the big sissy keeled over in a dead faint, but I, stepping manfully over his prostrate hulk, took my shots like a soldier. This triumph set me up greatly. I strutted into Boston that afternoon on leave, collapsed from the effects of the shots in the arm, and spent the weekend in bed.

Headquarters ordered that every man should have a go at the manly art of self-defence. I was matched with my old Saratoga buddy, Corporal Andy Hall. Andy knocked me out in the first round, but it was a Pyrrhic victory, because I knocked him out at the same moment, one count of ten serving for us both.

Andy was the corporal of a squad that numbered some real museum pieces in nomenclature. To prove that a corporal's life need not necessarily be a bed of roses, I copied off some of the names and sent them to *The Saratogian.* There were Matiejus Kristinavicius, Joseph Wszolek, William Bazilianskas, and Stanley Zjumnjmnt. When Andy complained of his lot, we reminded him that things could be worse; after all, he did have a man in the squad named Fitzgerald. Life in the Army, we told Andy, was just not made up of soldiers all named Hall. He said he still thought it unfair to make one man, and a corporal at that, take on his shoulders what amounted to the burden of the entire war, but he said he would try to carry on. He did, until they transferred Private Fitzgerald to another outfit and substituted a soldier named Woscianko. After that, Andy was not the same. He weakened day by day, and late in the winter went on limited service, guarding the docks at Hoboken.

MOST of us adapted ourselves to Army life without difficulty. Some couldn't. One day, after the noon rest period, one of the boys, a slight lad who had been in college at the time he was drafted, stuck to his bunk when assembly sounded. Just wouldn't get up. He lay there and looked at us with an odd smile. We were impressed by this bold show of mutiny, but we were made uneasy by the look on the boy's face.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Lobster
A tawny red with rose undertones to accent black, browns, greens, navy.

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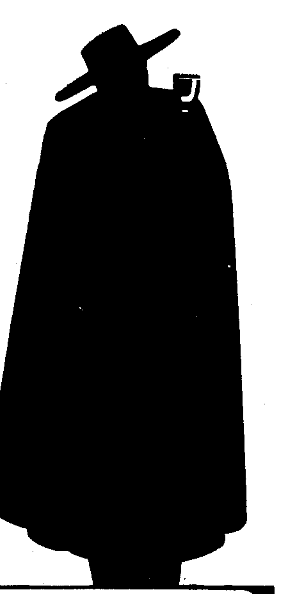
The top sergeant was sent for. He bawled out the youngster, got nowhere, and retired, baffled. An officer came, and got nowhere. He sent for the regimental doctor. *He* sent for a psychiatrist from the base hospital. The psychiatrist talked with the boy for a while, diagnosed his trouble as hysteria and psychoneurosis, and hauled him off to the base hospital. Two weeks later the boy was sent home. I heard later, and was glad to hear it, that he got over his breakdown and was able to go back to his studies.

We explored Ayer and discovered that the curious folk inhabiting the town—they pronounced "park" as though it were "pack"—did not even know what a sundae was. We widened our horizon and, in addition to Boston, took on Lowell, Fitchburg, Leominster, Clinton, Worcester, and Gardner. Boston, which was three-quarters of an hour distant, was the first big city I ever got to know. I thought it was a great town, and still do.

We York Staters were the only outlanders in Camp Devens. The rest of the troops were New England boys. Possibly because they felt sorry for the uncouth strangers whose voices sounded like zithers out of tune (not that the Down East accent sounds like any aeolian harp), the New Englanders took us into their hearts and homes. Casual acquaintances ripened into romantic attachments. You could tell when a C.A. had ripened into an R.A. The soldier got himself measured for a tailored uniform. That is, you could tell until headquarters ordered enlisted men to quit wearing tailored uniforms. Then the boys had to fall back on their unadorned charm to slay the New England dolls.

We would make flank attacks on Boston on Saturday nights. We frequented a hot spot of those days called L'Aiglon. On these excursions into Boston I never came up against that phenomenon, the New England conscience. There was an ordinance against serving a drink to a man in uniform, but there was always a Boston patriot ready to sacrifice his conscience to save one of his country's defenders from a horrible death by thirst. Many a drink was slipped to me under the table.

A buddy—I think it was Jack O'Brien, the present mayor of Schuylerville—and I did have one unexpected brush with the New England conscience. It won. On a Saturday afternoon we were plucked from a Red Cross canteen by a hospitable farmer and his wife, borne off to their home, and plied with the fat of the land for almost twenty-



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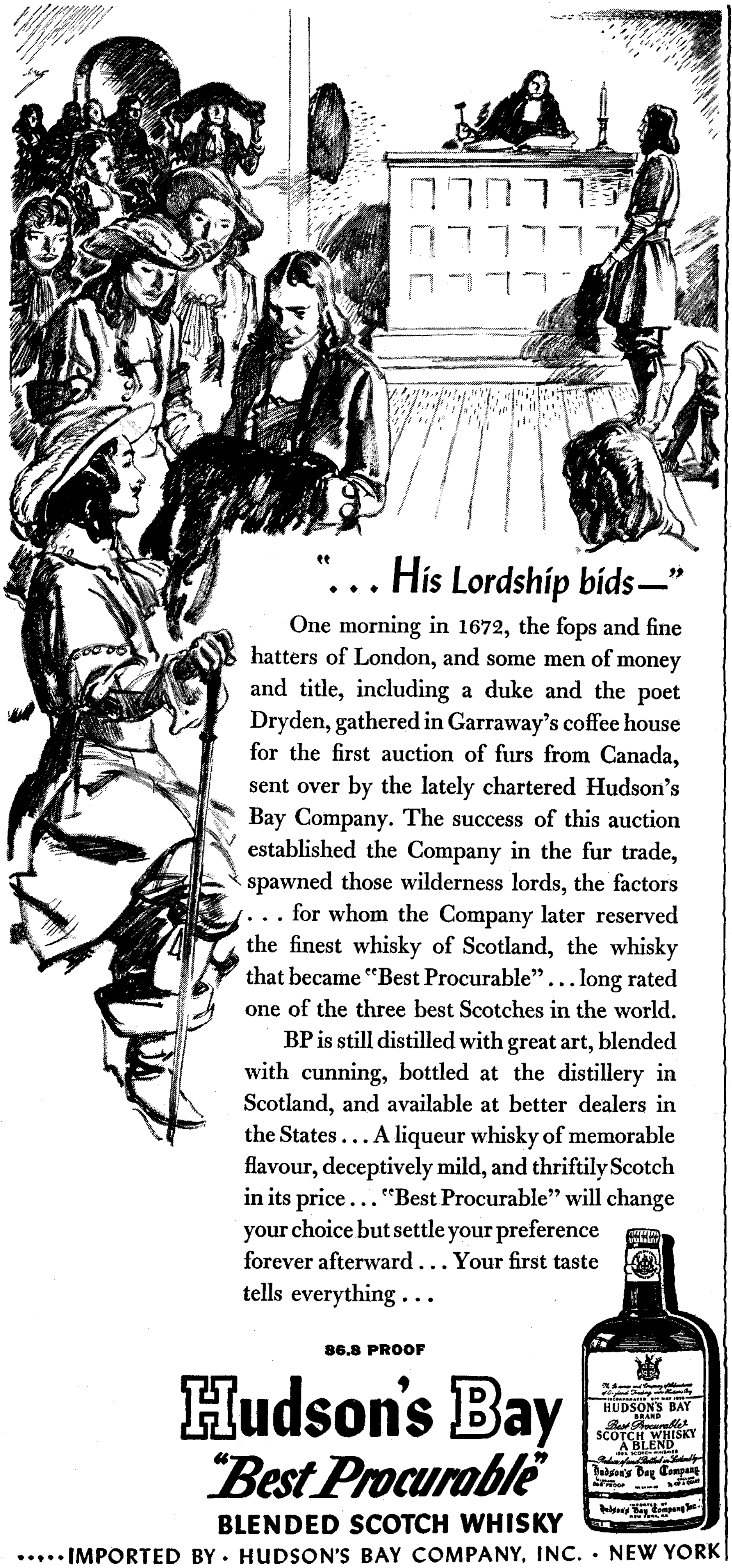

"... His Lordship bids—"

One morning in 1672, the fops and fine hatters of London, and some men of money and title, including a duke and the poet Dryden, gathered in Garraway's coffee house for the first auction of furs from Canada, sent over by the lately chartered Hudson's Bay Company. The success of this auction established the Company in the fur trade, spawned those wilderness lords, the factors . . . for whom the Company later reserved the finest whisky of Scotland, the whisky that became "Best Procurable"... long rated one of the three best Scotches in the world.

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four hours. When we awoke Sunday morning, our persons sunk a foot and a half in a feather bed, we decided to put one over on the Cardinal and skip Mass. But at nine o'clock, our good Congregational host came into the room, stated meaningly that he calc'lated we'd be wanting to go to Mass, that the Catholic soldiers who visited his wife and himself usually made the ten-thutty Mass at Leominster, and that we'd better be thinking of getting up if we wanted a leisurely sample of his wife's baked beans and brown bread. It was a Solemn High Mass, with a sermon.

THE winter wore on, the novelty of Army life wore off, and we settled down to routine. Francis J.'s dispatches to *The Saratogian* ceased soon after Christmas. I am not certain why, but I seem to remember that headquarters sent out an edict barring such unofficial journalism. Without the records to refresh my memory, the events of the remainder of the winter are a blur, with one exception. I do recall the February morning I came down to the orderly room feeling slightly queer, and I do remember the professional cry of appreciation the doctor gave when he opened my shirt and beheld a stomach the color of rosy-fingered dawn. "As nice a little case of scarlet fever as I ever saw!" he exclaimed. From then on, I was known as Corporal Poison, for my rosy glow sent the company into quarantine for several weeks. While I lay in the base-hospital pesthouse, peeling luxuriously, the boys sat around barracks, baring their fangs at one another.

Not much remains to be told. In May, I was detached from the 76th Division and sent to the officers' school at Camp Meade. Soon after that the 76th Division went overseas. From Meade I went to Camp Gordon, which was just like Meade (which was just like Devens), and from Gordon I went to Camp Sherman, which was just like Gordon, and I was still at Camp Sherman when the bells in nearby Chillicothe clanged out the armistice before I had even had a chance to get used to the pleasant dazzle of a shavetail's bars.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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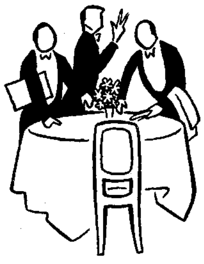
The list includes a Brandenburg Concerto and an orchestral suite by Bach, a Concerto Grosso of Vivaldi, and the Concerto for Hoboes, Tramps, Hitch-Hikers, oboes and strings by Handel. —*From the Cleveland Araldo-Herald.*

Rather ambitious, isn't it?

TABLES FOR TWO

Some Local Girls and Boys

ACCORDING to enthusiastic reports which have been emanating from the Florida night-club belt, New York has been practically stripped clean of its best entertainers, who are just as partial to sunburns as anyone else. Well, the big city is struggling along somehow, and local folks who like to go out and can't get away to Miami don't have to be too envious of those who can. For instance, would Miami dare to state flatly that it has anyone around comparable to Ethel Waters? Of course not; there is only one Ethel Waters, and she is happily ensconced at Féfé's Monte Carlo, Manhattan. The decorous habitués of this room have been notorious in the past for their reluctance to talk much below a shrill yelp while entertainment was being presented, but Miss Waters holds the static down to a few isolated whispers. It's been some time since we've been privileged to see her in a night club, and it will be a long time, I suspect, before we'll see anything much better in one. Accompanied at times by mellow singers whom she ferries over each night with her from "Cabin in the Sky," and at other times by Ted Straeter's piano, Miss Waters considerately goes on singing old standbys of hers, like "Stormy Weather" and "Am I Blue?," as long as there's a demand, which is long. Maybe you can take a dip before breakfast in Miami, but we've got the girl who can do "Miss Otis Regrets."



BY bringing eight assistants with her to the Monte Carlo, Miss Waters has put herself almost in the class of Carmen Amaya, who moved into Monte Proser's Beachcomber a while ago with a retinue of sixteen South Americans, including, so the story goes, her father, a couple of sisters, and a few odd cousins and aunts. Miss Amaya is said to be the world's greatest *flamenco* dancer and has testimonials to her credit from such reputable authorities as Leopold Stokowski. Never having concentrated very hard on the subtleties of *flamenco* dancing, I can only report that Miss Amaya is capable of absorbingly rapid footwork and gives the general impression, as she stamps around among the imitation palms, of a small tropical storm. By the way, as one who has often complained that the Beachcomber was unnecessarily dark, I am pleased to say, finally, that the last time I was there I could see. Hadn't really known what the place looked like up to then. It looks all right.

THERE are plenty of Grade A male entertainers around, too, who have declined to be lured by the South. John Buckmaster, for one, is up at the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge, as faultlessly groomed as ever and offering numbers ranging from an impression of an agitated Gallic fencer to a little ditty entitled "I'll See You Down in Marijuana," designed to make popular lyric-writers, both ASCAP and BMI, squirm. Mr. Buckmaster is becoming one of those fellows with a following so enthusiastic that it frequently bursts into laughter before its idol has had a chance to do or say anything even vaguely humorous. That's unavoidable, I suppose, but it must be tough on neophytes who are seeing an act for the first time and wonder what the hell is so funny about a man just standing up on both feet.

Danny Kaye is another who has his own loyal following, which convenes at La Martinique. Right now, partly because he's also appearing in "Lady in the Dark," he is perhaps the most popular funny boy in town, and with good enough reason, too. He has a funny face, which is always a help (Mr. Buckmaster does not have a funny face, but doesn't seem to mind), and his material is consistently comical, whether he is holding forth on swing music, the Stanislavsky method of acting, or Pavlova, or is merely demonstrating his mastery of double-talk. La Martinique, doing itself proud at the moment, has also engaged a pair of dancers who call themselves Mata and Hari (Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari) and are accomplished satirists. They're especially good, to my mind, in a circus number for which they both don acrobats' tights and teeter on imaginary tightropes. It's supposed to be funny, and somehow is.

While on the subject of male entertainers, let me call your attention to Billy de Wolfe, who sneaked into town a few weeks ago and quietly set up shop at the Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick. Despite the handicap of having half his audience behind his back, owing to the shape of the room, Mr. de Wolfe plunges energetically and successfully

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into a hilarious potpourri of singing, dancing, and mugging, which is an inadequate description of the indescribable. He benefits extensively from the activities of the waiters and barmen, who obligingly rattle trays around now and then, giving him a chance to display his talents for ad-libbing as he rebukes them. The fact that he can get any waiter to coöperate with him at all convinces me that he is an unusual person. The Warwick, incidentally, has the only musical trio in town featuring a lady bass fiddler. I just thought you might like to know.

What—still more male comedians? It must be a trend. This one is Doodles Weaver, at the Algonquin, who, if you can believe it, has a face even sillier than Danny Kaye's. Mr. Weaver belongs to that zany school of comedians which holds that if you are singing a song and want to turn it into a blues song, why, you put a blue sack over your head, naturally. When he is not thus disguising himself or, later, removing his shoes, Doodles gives a fascinating interpretation of an automobile race in Indianapolis, complete with spills. There are a few other entertainers hovering around the Algonquin, including a guitarist who, the management swears, can speak not a single word of English and a garrulous violinist who I wish had never learned how to.

RANDOM THOUGHT: There are quite a few girl singers loose today who might advantageously listen some night to Betty Bryant, up at Spivy's Roof. Not that she has a particularly exciting voice, but I think she sings the way unpretentious girl singers in supper clubs should. She does not indulge in dramatic gestures and she does not use a microphone—a couple of negative virtues which have an agreeably positive effect.
—CHECK

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Miss Mary Prince Arnold, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Robert Arnold of Waverly, will leave February 1 for Mobile, Ala., where she will not be presented to society at a dance given by her grandmother, Mrs. Thomas St. John.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

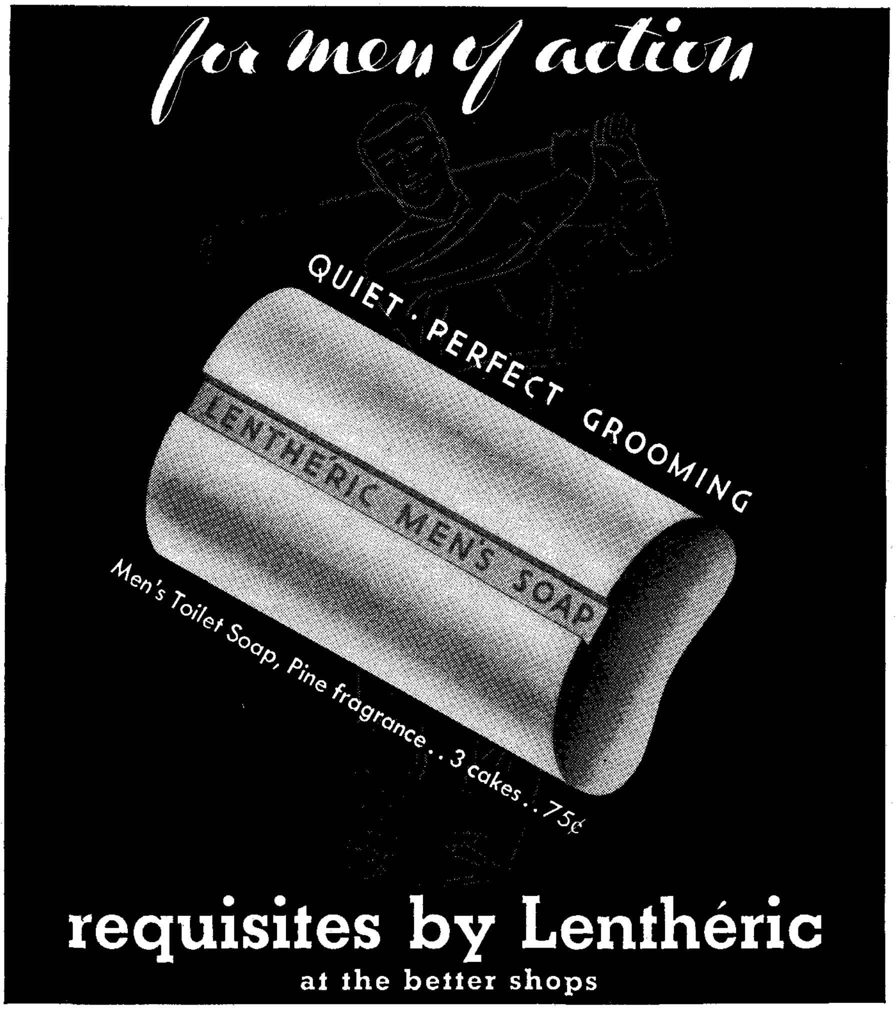
Seems kind of a shame.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the transcript of Wendell Willkie's testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate*]

Senator Gillette—You were a candidate for President last fall?
Mr. Willkie—I was.



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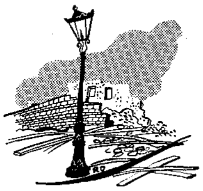
LETTER FROM LONDON

February 15 (by cable)

EVENTS are moving so fast that by the time this is cabled it may already be out of date. The headlines of the last day or two have looked disquietingly like the headlines in previous periods of expectancy preceding a sudden Nazi swoop. Everyone appears to be taking advantage of what may be the last few weeks of comparative sanity to warn everyone else that complete chaos is approaching. Londoners rustling through their papers on their way home the other evening must have felt that they had seen something of the kind somewhere before as they read the ominous announcements that Turkey had warned Bulgaria, that the Australian government had warned its people, and that the United States government had warned its citizens in Japan. The fact that next day the Cassandras of the press hastened to say that they hadn't really meant to make anyone's flesh creep didn't alter the general conviction that the horizon couldn't very well look stormier.



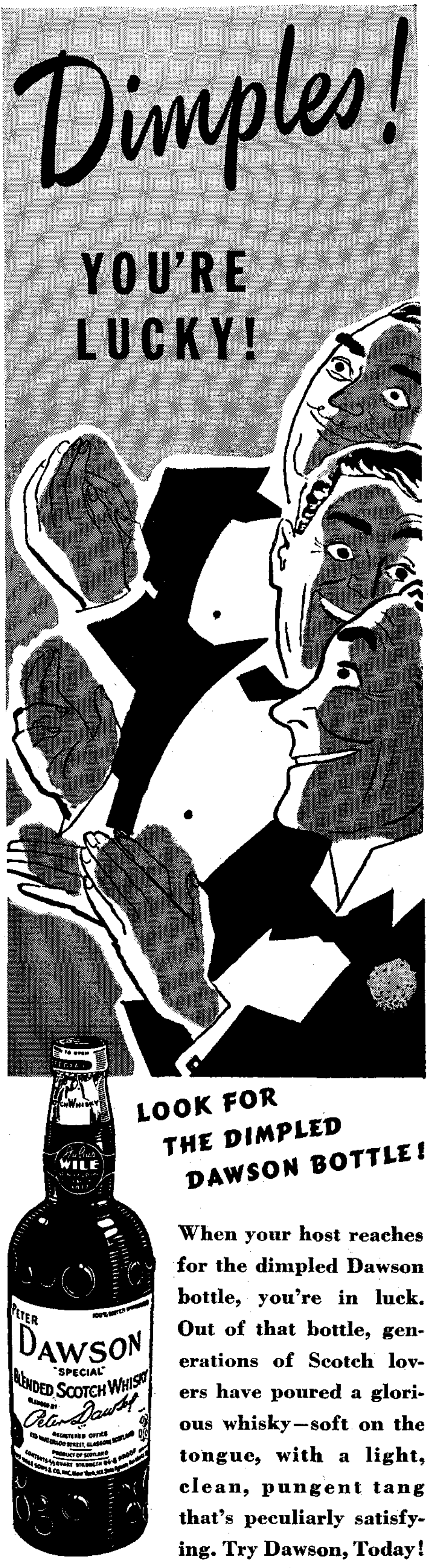
The situation in the Balkans seems to people like the same old act which they watched last May—the familiar paralyzing propaganda, the usual accusations against the British, and the bleats of the prospective victims that they only want to keep on friendly terms with everybody. Confidence in Turkey's refusal to be intimidated is as universal as the regret that everything points to the Greeks' being in for a bad time. With their usual impassiveness, the English seem to be digesting the probability that their own bad time has been planned to coincide with the opening up of a new phase of warfare in the Balkans and on the Pacific.

The press continues to hammer away at the subject of invasion as hard as it can. Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* has been running a series of articles, "written by a distinguished team of strategists," discussing various ways in which the Germans might attempt to invade the country. According to these writers, the land attack would probably be concentrated in the south and southeast, and the aim would be to take London quickly by using shock-troop tactics. The *Times*' expert has been far less specific, but has said that landings would no doubt be attempted at various points, perhaps coinciding with one in Eire, and that the area involved would see "the largest-scale air fighting the world has ever known."

The experts may prognosticate, but this is a time when the ordinary man's guess is as good as theirs. All anyone can know is that events are moving swiftly and steadily toward the long-awaited spring offensive, which may begin here, experts and non-experts now think, with no more warning than a fierce one-night aerial *Blitz* on areas where landings are to be attempted. Naturally, these days of watchful waiting are anxious ones, but on the surface, at any rate, people remain remarkably sane. They say they will be glad when "it" comes, much as they did when they were waiting for the big air raids to start. They say they expect the going to be difficult and dangerous for a short time; that is, "until things have sorted themselves out," by which ten out of ten English mean the failure of the attempt. Without complacency or false optimism, the plain people, against whom the invasion's full violence will be directed, are grimly determined that there will be only one end to the story.

MEANWHILE it has relieved numbers of country dwellers to hear that rural district councils are at last prepared to feed village communities, which, in the event of an upset in food distribution, are in just as much danger of starving as cities. Communal kitchens are being organized all over the country to take care of people who can't afford to put away tinned goods for a prolonged siege. Civilians have been told that, should the worst happen, newspapers may cease to appear and even the radio may be silent for an indefinite period, thus throwing the country back into eighteenth-century ignorance, which won't be bliss but anguished wondering. In answer to a question in the House, which has been taking advantage of the lull to explore such topics as the number of aliens employed in London restaurants and the shortage of gold lace for naval officers' sleeves, the Prime Minister promised that he would certainly make some sort of address to the nation at the beginning of a state of emergency. His speeches at such critical moments, as the public confidently knows, are terse affairs, whittled down to the last blunt word but no less heartening than the magnificent prose of those made in retrospect.

People are still saying that the Prime



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* * *

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Great White Fleet

Minister's broadcast last Sunday was his best to date. They always enjoy a chuckle over his deliberate Anglicizing of foreign names and the lip-smacking gusto with which he invariably introduces a reference to one or another of "those wicked men," but what they like most is his great gift for making them forget discomfort, danger, and loss and remember only that they are living history. These days, people find themselves looking at England with a new eye, almost as though they were seeing it for the first time, and discovering once again that deep, inarticulate love for it which is real even to Britons who have never set foot on its damp and overcrowded shores.

THE passing of the lease-lend bill by the House in Washington was received with cheers in London, and so was Mr. Willkie's energetic testimony, with its appeal to cut out as much red tape as possible and get down to business. This was the nicest bread-and-butter letter, satisfied Londoners decided, that a visitor could possibly have sent them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

THE SAME AS AN ARGENTINE

South America is not one nation, but many, and if Scarlett O'Hara had a Vermont accent it would have been the same as an Argentine hearing her with a Peruvian dialect.—*PM.*

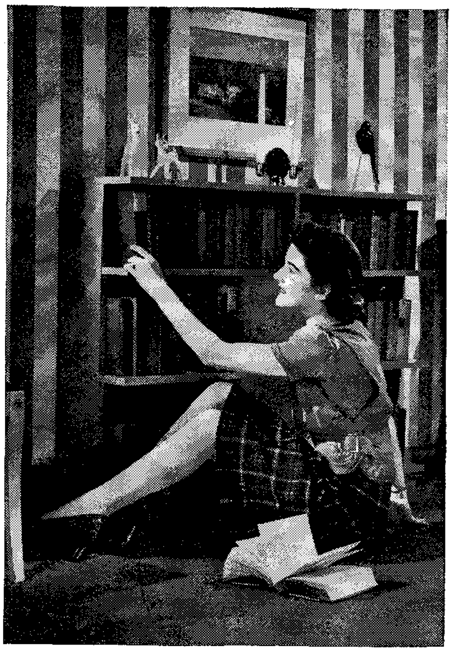
O Argentine who listens with Peruvian
  dialect
To lovely Scarlett, say, can you detect
A Yankee slur
In her?

If Scarlett spoke Brazilian to her
  Rhett—
In Georgia accents yet!—
What then would your Peruvian dialect
Detect?

Suppose the lovely Rebel talked
  Vermont
And Rhett made love in Brooklynese
  Bolivian.
Would you condemn them to Peruvian
  oblivion?

O Argentine, I hear your mixed reply,
"*Por Dios!* You all, *yo no sé* why."
To which I add my own confusing
  mot,
"Ah reckons, stranger, *por qué no?*"

—A. C. SPECTORSKY



The "bookcase browse"—fine for searching through library shelves, but bad for your stocking budget. For hosiery as lasting as it is lovely, try Cannon! An amazing air-pressure machine inspects every single Cannon stocking for imperceptible weaknesses—usual cause of maddening "mystery" runs.

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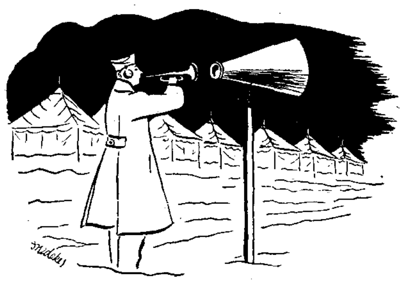
CARA PETRONILLA

I WAS delighted to see, in a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, how thoroughly Louise Field Cooper and her "Le Gastronome Français" put Fannie Farmer in her place. However, "Le Gastronome" could never be, for me, a favorite cookbook. It is too pedantic, too out of touch with reality. Its flights of lyric fancy, its historical, archeological, and mythological references lack the common touch. Is it not possible to combine poetry and practicality? It is. I give you Petronilla, author extraordinary of "Ricette di Petronilla" and "Altre Ricette di Petronilla," published in Milan a few years ago.

Petronilla is, like Dickens' Mrs. Jarley, volatile. She neither begins nor ends by giving you a recipe. Addressing herself directly to young housewives, exuberantly, lushly, long-windedly, Petronilla covers every detail of a meal, from its conception in the mind of the harried housewife, through the purchase of its necessary ingredients and its unhurried and detailed preparation, down to the consumption of the meal and its psychological effect on husband, offspring, relatives, and friends. Nothing is forgotten, and the cook with a will to learn (and a reading knowledge of Italian) can spend happy hours tracking down a recipe through the jungle verbiage of Petronilla's prose.

Her advice about serving a meal begins, reasonably enough, with the setting of the table. Use, first of all, a clean tablecloth, "not one blushing with wine or tomato stains." "Place the silver and dishes neatly, with the salt dish always heaping with salt and its little spoon infixed therein." "Do not begrudge the use of a flower," Petronilla urges, "a simple flower of the fields, if you have nothing else." The list is long: pepper mill, carafes of water and of wine, appropriate glasses, clean napkins, and, "for company," candles and candleholders. Not a detail is omitted, from the serving of the meal itself (with separate instructions for three maids, two maids, one maid, or, *ahimè*, none) through the triumphant bearing away to the kitchen of the ultimate dirty plate.



PETRONILLA'S recipes are inspired from three sources—her "rubicund and ever-smiling" butcher, a carping and captious sister-in-law who fancies herself a better cook than Petronilla, and Petronilla's own family, consisting of a voracious husband and three famished children, whose thoughts apparently never leave the kitchen and what Mamma might be doing in there if she would only put her mind to it.

The butcher, if he gave as much of his time to discussing recipes with his other clients as he did with Petronilla, must long since have failed dismally to make a living. No matter what cut of meat Petronilla asks him for, he has another and better suggestion. "Show me a nice piece of beef for a *stufato*," Petronilla, rushing into the butcher shop, entreats. "Ah, this," says the butcher, holding out some beef at arm's length, "this, if it does not too much sadden you to change the design which you had projected for your dinner, this superb filet—I, if I were you, instead of making a *stufato*, would make a roast. This is a piece of meat which decidedly lends itself to roasting, and when you are through roasting it in the manner which I shall expound, I defy you to tell me whether the meat which I sold you was or was not good!" This seems to me a doubtful and sinister remark, but Petronilla swallows it hook, line, and sinker, rapturously writes down the recipe, and tears home to cook the roast, forgetting completely about the *stufato*.

The sister-in-law would disrupt any home but Petronilla's. Petronilla takes her graciously in her stride, even referring to her with affection as "a dear sister-in-law, rather fat, such a *gourmande*, so expert in the arts of the kitchen, so generous with her wise advices, and always happy to give to my simple recipes her most intelligent retouching!" The sister-in-law invariably arrives early in the morning while Petronilla and the patient *serva* are waxing the floors or shaking out the mattresses. Sister-in-law's first act is to install herself in a commodious armchair, her second to exclaim, "Dearest, your last recipe was so delicious, *but*—I don't offend, do I, *cara* Petronilla? But I could not silence myself—you have made an error truly outrageous! If, instead of parsley, you had used—but let me give you *my* recipe. And do not offend yourself, *cara mia*." Petronilla doesn't. She copies the recipe.

The children, whom I picture as hefty young brats, bursting out of their seams at every gulp and swallow, have daily suggestions about the cuisine. It must be said in their favor that they are not unappreciative of their mother's efforts, and even a simple chocolate pudding calls forth the laudatory shriek "Give me more, so much more, of this exquisite pudding, dear Mamma, because I can of it never have enough!"

But it is the husband who is the strangest member of Petronilla's entourage. She lives in dread of his disapproval, lies awake nights thinking up new dishes to tempt his appetite, glows with joy when he praises her cooking, and bursts into tears when he does not. Unfortunately, the husband has, at some obscure period of his life, wined and dined himself sumptuously at a certain restaurant in Tuscany, and never thereafter has he been able to forget its gustatory charms. Try as Petronilla may to whip up his favorite dishes, his usual comment is "Very good, this, but at no table in the world, even yours, *mia cara* Petronilla, can one taste food comparable to that which one eats at the little restaurant in Tuscany." Once he remarks, after the patient Petronilla has slaved all day over some fish cutlets for his dinner, "And may I ask to what *strange* beast this *strange* meat appertained?" (The italics are his.)

Occasionally—and these are Petronilla's red-letter days—the husband praises her. She tries her hand at Hungarian "Gulasch." It pleases, and she receives for her pains "one of those husbandly 'thank you, dear's which sink deep, deep into the heart." And once, after a particularly felicitous experiment with some veal cutlets, the husband is so moved that a scene of intense and highly poetic passion flares up at the dinner table. "But where do you *fish up* [he means it kindly] these recipes, Petronilla?" Grinning fatuously, she answers, "In my heart I fish them, and I architecturalize them with my love." And then the husband, "smiling, flung to me, across the table, a little kiss."

PERHAPS at this point it would be well to quote at some length one of Petronilla's recipes. Let us take "Gnocchi di Patate." Here goes:

> High festival, in the house, when I prepare the exquisite *gnocchi!*
>
> A little work, a little fatigue, and above all a little spending of money on that day. But, as a reward . . .
>
> "Oh, our wonderful mamma!" exclaim the children when the smoking plate makes its appearance on the table.
>
> "My wonderful Petronilla!" exclaims

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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

my husband, lancing me one of his tenderest ogles.

"My wonderful mistress!" exclaims the servant, in the kitchen.

Each intimate praise is so sweet to the heart that perhaps—but the *gnocchi*, don't you *know* how to fix them?

Well then, let me explain how I make the *gnocchi*. It is in a way which wouldn't be anyone else's, which may not be perhaps even the perfect way, but which is my own personal way; namely, the way of that housewifely and modest cook who is—Petronilla.

So—I buy two kilograms of potatoes, large, mealy, and yellow, and, if I do not find any worthy of these three adjectives, I renounce making the dish for that day . . .

She goes on to give the actual recipe. It covers two pages of the cookbook and concludes with the united cheers of Petronilla's family.

PETRONILLA herself is her own best dish. I am glad to be able to report that once at least she was rewarded with something more tangible than mere verbal praise. On her birthday, she proudly records, her husband presented her with a small portable oven. She lost no time preparing some stuffed baked peaches, and when they were brought to the table, the husband, abandoning all caution and simply going overboard in his generosity, heartily proclaimed, "*Cara* Petronilla, these peaches are so exquisite that, if there is some little thing in the way of pots or pans that you need for your kitchen, you have only to mention it to me, and without even waiting for your next birthday, I shall satisfy your desire!" —MEGAN LAIRD

•

Here I may interrupt myself to tell you of a little incident within my own knowledge. There is a tiny spit of land in an English river, which guards the approach to an important city, and here are stationed a number of men to repel a landing. They are constantly bombed. It is a lonely life they lead, with little distraction.—*From "They Are Strange People, the Germans," by W. Somerset Maugham, in Redbook.*

Little distraction for a writing man, maybe.

•

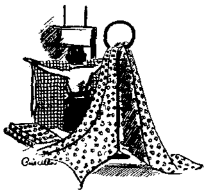
THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Clark v. Robinson, 299 N. Y. S. 474, 252 App. Div. 857*]

A lawyer was not entitled to accounting in equity for fees received by attorneys from lawyer's former clients pursuant to agreement to pay lawyer a commission or forwarding fee of one-third of gross fees received by attorneys from law business of such clients handled by attorneys, but lawyer was relegated to action at law for damages for alleged breach of agreement by attorneys, where lawyer's professional connection with clients terminated after he recommended them to attorneys.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



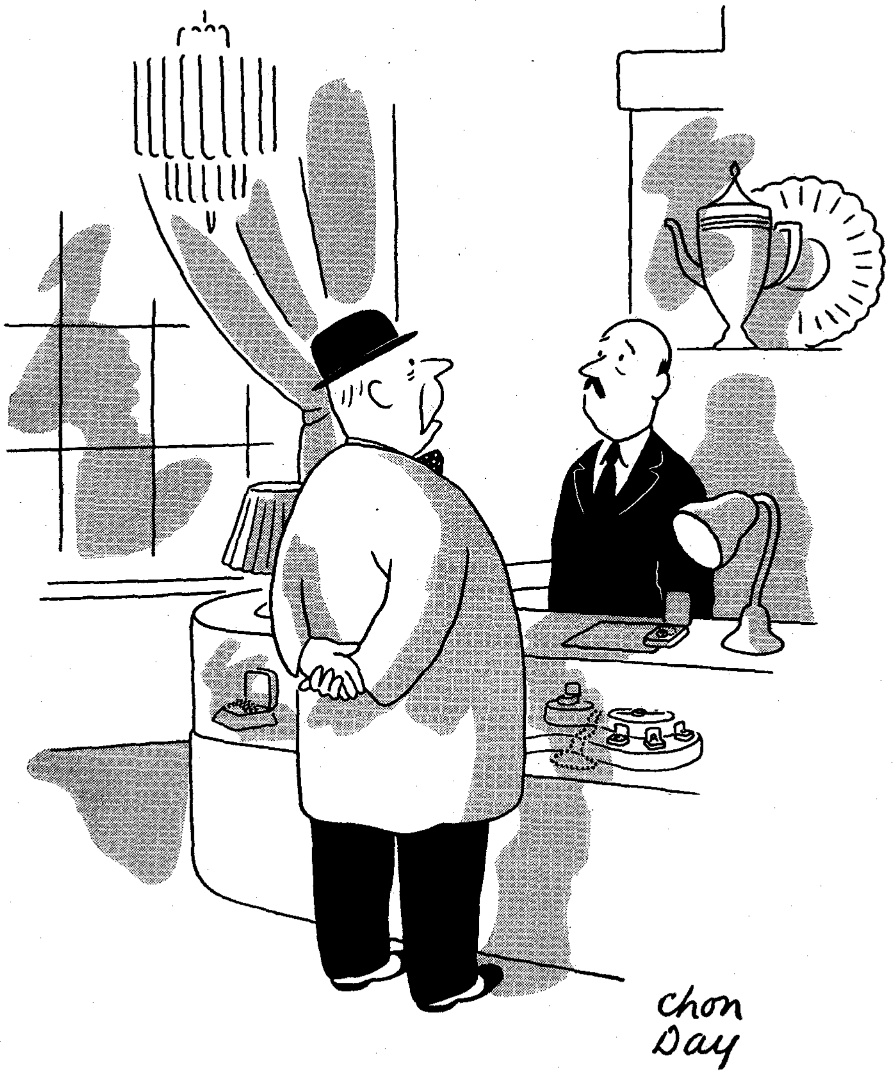
THERE is a mood of trim exuberance about a good tailored suit that is peculiarly adapted to American women. Offhand, it would seem an easy matter to turn out this simple costume in endless succession and sit back while the delighted customers rush to buy. The hitch, though, is that the customers must be tempted year after year by touches that are both new and imaginative and yet do not destroy any of the neatness so essential to a suit. All this requires designers of the greatest ingenuity, and I know of none who manage the seasonal freshening-up of their suits more skillfully than those of the Salon Moderne at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

There is nothing intrinsically new, for instance, about using navy-blue wool to make a pleated skirt and a fitted jacket that has four flap pockets, a row of four brass buttons, and high, tiny revers. Such a suit never goes out of style, but the blouse which Saks' designers include in this ensemble is distinctly and beautifully 1941; it's made of a striped blue-and-white cotton shirting with the front all fine quilting and stitching. Another navy affair with military buttons has a little fold across the upper arm which suggests the smallest of capes. The blouse that goes with this one (I have never *seen* such blouses as they have here) is of pale-blue-and-white striped tie silk and has fine tucks down the front. Those who are eternally in search of a tailored suit that can appear serene on slightly formal occasions should look at one of black alpaca with a longish, pinched-in waistline and pink-and-gold ceramic buttons up the front. This time the blouse is made of pink faille and has a floppy bow at the throat. Let me remind you, too, that nowhere can you find better fitted coats of the reefer type; a fuzzy navy wool one with four big, white pearl buttons and deep oval pockets in front of each hipbone is a current success. All of these are very feminine.

In the ready-to-wear sports department, however, much is being made of a collection of tailored suits imported from England. Shoulders here are wide and smooth, avoiding that constricted look which too often, in the interests of a skintight fit, afflicts suits made in this country; draping under the arms and through the chest is handled with a masculine mastery that allows easy movement. Many of the skirts have pressed-in creases, front and back, like those on a man's trousers, and I am one who approves of the looks of these. The jackets are longish and fitted, and usually have three thoroughly male pockets. Most of them are single-breasted, or at any rate the best of them are; when the British tailor departs from the "classic," he gets a little weird. The fabrics naturally are wonderful—men's flannels, Saxony tweeds, cashmere tweeds, and so on.

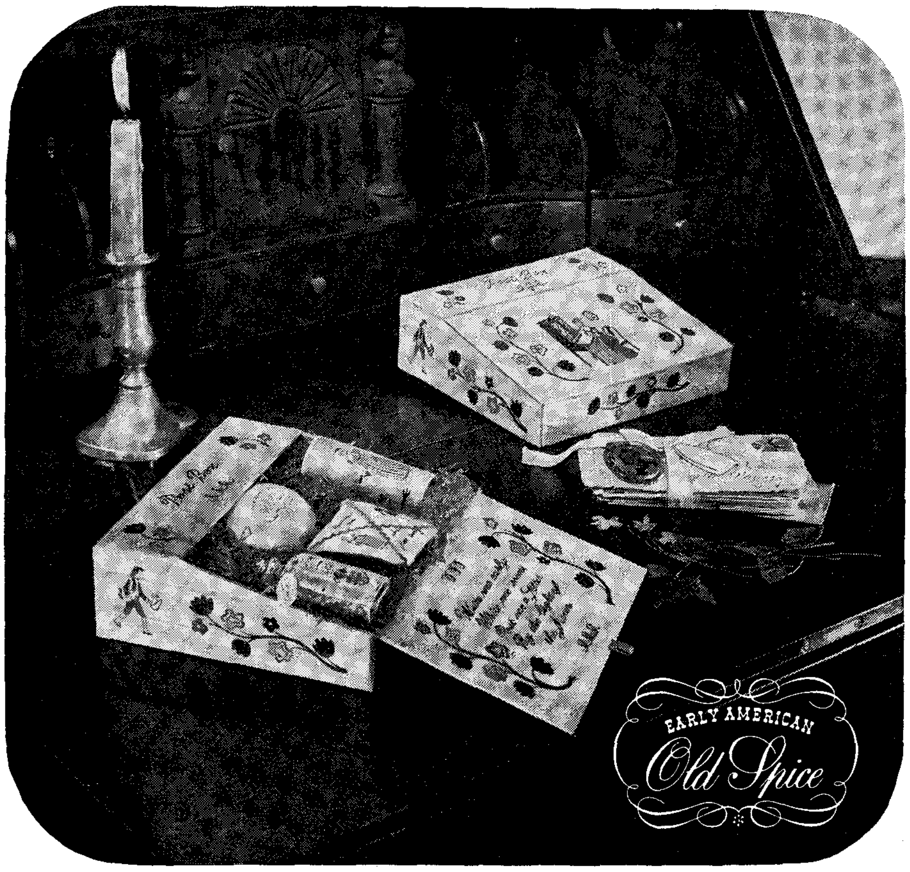
You'll never see a better costume than a pastel covert suit with a skirt creased like trousers and a loose, full, three-button greatcoat that is equally good for wearing over almost any sports costume; there are straps inside to hang on to when you want to wear it over your shoulders with the sleeves dangling. Saks has had the same sort of thing in natural covert before, but this is the first time for pastels. Prices for these imported suits run from around $69 to $89. Finally, for young people who want to wear polo coats and yet long for something slightly fitted, there is a honey, with eight buttons in double-breasted formation, made of alpaca wool in natural, red, or light blue.

CLINGING, slinky Borgias will find a friend in Jenkins, at 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd), whose evening gowns are either frothy or stark dramatic. One is a lovely thing called Clouds—a dress which has an attached cape and consists of tiers and tiers of alternating gray and pale-cocoa net. Another, Suez, is all sharp contrasts, with a tight-fitting sort of middy-blouse top of black crêpe, a red-and-white scarf that may be worn as a hood, and a white crêpe skirt, flowing and circular. Both Clouds and Suez have elongated tops. Similar tops, often made of wool, crop up everywhere here and are highly effective, but I insist that Jenkins went too far in a job



"I want something to sell myself to a lady."

To Love and to Cherish



The Post Box

The haunting fragrance of roses-and-spice—the desk-box of gaily remembered courting days— these are the signature of early American charm . . . Bright with old-time motifs, the Post Box carries on the Early American Old Spice tradition that the romance of America is the loveliest of all. Contained therein are four accomplices to modern coquetry — *Old Spice Sachet*, *Toilet Soap*, *Guest Talcum and Guest Toilet Water*, each fragrant with Old Spice . . . $1.00

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

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which has a black polo-shirt top and a tiered skirt made of white dotted dimity with ball fringe on its edges; I haven't fully recovered from that one. I dote, though, on the colors of Mirage, which has a pleated skirt of turquoise crêpe, a square-necked wool top in another shade of turquoise, and gray-green, red, and purple bands set in around the waistline. All the clothes here are custom-made.

HINTS TO MAKE YOU PURTIER: Leonce, the hairdressing salon at 9 East 53rd Street, is about as charming a place to spend an hour or two in as I can imagine. Cheerful, friendly people administer a permanent that is the equal of any in town; Mr. Leonce himself sets hair beautifully and, though full of ideas, doesn't insist on thrusting them on women with minds of their own. The shampoos and treatments are swell, too. Well worth a whirl. . . . Lura de Gez, at 714 Fifth Avenue (55th), has a wonderful lipstick brush with a doohickey that snaps over it, thereby protecting it from the bits of tobacco and other debris that lie in wait at the bottom of your handbag. (I am becoming infatuated with lipstick brushes; once you get used to them, the improved line of your mouth is worth the extra time you take in flicking your lipstick with them.) . . . People who still look askance at soap and water for the face cannot have tried the products of Maria Danica (at Franklin Simon and Jay-Thorpe). First you put on a nice, lemony cream; then you wash it off with a sponge lathered with the Danica soap; after rinsing off the soap, you apply more cream, follow that with a dash of cold water, and your skin is in beautiful form for makeup. The whole kit costs $2.50, and there are plenty of converts in my immediate circle. . . . Dorothy Gray has come forward with an attractive new gewgaw for your dressing table. It looks exactly like an impudent military hat and contains her new Brass Band makeup. Brass Band is a good, deep, clear red, to do justice to your navy-blue spring costume; the container holds a lipstick, cream rouge, nail polish, and an ample box of face powder (not red, naturally). It's $3.50 all over town. —L. L.

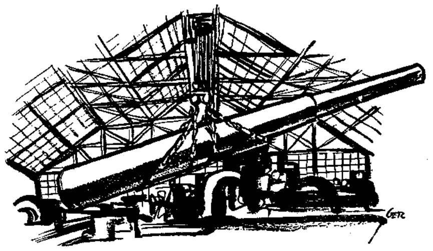
AS TO MEN

Brier and Grain

WHILE talking to a dealer about pipes the other day, I came across some rather interesting facts concerning the effect of the war on supplies, both of raw brier root and of the imported finished product. It appears that we'll have to make what we already have in the country last, for neither southern Europe, where we have always got most of our brier, nor England, our principal source of imported pipes, is in a position to bother much about such luxuries any more. Although there's a critical shortage of root for pipes in the so-called popular-price class (manufacturers are experimenting desperately, and thus far unsuccessfully, with certain African woods and other possible substitutes), there seems to be enough high-quality brier around to supply the market for at least a year. As for really good imported straight-grained pipes—those prized specimens on whose bowls the grain runs straight up and down with never a whorl or burl to interrupt it—there aren't many available, but since they cost anywhere from about $30 up to $100 apiece, the demand for them isn't great and what few there are will probably suffice for some time.

The least costly pipes naturally go the fastest, which accounts for the low state of our reserves of inexpensive brier. What little root has reached us lately has been high-grade stuff and most of it has been spoken for well in advance. There is nothing, of course, to prevent brier from getting here by way of Portugal; the trouble is that the countries which used to produce it haven't the manpower nowadays to spare for digging up roots.

You won't find many imported straight-grains left of the quality which puts them in the $100 class, although in checking up by making the rounds of some of our best tobacconists, I have come across three—beautiful examples which were exhibited at the World's Fair last summer and are now for sale at Peterson's, Ltd., 339 Madison Avenue (44th). Pipes of this grade are painstakingly cut by hand from exceptionally ungnarled sections of brier root and the chances of a pipe-maker's coming across such a section are about as slight as yours are of finding a pearl in an oyster. The English in the past have been the acknowledged leaders in turning out superior straight-grains, so much so that few manufacturers in other countries have tried to compete in the very high-priced field. To give you an idea of how uncertain shipments of pipes from England are these days, Surbrug's, down at 24 Vesey Street, has yet to receive a consignment of straight-grains ordered from Charatan of London for the Christmas trade. The shop, however, still has some Charatan straight-grains left over from a batch which reached here last April. The best of these cost $30, and I noted a number of attractive ones among them. Dunhill, at 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), is in about the same fix: you'll still find several imported straight-grains in the firm's Billiard and Dublin shapes selling for $35, but the shop has no more of the $100 kind, of which it used to be so proud, and isn't taking orders for any. The Rockefeller Center Tobacco Shop, in the R.C.A. Building, has eight or ten English straight-grains left and asks $30 apiece for them.



One of the few domestic pipe-makers serving connoisseurs who want and can pay for the best in straight-grains is the Wilke Pipe Shop, at 400 Madison Avenue (48th). This establishment has its own pipe-cutter and it has prudently laid in a large supply of brier. When I stopped by, there were four $100 straight-grains on display—beautiful things with markings like a zebra's. (Wilke pipes are never varnished or stained, and so, until smoked a while, they have the natural brier's light, creamy surface, accented by the dark lines of the grain.) It almost goes without saying that Wilke has a lot of other attractive and less costly items; indeed, you can get a superior straight-grain for as little as $25 and there are some really striking ones at $50.

THE war has also affected British pipe-tobacco mixtures, since certain formerly plentiful ingredients are now difficult for English manufacturers to get hold of. Such shipments as have arrived here recently indicate that Rhodesian tobacco is being used in increasing quantities as a substitute for our Virginian because in these times there isn't space for much in the way of smokers' goods on vessels bound from this country for England. Dunhill, for example, has recently received from home a new London Mixture in which there is more Rhodesian and less Virginian tobacco than in the old one. This is exceptionally cool smoking and at the same time mild; it costs $5 a pound. James B. Russell, at 23 West 57th Street, who is primarily a specialist in vintage cigars but also carries a large assortment of British pipe tobaccos, has

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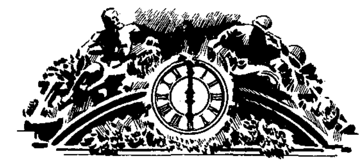
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a mixture called Four Square, which is made in Scotland and therefore, he hopes, is less likely to be discontinued than some of his other imports, which come from around London. Russell carries eight blends of Four Square and finds that American smokers favor the two called Original and Matured Virginia. Either blend is $4 a pound.

I'M told by Russell that the British have withdrawn from the Cuban vintage-cigar market and that this apparently has had a demoralizing effect on manufacturers down there, for they're filling his orders in an unusually desultory manner. He considers himself fortunate in still having several choice offerings from the vintage year of 1934, including Cabañas Cabinet Selection Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and Cabinet de JBR No. 2. Prices for these run from $19.50 to $36 for a box of fifty. The local Dunhill has sent a representative to Cuba to make arrangements for ordering vintage cigars independently of the parent company in England. Meanwhile, the shop has a fair supply of reserves of fine Havanas, among them an unusual over-sized after-dinner perfecto which sells for $50 a box of fifty.

DOMESTIC NOVELTIES: The Kaywoodie Twin-Bowl, which I saw at the Rockefeller Center Tobacco Shop, is a brier pipe with a bowl threaded so that a meerschaum lining can be screwed in, providing a cool smoke and a bowl that won't burn the fingers; $25. . . . Reinhard Brothers, at 29 Maiden Lane, have a new American pipe mixture of which they're quite proud; it's flavored with West Indian rum and called the Donniford Blend. . . . Both Abercrombie & Fitch and Benson & Hedges show the Beattie Jet lighter, designed especially for pipes. It's much like an ordinary cigarette-lighter except that it has a tiny blow-torch attachment to direct an exceptionally hot flame into the bowl of a pipe. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue offers a sterling-silver pencil for pipe-smokers; its top holds, in addition to the usual extra leads, a combination tamp, pick, and scraper. . . . Variety in cigarette cases apparently will never end. Mark Cross, at 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd), now has cases made of elephant hide. —PLAID

•

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Is this the shape
Of the sour grape?
—DAVID MCCORD

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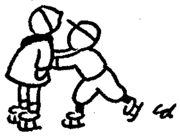
THE GOOD FIGHT

IT had been decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission that a private dining room in the Hotel Commodore would be a central and suitable place for such an occasion. Here the Examiner, a man in his thirties with a pleasant, alert face, sat at a table, with an assistant and a stenographer at opposite ends. When the group from the law firm of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore arrived and walked up the aisle between the two sections of folding chairs, it commanded attention. The other lawyers, assembled from a number of cities and states, were quick to sense prestige. They had all been involved in the reorganization of the Ohio & Middle Western, a railroad that no one save its embattled officials had loved. Certain members of the convocation, the élite, bowed to Mr. Forbes and his three juniors. A Mr. Dacre of Philadelphia said, "You'll find plenty of chairs over here, Forbes."

Forbes, Hathaway's young Mr. Latimer especially welcomed an opportunity to chat with Mr. Dacre. At a recent houseparty in Merion, Mr. Dacre had made a tactful inquiry about whether Latimer would be interested in joining the firm of Dacre & Wynton. He had intimated that his young friend could expect no more than a junior partnership at first, of course, although at an advance over his present salary (Latimer had had the presence of mind to mention that he was getting twelve thousand, exclusive of his cut at the end of each year) and with an excellent prospect of advancement.

"Good morning, Mr. Dacre," Latimer said, with an intimate little smile. Edging into the Philadelphian's row, the Forbes, Hathaway party glanced at the Examiner with a casualness that masked intense interest. Latimer looked pleased. "The Examiner is a friend of mine," he told Mr. Forbes. "When I heard the name Rand in connection with the I.C.C., I didn't associate it with anyone I knew. It was seven or eight years ago, but I remember him perfectly now that I see him."



"I couldn't help overhearing you, Latimer," Mr. Dacre murmured. "How did you happen to know him, and what's he like?"

"We were in law school together. He was a year ahead of me. Nice fellow."

"Would you say he was a gentleman," said Mr. Forbes, barely moving his lips and again pretending to look at the Examiner without a vestige of interest, "or a wild-eyed reformer?"

"Oh, he was quite a good egg."

"Not an extremist?" Mr. Forbes asked.

"Not at all."

The Examiner put down a sheet of paper he had been looking at and glanced around the room. "How do you do, Latimer?" he said cordially. "It's been quite a long time since we've seen each other, hasn't it? Now that you and your associates are here, we can begin in just a few minutes. I've already run over the list. We're short only one man."

"He seems to remember you very pleasantly," said Mr. Forbes, delighted at this stroke of luck.

The other two Forbes, Hathaway juniors, Mr. Gill and Mr. Keoghan, were clearly envious of Latimer's ability to ingratiate himself with his superiors, an ability that he had all too often demonstrated in the past. There were disquieting rumors around Forbes, Hathaway about Stafford Latimer being a coming man, "the fellow to keep your eye on." This state of things was particularly galling to Mr. Keoghan, the oldest junior in point of service.

A telegram arrived from the absentee, saying that his train was behind time and that he expected to be about an hour late.

"We'll get right down to business," Mr. Rand said. "I'm glad to say that our problems aren't very complex and shouldn't cause us any headaches at all." And when he added, "This isn't a Senate investigation, you know, or anything of that sort," he infused his listeners with hope. "The first thing we must do is to get the cost sheets into some sort of order. The Commission naturally wishes to satisfy itself that a fair distribution of fees is made with regard to the amount of time each man has spent on the reorganization. The primary wrinkle to be smoothed out is the disparity between figures submitted by different firms for individuals of comparable status who have given an equal, or nearly equal, number of hours to the job.

"To illustrate, if Mr. X and Mr. Y have similar status in their respective firms, and have worked about the same number of hours on the case, we mustn't allow ten thousand for Mr. X and fifteen thousand for Mr. Y. At least, not without making sure that the discrepancy is justified by some admissible circumstance or other. If it is not justified, no doubt we'll find ourselves paring down Mr. Y's fee a little and raising Mr. X's. But I am entirely prepared to believe that a larger fee for Mr. X may be *warranted*. In that case, we must allow a difference to show in the final fee list. I think you'll agree, then, that we must exercise great care in choosing a gauge that can apply to everyone."

THE suggestion that certain fees actually might be increased invigorated the lawyers. There could be no doubt about it: the Examiner was amicable, civilized, and highly competent. Each man began to visualize himself as a long-unappreciated Mr. X who at last was to receive public recognition of his real worth. Latimer himself had never had any reason to worry about the hearing, even at the beginning. Mr. Forbes had put him down for six hundred-odd hours at a fee of five thousand dollars, but the money would go straight into the Forbes, Hathaway treasury, not into his pocket.

"For the past week or so, I've been searching for a fair gauge," Mr. Rand went on, "and I believe I've finally found one that will serve. If we know the yearly salary a man is being paid, we can quickly determine whether his recompense for the number of hours he has devoted to the case, as claimed on these cost sheets, is insufficient, adequate, or excessive."

Latimer sat back to note the reactions of the men around him. Both Mr. Dacre and Mr. Forbes seemed doubtful. As to Mr. Keoghan and Mr. Gill, they were taking the news much as he was himself. They drew no direct commissions, either. When it came to salary, he reflected with some embarrassment, he was probably a good deal better off than they were. It paid to be a favorite. It occurred to him that a good deal of ill feeling would manifest itself at the office if the amounts of the various salaries were known.

"May I be permitted to say just a word?" asked Mr. Forbes. "While your system might be successful in adjusting the fees of the juniors, it hardly can be applied to the senior partners, most of whom draw no salary at all but must perforce be content with a share of the annual profit." He saw a gleam of interest in Mr. Rand's eyes and added hastily, "However small."

"I've taken that into account," Mr. Rand said, "and I don't intend to investigate the income of the senior partners. Instead, I'll try to decide, after learning the salaries of the juniors in each firm, what would be a proportionately reasonable fee for the seniors. The

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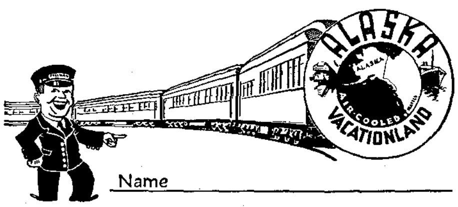

Name
Address
City State

salary difference between the juniors in the various cities will be an added factor in helping me to arrive at a proper difference in the seniors' fees."

Mr. Forbes brightened. But a senior from South Dakota said, "*Must* the juniors be subjected to this questioning?" He seemed to extend to all the juniors in the room his sorrow at this proposed interference with their privacy. "I need hardly say that *our* firm goes out of its way to be as generous as possible, but I'm afraid that in some cases hard feelings may ensue. I'm speaking of other cities, of course."

Mr. Dacre winked at Latimer and whispered, "It's a good thing for me, personally, that Dacre & Wynton pays its younger men well, isn't it?"

Suddenly Latimer found himself assailed with the nausea of fear. He remembered that at the Merion houseparty he had represented his salary as being twelve thousand a year; actually, it was eighty-five hundred. He turned to Mr. Forbes and said in a desperate undertone, "The least he can do is to let us give our information privately. I have no idea what any of the men at our place get, and frankly I don't want to know. If Rand goes through with this, there'll be jealousy at every turn."

"I agree," Mr. Forbes said. "It's undesirable to publicize matters of this sort. I'll see what I can do." He stood up and addressed the Examiner again. "Surely, Mr. Rand, these young men are entitled to request that you speak with them privately. My learned brother is quite right in saying that hard feelings may ensue. Although we at Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore are not in danger of being troubled by internecine enmities"—Mr. Forbes had a courtroom penchant for benign geniality—"we dislike to see embroilments occur within other groups. I know that the government is anxious to fight the good fight and to see justice done, and after giving your scheme careful attention, I find it admirable except for this one point. You must permit me to take a scrupulously constitutional point of view and submit that our juniors deserve to be protected by every resource at our command from a type of questioning that conflicts with no less a guarantor of individual privacy than the Bill of Rights. Freedom of speech implies freedom *not* to speak, unless one is on trial, which these young men certainly are not." He sat down to vigorous applause.

"I share your regard for the Bill of Rights," said Mr. Rand. "Unfortunately, when you gentlemen took part in this case, you must have been aware that your activities would be subject to the Interstate Commerce Commission's authority and would become matters of public record. I am forced to interpret my procedure as being constitutionally correct."

There was silence as the lawyers took stock of this and realized that counter-arguments would be inadvisable.

"It's a funny thing about my own salary," Latimer said nervously to Mr. Dacre. "Half the time I think of it as—well, minus unemployment insurance, hospitalization, and things like that—the actual amount I have to live on, you know—and half the time I think of it as including my annual percentage. It's awfully confusing, what with bonuses and so on. I honestly won't know what figure to give when he calls on me. Now that I think of it, I don't suppose I've ever named the same figure to any two people."

"Tell him the salary stated in your agreement," Mr. Dacre said. "Just the twelve thousand. He isn't going to question anybody about bonuses."

There was absolutely no way out. Latimer insanely wished that Mr. Forbes would turn and say, in the Horatio Alger manner, "From now on we're giving you an extra three hundred a month." But this was a manner that Mr. Forbes had never learned to adopt.

"I might as well go alphabetically, by firms," Mr. Rand said. "We'll start with Boone, Millis & Dodd of Cleveland. Mr. John McCune, please."

AS the hearing progressed, Mr. Forbes himself seemed to grow restless. At one point he turned to Latimer and said, "I had no idea salaries in Chicago were so high. If one were to look closely, I suspect one would find nepotism." Latimer, busy searching for a palliating remark that he could offer to Mr. Dacre, failed to hear this complaint and absently murmured, "It's all so irregular!," which proved a satisfactory answer. When the Examiner said "Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore of New York, Mr. Roland Gill," Latimer still had thought of no magic utterance with which to save himself.

"Ninety-six hundred," Mr. Gill said.

Little Gill, who lived in a Bank Street walkup and collected obscure gramophone records! Latimer couldn't help contrasting Gill's quarters with his own handsome place overlooking Carl Schurz Park, a widely admired apartment done in Swedish modern. It was incredible that little Gill could earn so much. "Mr. Gill is including other things," he confided to Mr. Dacre. "He shouldn't do that. I feel we ought to deduct rather than add." A puzzled frown appeared on Mr. Dacre's face.

"Mr. Thomas Keoghan. Am I pronouncing it correctly?"

"You're pronouncing it beautifully. Ten thousand eight hundred."

Latimer was incapable of ordered thought. His mind was a jumble of unrelated pictures. One of them was a blurred image of a characterless suburban house he had once seen, in which Mr. Keoghan lived with a spinster sister. Latimer's elbow accidentally touched the traitorous Mr. Forbes. He hastily withdrew it, folded his arms, and waited for the Examiner to strike.

"Mr. Stafford Latimer."

"Eighty-five hundred."

His sense of time frozen, Latimer was unable to tell how many minutes elapsed before Mr. Forbes said to him, "As I so often observe to the youngsters who come to us as clerks, salaries are far from being the sole measure of esteem in which we hold the members of our Forbes, Hathaway family."

Never before had Latimer thought enthusiastically of sudden death, but now he could see that under certain circumstances it might have its points. He ran his tongue over his lips. He had no wish to look at Mr. Forbes, much less answer that insidious purr. And look at Mr. Dacre he dared not.

The Philadelphian leaned across Latimer and spoke slyly to Mr. Forbes. "How do you stand on inflation over at your place?"

Mr. Forbes looked puzzled and shocked. "We're opposed to it," he said. "Strongly and unalterably. Aren't *you?*"

Mr. Dacre allowed his glance to rest briefly on the young man who sat between them. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I've always been a sound-money man myself." —JAMES REID PARKER

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On the completion of the air, surface, and undersea craft for the United States Navy now building we shall have a Navy second to none. In fighting ability and hitting power the United States Navy is, and never was, second to none.—*Waterville (Me.) Morning Sentinel.*

You mean it was, and always won't be?

•

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(BACK NUMBER DIVISION)

[*Robert Pollak in the Chicago Daily Times*]

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THE RACE TRACK

Half-Pint Winner

If you follow the races closely, you probably know that Conn McCreary, who up to Monday, at least, was still an apprentice jockey, rode fourteen winners last week. This is an astonishing number; five or six would have been enough to start people talking about him. McCreary is a grim-faced young man, not more than four feet tall, who has short legs, broad shoulders, and huge hands, and looks startlingly like one of those cast-iron, hitching-post figures of jockeys which you still see in front of some cottages at Saratoga. He is nineteen, comes from St. Louis, and has been riding on the big tracks since last summer. Before that he rode at county fairs.

McCreary began to come up in the world one morning last April. He was walking along the road from Lexington, Kentucky, to the Keeneland track, carrying a suitcase almost as big as himself, when Steve Judge, who trains for the Woodvale Farm, happened by in his car and gave the boy a lift. The two got to talking and Judge offered his passenger a job exercising horses. Pretty soon McCreary was riding for Woodvale Farm; he brought in his first winner under the stable's colors at Arlington in July. During the first thirty-four days of racing at Hialeah, he rode twenty-eight, and now lots of horseplayers are backing anything he rides.

That sort of betting, of course, won't necessarily make you rich. To be sure, it worked famously for McCreary's following last week, when two dollars wagered on each of his forty-three mounts would have won $85.10 (most of his winners were at good odds). On the other hand, Meade, who is the leading veteran rider, had six winners out of nineteen mounts, but a similar bet on everything he rode would have won only $4.70. I'm always saying the wrong thing about jockeys, and if I were to suggest that McCreary wasn't exactly a wonder child on a horse, some one of these afternoons he'd ride eight winners. However, he's a first-rate prospect; horses run well for him, and he puts up a strong finish.

McCreary's feat of the week was winning the first division of the McLennan Handicap on Woodvale Farm's Haltal. The animal hadn't done so well

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BAL TABARIN

for Roberts a few days earlier, but with McCreary up he led all the way. There was more quantity than quality in the McLennan Handicap; twenty-five horses were entered and, as all couldn't possibly be squeezed into the fourteen stalls of the starting gate, the Miami Jockey Club split the race into two sections, putting up a $10,000 purse for each, which pleased everybody. Circle M Ranch's Get Off was expected by most of the crowd, and his owner, to win the first half of the McLennan, but Get Off tired after going half a mile and finished seventh.

The chances of Circle M Ranch's Big Pebble in the second half were fancied by almost nobody, not even his owner, so Big Pebble won and paid $46.90. There was a favorite in the second half, too—Wheatley Stable's Ship Biscuit, who brought off a 25-1 chance in his previous race. He ran last. Well, Bimelech needn't worry about either of these in the Widener Cup.

THERE'S no use trying to conceal my opinion on the Flamingo Stakes this weekend. I believe that Dispose will win it even if Whirlaway runs, which he may not, since the Kentucky Derby is what he's really after. Of the other entries, Curious Coin, Signator, The Rhymer, and a big, handsome colt named Red Vulcan went well last week, but I think Dispose has too much speed for them.

MY guess is that the three-year-olds in Florida are better than those in California. Porter's Cap won the Santa Anita Derby too easily for those behind him to be quite first-class. Of course, Porter's Cap may have improved a lot since I saw him, but the time of the race was awfully slow. Anyhow, Charlie Howard's luck still holds: he bought Porter's Cap for $1,300 and has won about $90,000 with him.

—AUDAX MINOR

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"There are other worlds where life exists.

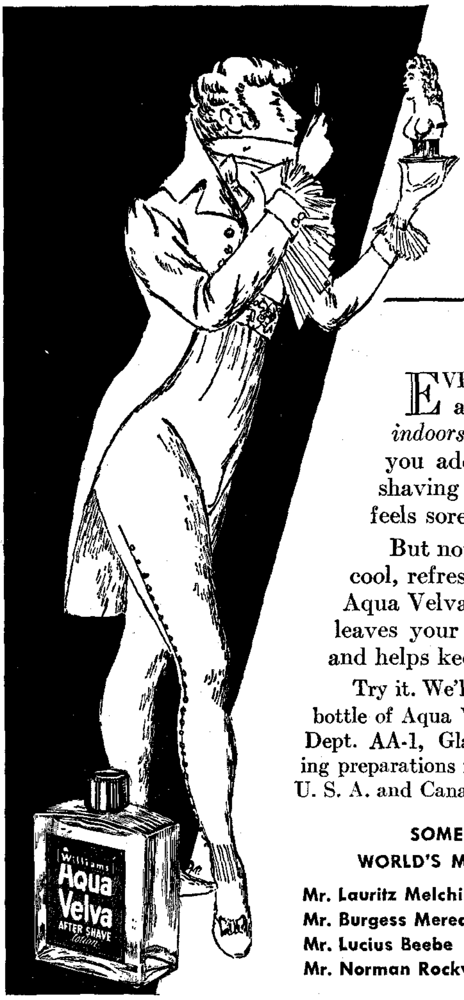
"That life, however, may be entirely different from any form of life with which we are familiar."

COUNTLESS OTHER WORLDS

Dr. Jones' argument for believing that there are countless other worlds where living beings are present, briefly, is this:

Ninety per cent of the shrimp served on the tables of the United States comes from the coastal waters of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas.
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It's convinced *us.*



Why shaving is more irritating in the winter

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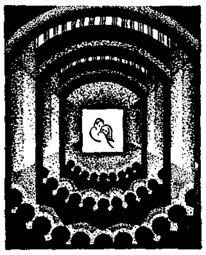

SHUFFLING through my notes on social history, I discovered that I once looked upon "One Sunday Afternoon," a movie of several years past, as something "listless," and I further recalled that I had been more chilly than most people about the play of that name. This is not mere nostalgic reverie upon *les films perdus*, for Mr. Hagan's story of the dentist and his romance has turned up again, among the events of the day, called now "The Strawberry Blonde," and this is not in the least listless. Listless it could hardly be, since James Cagney is the boy to woo the girls and pull the teeth in the sketch, and there's no lack of vitality in Olivia de Havilland, either—gentle thing that she is, with her occasional arch side glance—or any lack in Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, or Jack Carson. In fact, the actors are enterprising throughout and only the plot seems to wander at times a bit sluggishly, but pleasant tunes of the early nineties—"And the Band Played On" and "The Bowery"—do a great deal to tide one over the meandering history of ten years.

Bowery scenes and courtship in the park and easy, casual, day-by-day occurrences have all been neatly treated here, and there has been care to stress the manners, costumes, and behavior in general of that era. The plot itself, details of swindling and so on, has been expanded at too much length and with some heavy-handed humor. The scene in the dentist's office has its beautiful, universal appeal. Few there are who have not, at one time or another, been seized with a conviction as they settled in the dentist's chair that the man with the drill was either mad or possessed of a secret, terrible hatred now to be expressed.

THE Marx Brothers—the Messrs. Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx—have been studying an early period of American existence also, a more rugged and primitive one than that of "The Strawberry Blonde." The result of their research and documentation may be appraised in "Go West," and I imagine that most of the appraisal will be sympathetic. Possibly not the most strenuous Marxian product that we have seen, the picture nevertheless is very satisfactory and quite lunatic enough. I think we must regret that Mme. Dumont, formerly the constant associate and Aspasia of the Brothers, is not to be discovered in this bright Western. One misses her proud presence in the stagecoach scenes, in the midst of the forays of Indians, and in the frontier bars. She might have been magnificent in the great scenes of the railroad train, and would have been a dignified matron among those present when the golden spike, according to Western custom, was driven into the last tie.

SOME bedroom farces, I should think, would frighten off young lovers from any idea of marriage, for nothing else can make the established institution quite so dull. "This Thing Called Love" belongs to this category, and though Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas ought to be able to make any situation hilarious and light, they've been beaten here. As a lady with notions about companionate marriage and kissless honeymoons, the heroine keeps to her room, so to speak, while her husband rants in his across the hall. This teasing predicament is played with, quite laboriously, until at last both doors are opened and everybody can relax.

"ROAD SHOW" begins in an insane asylum and moves on fast to a circus. It should perhaps have stayed where it started, for there is something almost funny about the opening scenes. Carole Landis, Adolphe Menjou, and Charles Butterworth are among the patients and circus performers involved, but they do little more than portray a vague idiocy. . . . Boris Karloff is mad as a hatter in "The Devil Commands," but he fails to start his audience squealing with panic. Laboratory equipment and a lot of corpses sitting up straight in what look like diving suits make a fancy scene, though it may be too fancy to give you the real horrors.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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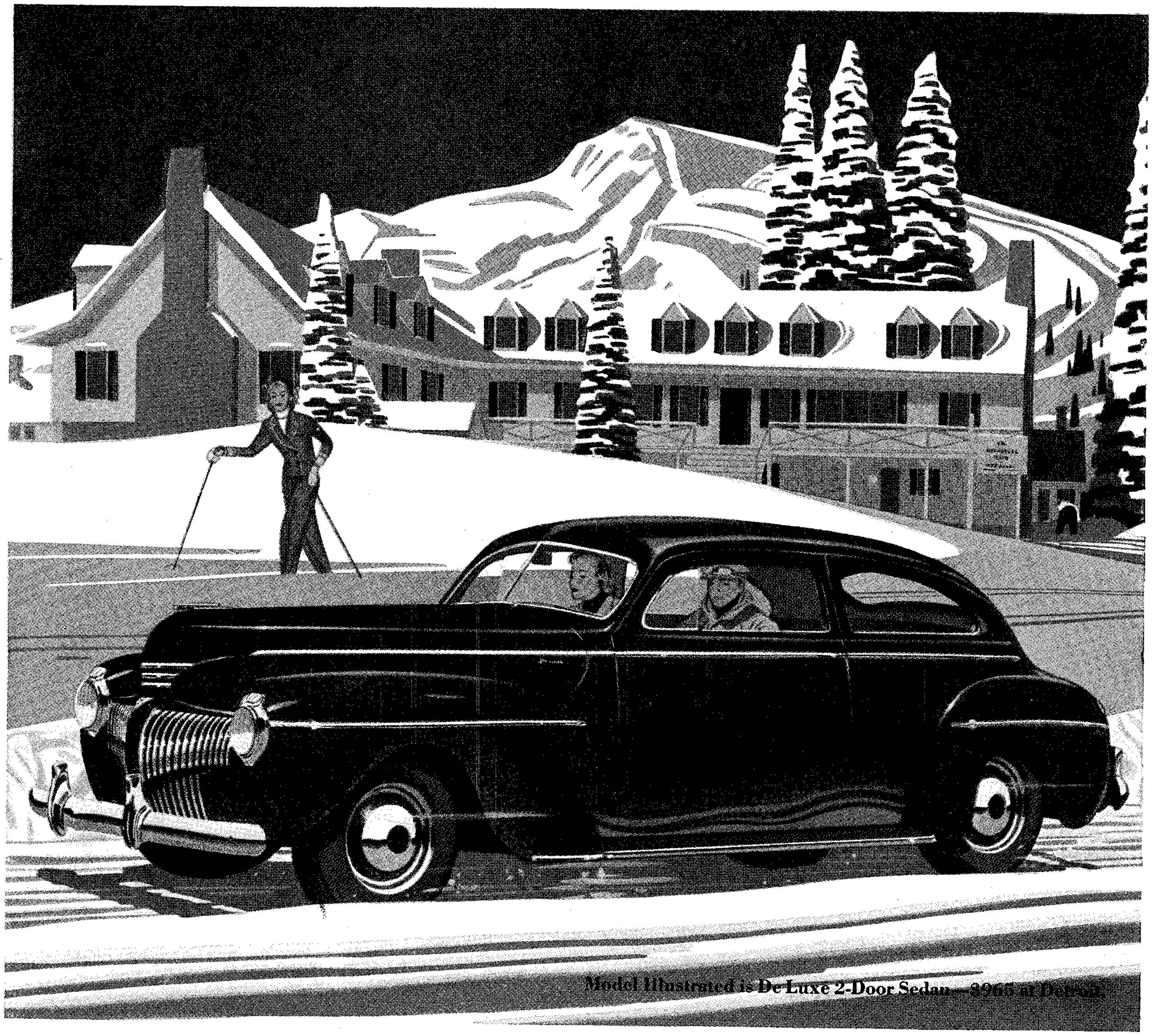
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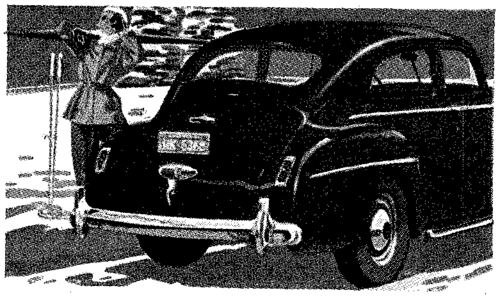
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Débuts Everywhere

YES, sir, and yes, ma'am, Bruno Walter certainly is a great conductor of opera, as many of us who hadn't known it at first hand learned when he took over Beethoven's "Fidelio" at his Metropolitan début last week. He paces a performance perfectly, he points up the dramatic effects without breaking the musical continuity, he brings forward all the orchestral values without swamping the singers, and he makes the whole a true representation of the composer's design.

Mr. Walter's conducting—"generalship" might be more accurate—made convincing a production that wasn't too strong in its component parts. Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, as Leonore, didn't really get going until the second half of the opera, and although there were many moving moments in her impersonation, the music often seemed to be uncomfortable for her. Rene Maison's voice had its troubles with what Beethoven had written, and he won out chiefly by the power of his acting. Alexander Kipnis was a believable Rocco except for a few bits of dramatic overactivity, the rest of the cast was no more than passable, and the orchestra unloaded an uncommonly large quota of clinkers. Shortcomings, however, didn't get in the way of the all-over impact that Mr. Walter brought to the proceedings. There were also things to shoot at aside from the singing and playing—some of the speaking of dialogue, and the fancier details of the staging, for instance—but considering the whole enterprise as a unit, it may be set down as one of the Metropolitan's successful and impressive adventures.

THE Ballet Theatre set up shop at the Majestic last week and included in its opening bill two new productions, a new line of condensed orchestrations, and a new conductor, Max Goberman. Both of the dancing novelties were comedies, and they registered quickly. Miss Agnes de Mille's production, "Three Virgins and a Devil," to music by Respighi, was smart fooling all round. "Gala Performance," a ballet by Antony Tudor, with a score based on Prokofieff music, was what is known in radio circles as Fun in the Studio—which means kidding your own act—and Miss Nora Kaye, Miss Nana Gollner, and Miss Karen Conrad gave the ballerina business a magnificent ride in the raspberry cart.

Respighi and Prokofieff, reorchestrated for a medium-sized band, didn't seem to suffer from the compression. The process wasn't so fortunate in the case of the score for "Giselle," but the production wasn't any must, in spite of sturdy individual efforts by Miss Gollner, Miss Nina Stroganova, and Anton Dolin. Mr. Goberman conducted the orchestra, which was smaller and better than the group the Ballet Theatre had on hand last season, with knowing firmness and plenty of helpful showman's sense.

IT seems to be a big year for small orchestras and tiny soloists. The latest symphonietta to arrive was that of Frederick Dvonch, a young conductor who combines musicianship and vigor with an obvious gift for getting excellent performances from an ensemble. The Dvonch Symphonietta consists of a dozen performers on big and small fiddles, and their Town Hall concert sounded as if they'd been rehearsing together for a couple of years and still were on good terms.

In the child-prodigy department, the most recent news is Miss Ellen Berg, a soprano of eleven, who appeared at a Young People's Concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony under the benign direction of Rudolph Ganz. Miss Berg tackled airs from "The Magic Flute" and "Lucia" with such easy accuracy that someone may try to shove her into a premature public career. I hope not. Her voice was surprisingly mature ("You'd think that was a lady," remarked my companion, aged eight), and whoever has been teaching her has had the good judgment not to wish on Miss Ellen a batch of ostentatious musical and platform mannerisms.

LAST week was something like Samuel Barber Week in Carnegie Hall, what with the young composer's violin concerto being played by Albert Spalding and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and his "School for Scandal" overture being performed by the Boston Symphony. Mr. Barber's sensitive and skillful music stands up well under repetition. That goes for the overture, anyhow. The violin concerto was having a New York

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première, and I suspect that it'll tour the symphonic circuit to ample applause.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

New Faces on Old Friends

VICTOR, of whose discs we'll be speaking throughout this report, already has in its catalogue at least three album sets of Brahms' fourth symphony, and now along comes a fourth, this time by the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. The latest recorded version (set M-730) is the best of the four and an excellent presentation of the music, although there might be more *giocoso* in the *allegro giocoso* movement.

The "Meistersinger" prelude, another much-recorded composition, is now expounded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (set M-731). People who expect to find Mr. Stokowski fixing up Wagner with original improvements are going to be disappointed in this performance, which is pretty much on the straight side and even sort of sedate. The clarity of the playing and recording is exceptional. To complete the album, there is an addition to the many discs of the third-act prelude of "Lohengrin"—a big, brilliant affair, but not an imperative replacement for several of the previous releases of this work.

THE Schumann quintet in E-flat for piano and strings, played by Jesús-María Sanromá and the Primrose Quartet (set M-736), is an outstander in the new versions of music with a recorded history. The precision, balance, and bounce of this seemingly effortless effort are delightful, and there isn't a grain of the heaviness that usually gets into performances of Schumann's chamber music.

The bulkiest item in the latest Victor consignment is the album containing Verdi's Requiem (set M-734). It's the first adequate recording of the work, and "adequate" here means something more than the traditional B-minus the adjective implies. With one exception, the principals involved are members or former members of the Metropolitan Opera. Tullio Serafin, something of a rarity on records, is the able conductor. Mme. Maria Caniglia sings more effectively than she did on Thirty-ninth Street, Ezio Pinza is at his best, and Beniamino Gigli is in superb voice, although he overloads the emotional content. The mezzo-soprano, Mme. Ebe Stignani, who hasn't yet sung in town, is efficient and musical, and the orches-

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There was no need for more recordings of the two tenor airs from "Tosca," but the most recent offerings (on record No. 2143) are interesting because they introduce a tenor named Giuseppe Lugo. I don't know anything about his career, but I'd guess that he's a young singer who hasn't yet developed all the possibilities of a fresh voice which ranges high easily and goes somewhat pale in the lower register.

Another "Credo" from "Otello" and another "Nemico della Patria" from "Andrea Chénier" are contributed by John Charles Thomas, who sings them with great dramatic force on record No. 17639. The laugh at the end of the "Credo," however, is something that might have been skipped. Laughs on recordings never sound right, somehow.

THE list of new records with few or no predecessors includes Handel's organ concerto No. 13 in F, a charming work played with no overdose of "classic" feeling by E. Power Biggs and Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta (set M-733). Mr. Fiedler, with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, presents "An Orchestra Rehearsal" (No. 4537), in which apparently a good deal of time is put in on repeating something that the orchestra plays well the first time out. The replica of a rehearsal is reasonably accurate, including vigorous tuning-up sessions, in which a fiddler breaks into the Mendelssohn concerto and a horn experiments with a snatch of "Till Eulenspiegel." If you have a curio file, this is worth investigating.

Victor also has released for domestic consumption the Constant Lambert String Orchestra's fine version of a serenade composed for the sixtieth birthday of Frederick Delius by Peter Warlock (No. 13554). This recording used to be available as an importation (H.M.V. C-2908), and it remains an unusually charming excerpt from the output of a composer who lived too briefly and wrote too little. —R. A. S.

•

Girls attending the affair were all formerly gowned.—*Binghamton Sun.*

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BOOKS

Boston and Maine—Light on Asia

JOHN P. MARQUAND offers this week another of his smooth inside jobs. "H. M. Pulham, Esquire," like "The Late George Apley" and "Wickford Point," dissects a moribund class in the manner of a scientist who, though he is too honest to disguise his awareness of their deformities and weaknesses, rather likes his specimens and has a fellow-feeling for them. The dissection is far from shocking. Mr. Marquand's scalpel is double-edged—edged on the one side with sentiment, on the other with irony. He uses the first side more often than the second. His knife goes just so deep, then stops. Were it to go deeper, the cadaver would disintegrate, and the spectacle would be ugly rather than diverting. It is the sympathetic gentleness of Mr. Marquand's technique that prevents his books from reaching a level higher than that of extremely intelligent entertainment. I do not believe this worries him and I do not see why it should worry us much, either.

Harry Pulham, of good New England stock (the boys go to Harvard and the family goes to Maine for the summer), has been brought up to do the right thing. The right thing is to stop growing the moment you have left Harvard, to marry the proper girl, to be a decent member of the community, to make money and not spend too much of it, to vote Republican and pray Episcopalian, to be polite to the world of the non-Pulhams but never to take it quite seriously.

Two accidents almost unravel Harry Pulham's pattern. One is the first World War, which brings home to him the dismaying fact that there are a great many Americans who didn't go to the right school but are nevertheless astonishingly interesting people. The other is Marvin Myles, Mr. Marquand's version of Kitty Foyle, a girl who likes business and love and does her own thinking about both. Harry, though rather more sensitive and courageous than the rest of his crowd, is still, just as they are, rigidly conditioned by his school, college, and family training. He marries Kay Motford, has two loathsome children, and goes into investment-counselling. When the time comes for him to write his autobiography for a class reunion, he vaguely realizes (as so many of us, if the truth were known, have realized in the same circumstances) that he might just as well not have lived at all.

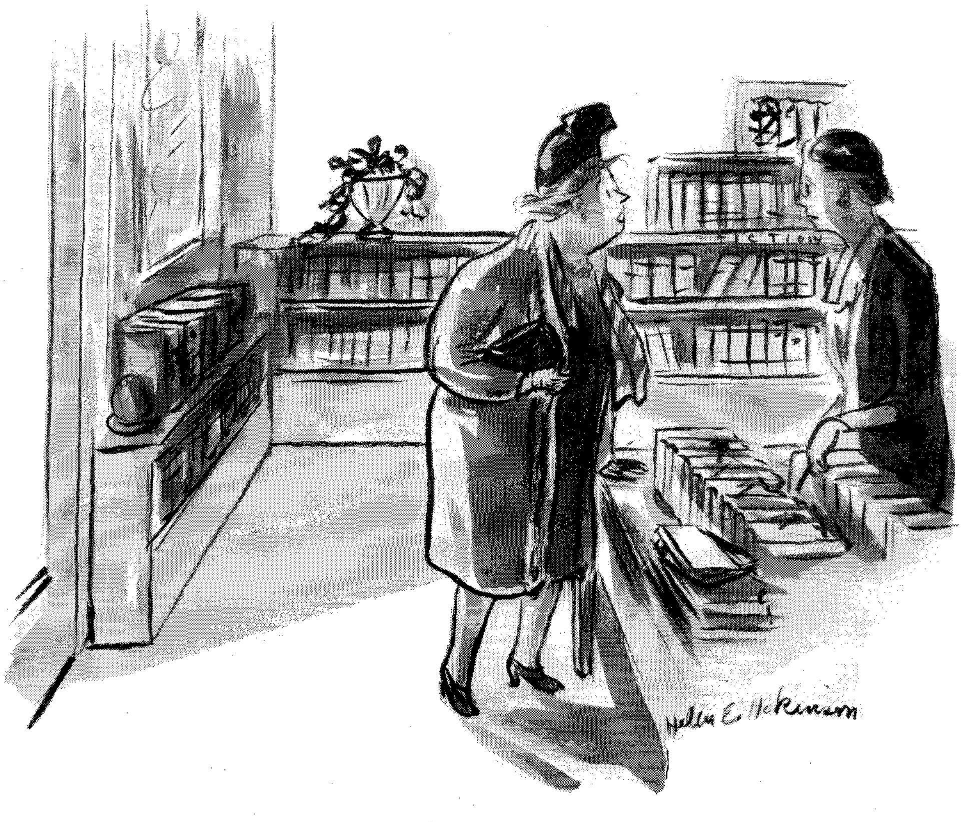
To complete his picture, Mr. Marquand draws portraits of two other members of Pulham's class, Harvard '15. There is booster Bo-jo Brown, the football hero who never grows up, the boy for whom God created twenty-fifth class anniversaries. Bo-jo is a perfect setup for the author's talents; Mr. Marquand doesn't miss a trick. To counterbalance this idiot conformist we have Bill King, who shakes the sacred dust of Harvard from his feet, goes to New York, becomes a temperamental advertising man, and ignores all the taboos.

The point of the book is, I guess, that nobody wins. Bo-jo remains an overgrown baby. Bill King gets no real satisfaction out of his "freedom." Harry Pulham, midway between Bo-jo and Bill, is badly split, being unable either gaily to chuck the conventions or complacently to accept them.

I found it was possible to enjoy Mr. Marquand's sweet-and-sour satire on only one condition. I had to manage a willing suspension of indifference to his characters. You have to accept them as given, as people really worth writing about. Once you begin to reflect on the unqualified imbecility of Bo-jo, the directionless energy of Bill King, the mental and moral anemia of the perfectly nice Harry Pulham, the dull and cowardly possessiveness of his wife, and even the somewhat conventional *arrivisme* of Marvin (the nearest thing to a live person in the book)—once you begin to scrutinize these folk carefully, it is impossible to think of them as really worth the attention of so intelligent a writer as Mr. Marquand. They are all, even Marvin, children who have refused to grow up. Children can be fascinating, but child adults are limited in interest.

Of course, you *are* interested in them, nevertheless, because Mr. Marquand is a handy storyteller and because he brings to his simple exposure of these simple people a wit, a humor, and an insight they themselves could never attain to. And because, as I have said, he loves them even as he laughs at them, he is able to bathe his story in a deceptive warmth which is communicated to the reader.

I wouldn't, by the way, rank this as equal to "The Late George Apley" or "Wickford Point." It's not as sharp, as penetrating as either of them. I suppose it's mellower, but ripeness isn't all. A little more acridity, a little less of this easy pity, might turn Mr. Marquand into a sort of American Aldous Huxley. But I am sure he wouldn't care to



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As fine, as moving as was "Testament of Youth" and with an even deeper appeal in its stirring timeliness, "England's Hour" gives the reactions of a brilliant and sensitive mind to total war at first hand.

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"This is a poignant and moving book in which hatred and revenge have no part. She can surcharge printer's ink with her own emotion."
—NEW YORK TIMES

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be an American Aldous Huxley. He is what might be called a gentleman writer, even though he's a highly successful professional. The tragedy, if you want to use a big word, of Harry Pulham is that he could never really be anything but a gentleman. What prevents Mr. Marquand, so far, from writing works of decisive importance is perhaps the same sort of inhibition. He's just too darned nice to his friends.

A PAIR of important books on the Far East compete for your attention this week. One is Edgar Snow's "The Battle for Asia," a sequel to his memorable "Red Star Over China." The other is the autobiography, "Toward Freedom," of the Indian leader Jawaharlal Nehru, a book which has been famous in India and England for some years.

The latter volume is the more important, perhaps, but by far the less readable. John Gunther believes that hardly a dozen men alive write English as well as Nehru. I can't agree. Nehru uses English with purity and care, but without much power or originality. His is not an autobiography of universal appeal. Perhaps he is not enough of an egotist for that. Most of the great autobiographies, from St. Augustine's to Henry Adams', have been the work of inordinately self-centred men. On the other hand, Nehru's book is one of the few available to English readers that really make clear the history and meaning of the Indian Nationalist movement during the last thirty years. Nehru, though he has spent much of his life in prison, has no hatred of the English. He has merely come to the conclusion—which a good many Englishmen are coming to—that the time for a parting of the ways has arrived, that India is ready to grow up, that England would, by losing India as a slave colony, gain an ally, an associate, and a friend.

Nehru is a remarkable character, less picturesque and less mesmeric than Gandhi but more attuned to the requirements of the twentieth century. There is in him something of Gandhi's spirituality, however, a quality no Western—and, one may add, no Chinese—leaders seem to have. His photographs show a face of extraordinary beauty, with something of the same sensitive, "molded" quality one senses in Chaplin's. One feels him to be a human type of the future. Or, rather, one hopes he is.

RECENT reports suggesting that the Kuomintang and the Communists may split and leave China open to a de-

THE GORY GAZETTE

being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Ugly rumors reach us that *The Gory Gazette* is diehard, conservative, too stiff-necked to lure readers with special features like the latest in poison recipes or million dollar contests for clue collectors.

Any loose talk about a million dollars makes us shudder. But when loyal readers ask plaintively why, since we spend most of our time talking about Inner Sanctum Mysteries, don't we get a little mysterious—we must yield to Our Public.

Here, then, is a mysterious little quiz. If you get a perfect score, without cheating, we suggest that you immediately make application for an executive job with the F.B.I. What happens after that is certainly none of our business.

1. If you were a Lieutenant of Homicide investigating a competent ax murder —would you suspect (a) the victim's divorced husband . . . (b) her business manager . . . (c) any convenient woodman?

See **THE BLUE GERANIUM**—*Page 23*

2. If you saw a woman staggering back to her hotel after midnight, with a discolored eye and a blue geranium clutched in her hand—would you deduce she was (a) drunk . . . (b) a passionate gardener . . . (c) a sorority pledgee . . . (d) a Baudelaire-conditioned damsel?

See **THE BLUE GERANIUM**—*Page 73*

3. If you found an ax, blue geranium petals and a girl under your bed—would you (a) call the police . . . (b) swear off drinking . . . (c) open an auction?

See **THE BLUE GERANIUM**—*Page 218*

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

If you like this game you can find a thousand more questions — and *all* the answers in the Inner Sanctum Mystery just published:

THE BLUE GERANIUM
by Dolan Birkley ($2)

DON'T MISS THE BEST PART OF YOUR TRIP — *Read*
What To See And Do In MEXICO
Go abroad without leaving American soil. But first read this new, complete guide to what to SEE, DO and BUY in Mexico. 41 photographs. $3.50 at bookstores, or from PRENTICE-HALL, Inc., 70-5th Ave., N. Y. C.
A PRENTICE-HALL BOOK

cisive Japanese victory give great timeliness to Mr. Snow's narrative. His book is lively eyewitness journalism, a running account, full of careful political and economic analysis, of the last three fateful years in China. These three years have been marked by a wholesale concentration of critical events. China has changed almost unrecognizably. Under the Japanese bombings (eleven thousand raids up to August, 1940), she has felt the full force of the impulse to unity. Without modern armament, she has learned how to use two great weapons—numbers and space. Lacking money and technical equipment, she has invented a new kind of setup, "guerrilla industry"—small, movable, coöperative manufacturing centres.

"It is a Chinese credo," says Mr. Snow, "that China must always win in the long run." But that is not necessarily Mr. Snow's credo. If Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists fight each other, the country may be lost. Even if they should stick together, Mr. Snow thinks, the future is very uncertain unless American aid in money and munitions is forthcoming and, moreover, is sent not to the Chinese bureaucracy but direct to the armies and industrial units in the interior, where such assistance will be properly utilized.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CROWTHERS OF BANKDAM, by Thomas Armstrong. A fistful of a novel about the Yorkshire wool industry, beginning in the mid-nineteenth century and carrying on to 1921. Old men, their sons, their grandchildren; marriages, births, deaths; schemes, politics, accidents, wars; the rise of a weaver to affluence and power—Mr. Armstrong puts everything in, with a Trollopian insistence on the importance of money, a good eye for detail, and a knack with a big canvas. Well worth the time it will take you to read it.

THE HERITAGE OF HATCHER IDE, by Booth Tarkington. The yearnings of a Willie Baxter grown older and a twice-divorced siren who takes him over the jumps make up half the story. The rest reflects the author's not unfamiliar viewpoint: what happened to the Best People in a Middle Western city when a misguided government tried to regulate business instead of letting it recover from the crash of 1929 by tightening its belt. Mr. Tarkington's economics are oversimplified and his stuttering, love-

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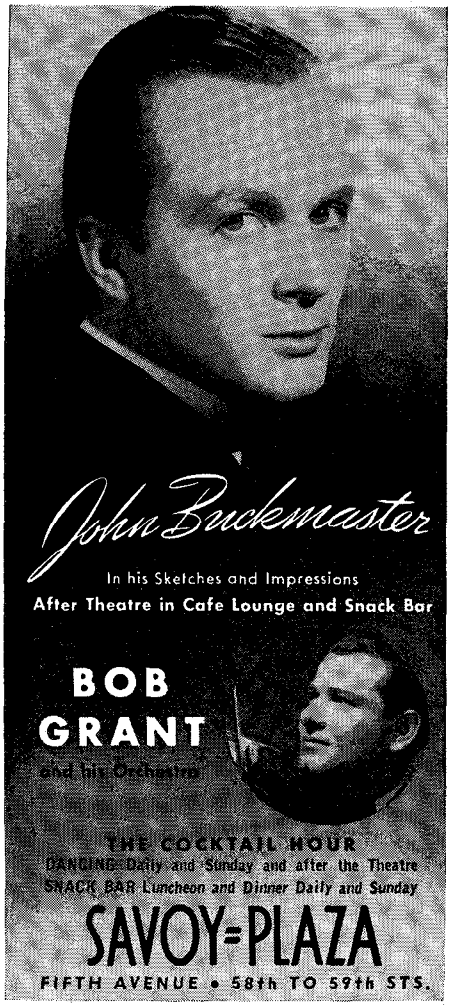
American design of Beauty



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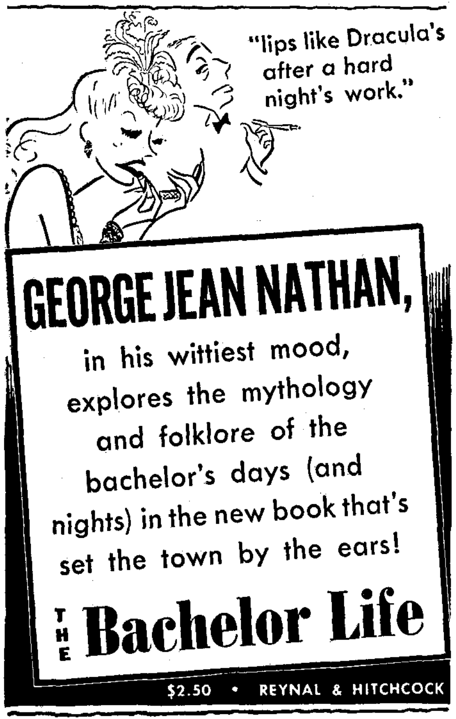

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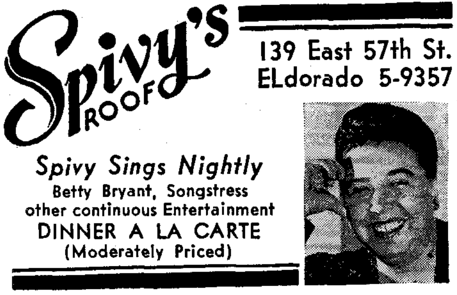

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sick young man sounds a trifle dated. Probably it's a mistake to mix the two.

Swamp Water, by Vereen Bell. A good, rousing yarn, effective not so much for its plot, which involves a killer hiding in a swamp and a boy who meets him while looking for a lost hound, but for the swamp itself. It is the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia, lively with alligators and water moccasins, dark, scary, easy to get lost in. The boy, his old father, his young stepmother, and his girl are likable folks, too. Even the killer is a pleasant enough fellow. A capable job all round.

The Dark Gods, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. A modern novel of South Africa and the machinations of German agents who try to stir up the blacks as a part of the Nazi scheme of world conquest. Mrs. Millin, of course, knows her Africa, and no Nazi plot seems too outlandish for belief.

As for Me and My House, by Sinclair Ross. A story of an unhappy marriage. The husband is a preacher who wants to be a painter. The wife endures his neglect and bad temper, their poverty and childlessness, and the dismal small towns they live in because she likes him, though it is hard to see why. Some good things here, but the book is very gloomy.

Stevie, by Benedict Thielen. A collection of the Stevie and Agnes stories, some of which you must have seen in the pages of *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Hudson Valley Squire, by C. Blackburn Miller. Life with Father and the other Orange County swells along the Hudson in the eighteen-nineties. Father, like the elder Mr. Day, was a tough autocrat, but he had a good time with his cockfighting, ice-boating, horse-racing, prizefighting, wolf-breeding, and sundry. Downright hilarious in spots. Illustrations by Ferdinand Warren.

Let My People Go, by Henrietta Buckmaster. Social history of the struggle for Negro freedom in the United States, from Colonial times to the reconstruction period, written mainly around two dramatic themes: the Underground Railroad and the abolition movement. A remarkable book, well documented, fervent, and vivid. Illustrated.

Under the Iron Heel, by Lars Moën. Probably the first thorough-going eyewitness report from any of the occupied countries in Europe. The author, an American stranded in Antwerp for several months after the invasion, gives us a plain, objective study of the present food situation, the "friendly" German tactics, the Belgian state of mind, and so on. Much new material, and some of it may surprise you. An intelligent job.

Hawaii: Restless Rampart, by Joseph Barber, Jr. The complicated tensions in Hawaii, stronghold of our Pacific defence. The author believes that Hawaii's future will be determined by a "triangle of forces": the Big Five (five corporations said to control most of the islands' sugar business), the anomalous Japanese population, and the great Army and Navy establishments centred at Pearl Harbor. Straightforward, readable journalism.

VERSE

The Glass-Blower and Other Poems, by Jan Struther. The author of "Mrs. Miniver" writes verse not wholly light and not wholly serious, often of real sensitiveness and distinction.

Poems, 1930–1940, by Edmund Blunden. One Georgian whose latter work continues to have style, emotion, and meditative substance.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Midway to Murder, by Margaret Tayler Yates. Yellow fever, or what appears to be yellow fever, breaks out on Midway Island, and the wife of a naval officer goes there incognito to solve the nasty mess. Good writing and nice characters make up for any touches of improbability in the plot.

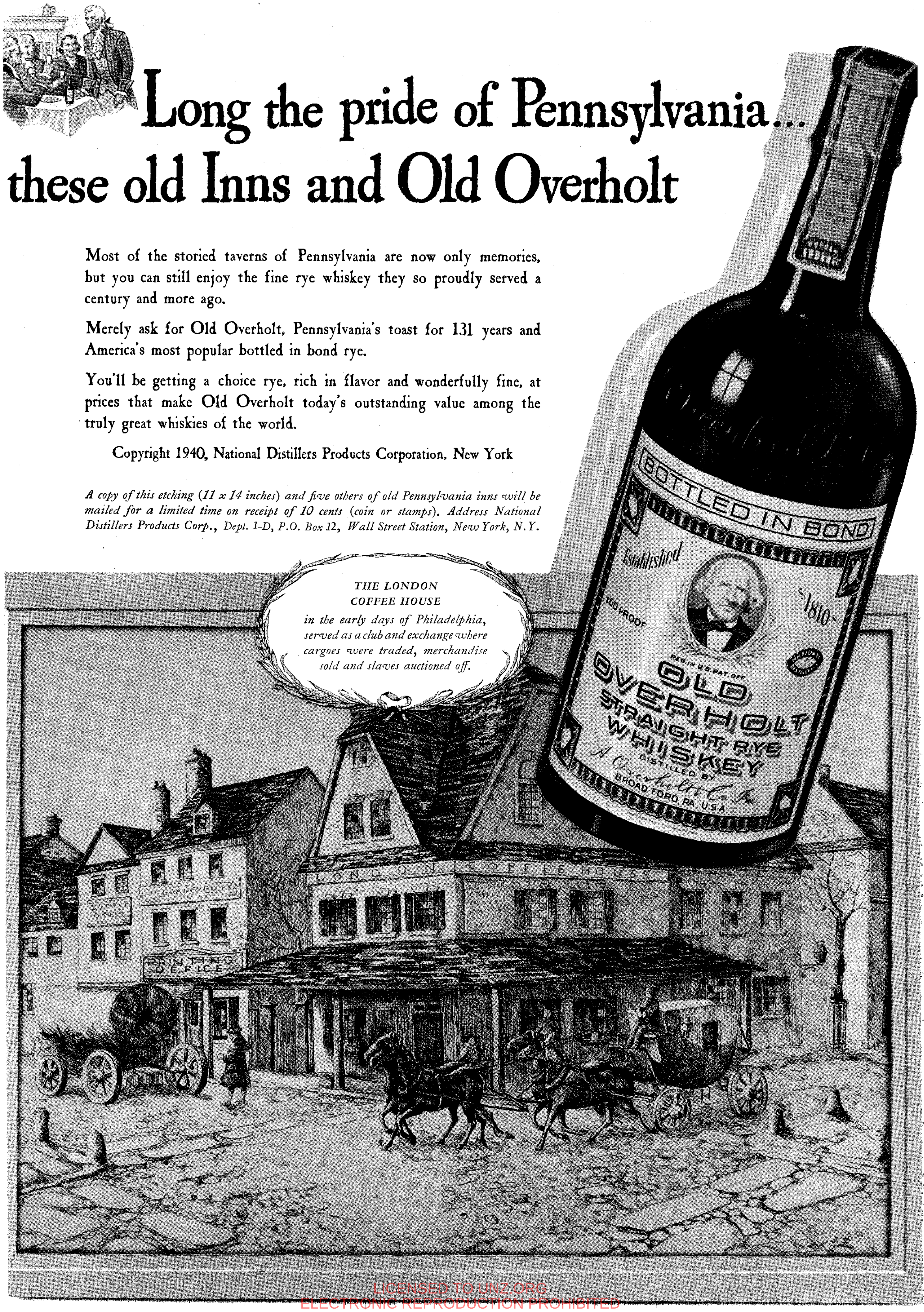
Our Second Murder, by Torrey Chanslor. Three old ladies of the Beagle Detective Agency take a reef in their floor-length skirts and solve a case of garrotting with a diamond necklace. The New York police help some, but it is mainly the work of the three old girls which does the trick. Nice, orthodox stuff.

The Blue Geranium, by Dolan Birkley. One person buries a hatchet in another person and the California police get the murderer with the aid of an amateur. Smooth reading and big print, with the motives and alibis rather clearer than is usual in mysteries.

•

When he was sixteen, Stirling took to the sea, first as a lark, then as a navigator.
—*The Post.*

Hail to thee, Stirling, blithe spirit!



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